



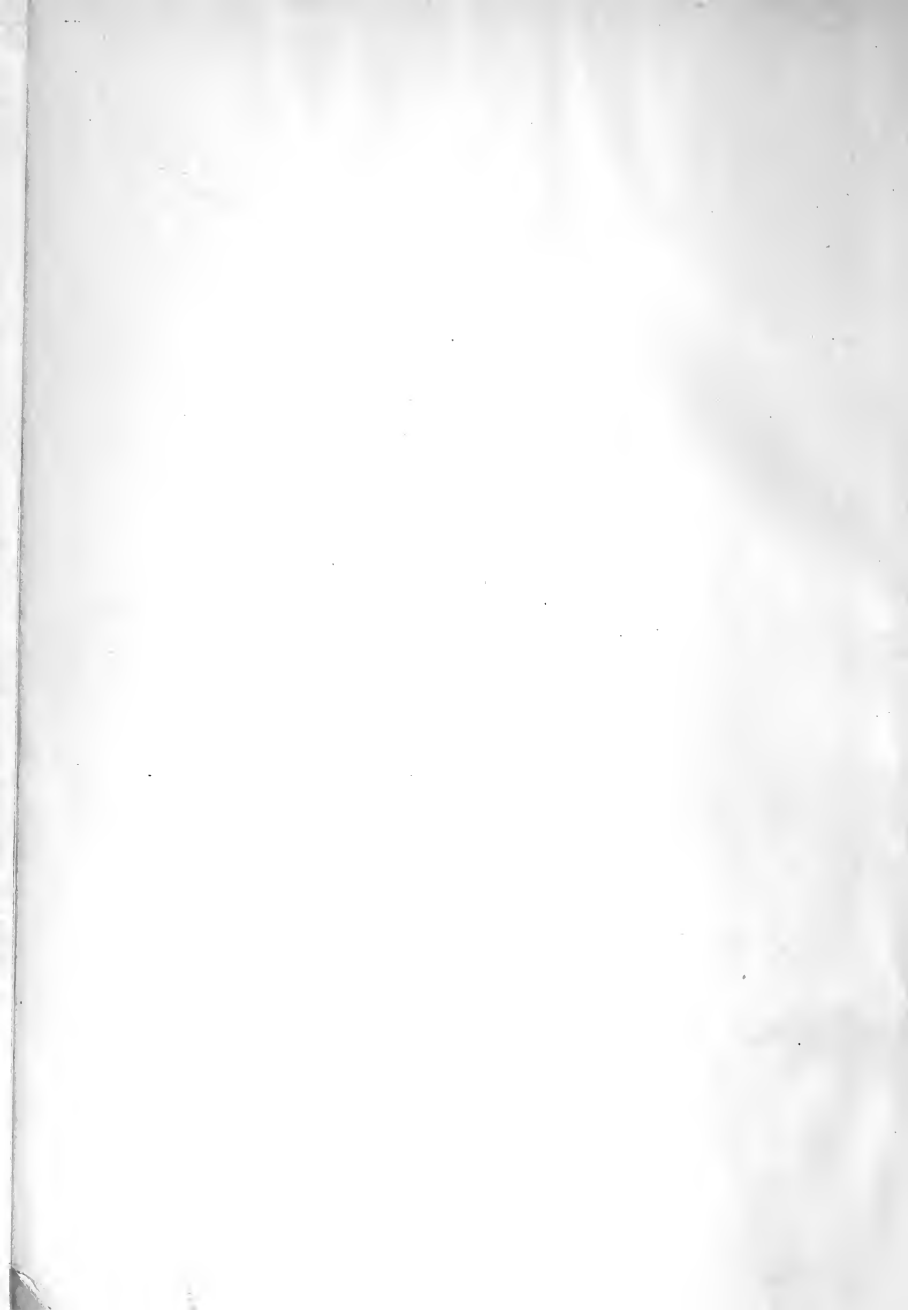
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PO HELL AND BACK



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TO HELL AND BACK

MY TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA

BY

REV. GOLIGHTLY MORRILL

PASTOR OF PEOPLE'S CHURCH,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., U. S. A.

Morrill, Gulian Lansing

ILLUSTRATIONS AND PHOTOS BY
LOWELL L. MORRILL

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DANTE UP-TO-DATE
G. L. Morrill in Aymará Indian Garb

DEDICATED TO SOUTH AMERICA'S PATRON SAINT



A WORD TO THE WISE

Truth wears no fig-leaf. I intend to tell the naked truth about South America. The diplomat dare not, the guest cannot, the business boomer will not, the subsidized press and steamship companies do not, but the preacher who pays his own bills can afford to tell nothing else.

Dante imagined he went to hell and wrote a poem. I traveled to South America and saw enough to fill an encyclopædia, but out of regard to the patience and piety of my readers have limited it to the present volume.

G. L. M.

BOOKS BY G. L. MORRILL

GOLIGHTLY 'ROUND THE GLOBE

TRACKS OF A TENDERFOOT

PARSON'S PILGRIMAGE

HERE AND THERE

DRIFTWOOD

A MUSICAL MINISTER

MUSINGS

THE MORALIST

PEOPLE'S PULPIT

EASTER ECHOES

UPPER CUTS

FIRESIDE FANCIES

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>		<i>Page</i>
On the Way	1	A Wild Ride	43
Chicago	1	Callous Callao	45
Washington	1	Perils of the Deep.....	46
St. George	2	West Coasters	47
Philadelphia	3	An Ancient Mariner	48
New York	4	Very Bad	49
The R. M. S. P.....	5	Breakers	50
San Salvador	9	Marooned	51
Cuba	9	A Sandwich	54
An English Eden	11	Intoxicated	55
A Wet Town	13	Bells and Bigots	56
The Big Ditch	14	Ratti Juliaca	58
Panama New and Old.....	15	Instruments of Torture ...	60
A House-Boat	17	The Llama	61
Closed Ecuador	19	Curious Cuzco	62
A Dry Town	21	Discovered	63
Straw Lids	22	Wall Street	64
A Rocky Time	23	A Giant Rockpile	65
Fragrant Islands	24	Those Incas	66
First Lessons in Spanish...	26	Religious Rackets	67
Stalled	26	Up Hill	69
Pizarro's Town	27	Peru-na	70
A Church Tramp	28	Puno	70
Old Bones	30	On Lake Titicaca.....	71
A Real Devil	30	A Rubber Man.....	72
Lima Beans	31	Close Calls	73
Bully Sport	32	Peaceful La Paz	76
Chamber of Horrors	34	Sunday Shoppers	77
Jail-Birds	35	On to the Dance.....	79
A Dead Town	37	Pious Orgies	80
The Celestial Railway	38	Night Airs	81
Soroche	41	High Living	81

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE	
Dante Up-to-date	4	<i>Frontispiece</i> ✓
South America's Patron Saint.....	20	✓
A Peruvian Penelope.....	21	✓
Coasting Down the Andes.....	62	✓
In a Rut.....	72	✓
Bolivian Camels.....	73	✓
Holy Jumpers	84	✓
An Old Settler.....	94	✓
Rapid Transit in Chile.....	95	✓
Seeing Santiago	112	✓
In Hard Straits.....	116	✓
King of the Penguin Islands.....	117	✓
Cast Up by the Sea.....	120	✓
A Bull Market.....	121	✓
A Fast Race.....	148	✓
Brazilian Sugar Loaf.....	149	✓
Church Advertising in Rio.....	176	✓
Bread in Old Venezuela.....	177	✓
"Safety First"		

TO HELL AND BACK

ON THE WAY

CHICAGO



HELL has been glowingly described as a popular and populous place and since I had so often been told to go there I bought a ticket for South America.

Chicago was our first stop. The city divides honor with bean-eating Boston as a windy burg, puffing itself up with pride over what it should be most ashamed.

The herd of humanity rushes here like cattle to Armour's slaughter house, to become food for jails, hospitals, poorhouses, asylums and cemeteries.

Shelley said Hell was a city very much like London, but then he never saw Chicago. From what I saw and heard, "If Christ came to Chicago" he must have left on the next train.

WASHINGTON



ASHINGTON is a city of magnificent distances and liars. The first thing I saw at the station was a fountain statue erected by a K. C. un-American society with government funds to the mythical discoverer of America, Christopher Columbus, and I remembered how the Greeks builded monuments in memory of their myths.

Since the red lights have been extinguished there isn't much to see here except the Monument, from which the black stone sent from Rome was taken and thrown into the Potomac with a big splash; the White House where the mint beds lie scentless and dead; the Library, where I asked for my book and the man who had a remarkable memory for facts, said as he handed it to me, "Here it is, just as good as new—nobody has asked for it since you did ten years ago."

The Capitol is an imposing building on the credulity of the voters and a whited sepulcher full of godless grafters, lawless

lobbyists, reactionary misrepresentatives and stealing senators who should be sent to jail or retired to private life. The Mint seemed to be the only place to make easy money, but an old colored driver told me it was hard to make an honest living now because everybody was so fast and wanted to ride in automobiles. He stood in front of the Mint and coined words about the riches of heaven, saying he was trying to get there and I might too. Then he pointed out the path, showed his tracts, and though they were small and unlike his feet they represented ten cents.

ST. GEORGE



YOU should always visit the grave of your mother and the father of your country, so we ran down to Mount Vernon, America's Mecca, on a flat-tired cattle car, while the conductor bawled out the beauties of Arlington Heights, Alexandria and the Potomac. At the grounds we were offered coffee and sandwiches and an old wrinkled darkey handed me a piece of cherry wood which he said "I done sawn off the tree which Marsa Washington planted."

An air of melancholy seemed to pervade the mansion, not for the illustrious dead, but because the vandal visitors were screened off from the historic rooms and so found it impossible to steal as souvenirs the key of the Bastille, George's watch, Martha's silver, the family china and piano.

Refreshed by a cut of cherry pie we passed by the cherry tree spot, where George never told a lie, to the tomb where he lies forever.

His historical negative has been retouched until it has ceased to be human. We have made him a tin god and Saint George.

Did George ever lie or steal or swear or drink or fall into a debauch? Doubtless he did. It can never be proved that he did not, for if it could be then he were like no other man in the history of the world except the sinless man of Galilee.

The tower of Pisa leans and is thus attractive. Moses got angry and smashed the tables of stone, David was guilty of adultery and murder, Peter was coward, liar and swearer, but they all hold the heart of humanity because they were human, and though sinners were forgiven.

Washington's memory is honored when we show his piety and patriotism in our public and private life instead of limiting

it to a masquerade ball, a new kind of breakfast food or a two-cent postage stamp.

Returned by steamboat and found all "quiet on the Potomac" until a Southern gentleman, who sat in front of me chewing tobacco, made a cuspidor of my eye, which I resented as the son of a New Jersey veteran, and we almost fought over again the uncivil war. Before leaving that night I took a Turkish bath. One who visits Washington needs to, and my talkative attendant told me stories of private and political life that were warmer than the hot room and in such fast colors that water wouldn't wash them out.

PHILADELPHIA



WE took the B. and O., Bumps and Ouch, road as a preparation for mountain-climbing in the Andes. I made the trip without safety because in making the curves my hollow-ground razor made me look like one of the battle-scarred veterans of the war-region through which we were traveling.

The Quaker city of brotherly love and breakfast food was reached. Though it was only 7:30 in the evening the man in the information booth had retired and the paper I bought was two days old. "There was tumult in the city," the poet tells us, when the Liberty Bell cracked its voice trying to wake up the inhabitants to the morning light of Freedom, and I know how as a boy I was one of the madding crowd that hoorayed and hustled at the Centennial Exposition in 1876, but now I can only recommend it as a quiet place for a young ladies' prayer-meeting or an undertakers' convention.

At Carpenter's Hall our fathers "framed up" the Declaration, which was signed in Independence Hall two years later, but it remained for their sons to frame up a city graft hall with a thirty-six-foot statue of a Penn above it which cannot write a second volume of "Innocency with her Open Face."

Well qualified to visit the Masonic Temple and disqualified to enter the Girard College, because I was a minister, I went to Christ Church, sat down in Washington's seat and had two Beers-for companions who took me to the Ross house. Bettsy was out and I went in to the little room where she lived and dressed plainly and covered herself with immortal glory by making the

first American flag that leads the procession of the nations in the march of liberty, equality and fraternity.

However, I found rare old Ben Franklin in his grave, tho his spirit still walks abroad as preacher, philosopher, statesman and inventor. He is the only man that ever wrote an almanac that is always up-to-date. On the Reading road to New York I read some of his good advice that we are to write things worth reading or do things worth writing about if we are not to be forgotten as soon as dead and rotten.

NEW YORK



FORTUNATELY we only had to stay two days in New York before sailing. At the Battery I prayed that Uncle Sam would hurry up and erect a sign "No Dumping Here" for the hordes of mental and moral perverts who want to come here and make this country as bad religiously, educationally, economically and politically as the countries they have just left. It's all right to make America a melting pot, but when the nations make it a slop jar we protest.

Evelyn T. was tangoing at a roof garden where high society paid high prices to see high-skirted, low-necked dances. The place was warm and not much clothes were necessary except for modesty. Between the acts, as Chaplain of the Actor's Alliance, I gave my card to her manager and was received into her room. She had nothing much on worth speaking about. I told her Eden was not in the past, but in the future, wished her well and she promised to do the dances decently and in order. Hoping Evelyn would make good I said "Au revoir" and she wrote a bon voyage on her card and gave it to my son.

My old school friend, "Nick," took us to Poe's cottage to see the picture of the raven painted on the outside and enter the rooms through which the bird "nevermore" is raving. Poor Poe, they starved him while living and after he is dead they use his house as a curiosity shop, and I wouldn't be surprised if I went there next year, to find the solemn black raven painted red and doing the splits for an ad.

THE R. M. S. P.



THE English packet R. M. S. P. stands for roast-beef, marmalade, squash and pudding and we had to stand for it from New York to Colon. The "Tagus" took us aboard at her dock and carried more gold in her safe than I had found on the banks of the river in Portugal by the same name. The boat was small, but that made it so much the easier to navigate to your bunk, lounge, bath, table and through the nearby door to the rail where you cast your bread upon the waters, hoping it never will return. There were fewer miles of deck promenade. Christ walked on the waves, and about the nearest some people come to following in his footsteps is to tramp the decks morning, noon and night from one port to another. It affords opportunities to bump into a fellow passenger, scrape up an acquaintance, or hear talk at close range and so learn whom to avoid or confide in at short notice.

I like an Englishman for what he is and isn't—there is such a contrast between him and an American. We gamble with silver speech and his silence is unbroken from golden morn to eve. Outside of an asylum he seems at times to have the greatest capacity for unexpressed thought. He is brave and will enter the grand saloon with tuxedo, colored shirt, wool pants and tan shoes. He is sympathetic and never jostles you or steps on your foot without saying "Sorry." He is wise and through his monocle looks at you like an owl breaking the silence with a solemn "Dontcher know?" He is patronizing—to the bar with its whisky and soda, and to his Yankee cousin.

I love the English women, they are mentally and morally charming in their address by day and at night their dress shows their fine points and angularities. I am not surprised they have little love for our game of baseball, since they have few curves and little speed.

Sea-air is powerful. It takes the paint off the boat and the veneer off the passengers. With change of clothes came change of conduct, and naked bosoms and truth were revealed. At Neptune's court the French are polite, the Americans brusque, the Germans sociable, but the English leave their manners and style behind.

People who had little at home and always waited on themselves, wanted a servant on board for everything. If they sel-

dom or never bathed at home they demanded a daily bath at the hour most inconvenient for the steward. Those whose literary aspirations were limited to the headlines of the Morning Ashpile or the Evening Sewer, grabbed the best books in the Library they couldn't read and wouldn't let anyone else get. They took their steamer chair and went here and there like a cat and dog to find the best place in the sun or shade. This done, they wandered all over the boat like a man without a chair or country, occupying other people's chairs and scowling at some poor mariner who had drifted into theirs. They had a lot of chairs but little charity. It is too bad the captain hasn't the hundred hands of Briareus, because everybody at the table wants to sit at his right or left, some to feel the honor, others to get some information of the trip, but most to listen to a lot of sailor yarns with which to knit up the raveled sleeve of care when they get home.

Here I met a member of the Wilson Hegira on his profane pilgrimage to Cartagena. He was to have a good position for previous party service. He said he had been told to hurry and get there and not wait for official appointment, as possession was nine points of the law. He hurried all right, without his family and baggage, just made the boat and was studying Spanish ten hours a day, hoping within a week to be able to ask for a native drink in which to toast the party that believes, "To the victors belong the spoils," and was willing to spoil the Philippines or any other well regulated Republican dependency by turning a Republican out and putting a Democrat in.

I wasn't seasick, but because I was writing a new book I got neuritis. The doctor prescribed rest, fruit, hot bath and a vile dose of medicine. I believe in the profit-sharing system, so I took the first two, gave my secretary the others and devoted myself to recuperation and reflection.

The captain was a royal male, an athletic fellow and fine dresser, but like the captain in "Pinafore," who wore knee breeches because he didn't like pants, he went barefoot because he didn't want to wear shoes in rainy weather. This delighted the passengers, who contrasted the corns on his feet and the hairs on his calves with the gold lace and buttons on his pants.

The second officer was first class, a good looker and talker. He spoke of Spain, San Salvador, Columbus and the Southern

Cross, but I thought of the other cross Chris. gave the natives and which many of their descendants believe was a double cross, making them cross ever since.

The first officer was gallant to the last, and head assistant in landing two female visitors who were carried off at Jamaica in spite of calls and bells. The captain signalled a row-boat, it came, and as the women went down the accommodation ladder the first officer said, "Madam, secure your skirts." However, she grasped her hat with both hands and replied, "O dat's all right," thus proving the color-line makes no difference in love of a bonnet and that like her white Northern city sisters on a rainy day her uppermost thought was to show her nethermost limbs.

Passengers were either first or third class. On the lower deck there was a little Hindu girl with black, sleek hair, silver necklaces, anklets and bracelets and a bright dress not as bright as her black eyes, which like many another woman's eyes had brought ruin. She had opthalmia and was not allowed to land at New York to join her husband, and so the poor little sixteen-year-old bride was going back to her father's house she never should have left.

Next in importance to soda and whisky on an English boat are Bibles and prayer-books for the Sunday service, and there is a service even if the captain has to read it. But when you sail for South America you leave God, the Bible as well as native land, and the Satan you are expected to bid "Get behind" comes to the front and leads the way.

On Sunday I am always on deck and crazy to preach as the hearers are after I get through. But when I saw an Episcopal clergyman on board I knew I would have to bear my cross and listen. Like Barkis, he was "willin'," but wasn't asked to officiate.

Appearances are deceitful, often a black skin covers a white heart. Our negro roustabouts after their work, washed, shaved, sat or lay around on deck with an English hymn-book, singing all the songs from cover to cover. One read and lined it, another accompanied him with a musical humming drone and all the others joined in the chorus. If the humble are to be exalted the high God had more regard for these lowly worshippers than for us. It was a sin and a shame. Feeling the need of apology or explanation to two ministers and two missionaries for

no white Sunday exercises the captain explained that no boat sailing south dared have a service, for there were so many Christian sects represented that they might start something worse than the tempest Jonah figured in.

Perhaps to drown his conscience he asked a song-bird to clear her throat with a glass of wine with him on the bridge. Either it was flat or there was too much high sea, for her dress was stained with the juice, and like Lady Macbeth she wanted to get the damned spot out.

I was "on to Richmond," for the Reverend R—— told me I had missed it by turning in so early. When one of the ladies sang, all the men went out to drink beer and he didn't know what song would have been strong enough to get whisky. I replied, "Coming Through the Rye," and though he was an Englishman, he saw the joke and laughed then and there instead of next day.

You can't get away from death, taxes and the ship-band. The English are not great musicians, but their bugle sounds good before meals three times a day. The band generally blows when Aeolus doesn't, and when they are not busy making beds or washing dishes they blow inspiring strains or strain and blow up a storm of disapproval.

Our boat broke the glassy sea into little waves and it was pleasant to compare the pond with the times when Neptune kicks against the slops thrown over the rail and makes the boat toss like a shingle in the Niagara rapids.

It is the same old salt sea in size, smell and swell by sunrise and sunset which writers have wrung tortures from words to describe and painters have grown blue or green to represent.

The old traveler gets tired of the bait which is offered in pulling the money out of his pocket and landing him on a foreign shore. Glowing descriptions of far-off seas and lands, sun, moon, stars, clouds and climes may do for some young sucker, but not a game old fish. There's millions in it for the company that will offer something like this; a ship whose funnels, boat spars and awning won't always be in the way and obstruct the best views; deck-washings not so early in the morning and accompanied by fewer oaths; no seasickness; no death-dealing smells from hold or kitchen; no cockroaches served with meals or bugs with beds; no amateur benefit concerts; no tips for favors

not received; no pothouse bands; no moonstruck spooners or promenaders permitted on deck; no lying testimonials at the close of the voyage or presents to officers who are already overpaid for doing less than their duty.

SAN SALVADOR



AT sunset we sighted San Salvador with its lighthouse and old wreck outlined against the sky. I tried to imagine how Columbus felt when standing on the deck of the Santa Maria he saw a light, and then the land, said "Holy Smoke," and taking out his memorandum pad wrote, "October 12, 1492. The world is mine. I have discovered it and will give it to my church and sovereign in the Old World if we can kill the natives and get away with the booty before they nail us in our coffins."

San Salvador isn't very large, exports fruit and salt, has a black population, was known for its horses, but is famous for its footprints on the sands of time which Chris. left. On the height above the bay some Chicago admirers have heralded the new world's discovery on a stone shaft.

Christopher Columbus, the Italian, never saw the day in 1492 that he discovered America or set foot on the mainland. What he sighted and touched was the little island of Watlings, one of the Bahamas.

Leif Ericson, the Norwegian, about the year 1000 discovered the northeast coast of America, wintered there, and called it Vinland.

As a matter of history it is known that five hundred years before Columbus there were Norse colonies in Greenland and further south on the continent which at the beginning of the Sixteenth Century had been utterly forgotten.

CUBA



THE devil let up long enough on my fiddle-string nerve, where he had played an infernal tune, for me to stretch my legs and get off in a little steam launch and touch at Antilla. I had seen Amber, Pompeii, Memphis, Ephesus and a few other places, but Antilla has it on them all, for while they were buried, it was dead and didn't know it. The objects of interest are a dock, not dry, but wet with Bordeaux

wine; a double-deck lighter liable to capsize; a corner hotel with ancient history newspapers; a long street with stores and bars; a stand of sugar-cane and cocoanut; a railroad station; one yellow dog and a blind-eyed nigger. The name Ant Hilla suggests the size of the town, but not the activity of the people.

I had been all over Cuba, and was in Havana the day our flag was lowered and theirs raised. What I feared had come true. Their morals went down and not up when we gave them a liberty they mistook for license.

"Pure Havana" refers to the tobacco and not the city. It is a place of cigars, cigarets, convents, churches, cafes, carousals and cockfighting. I found dirty books and pictures sold on the streets, and the saloons, dives, dance halls and picture shows were literally "rotten." But what can you expect when Velasquez settled it in 1515 and it has been unsettled ever since by riot, burned by pirates and sacked by English and Dutch?

At Antilla I met an Amherst professor who had studied social conditions in Cuba and recently I received a long letter from him—I quote several suggestive sentences:

"One finds many oddities in these countries, especially touching the native life as it is found here; their manners, customs and queer beliefs.

"I found that 95 per cent of the people in South and Central America were either atheists or free thinkers, or, it would really be better, and nearer the truth, to say that they do not think on religious matters at all nor can the majority of them be gotten to talk about the matter in any way.

"They have been led, cajoled and deceived by the priesthood, until all religions and religious teachers are measured by the standard that has been set by these and maintained for many centuries. This has largely influenced the social and family life, reduced their faith in humanity to the minimum and in their minds the only one who can safely be trusted is the one who is watched at the same time.

"Very few are ever under any circumstances welcome into the homes of other people, and the result is very little visiting done except by those who have gone to the States or elsewhere to learn the valuable lesson of social contact with their fellow beings. This has resulted in the circumscribing of their vocab-

ulary, and the result is that they converse about the most commonplace things only.

"Men and women are kept as far apart as possible, and must get acquainted after marriage, which in many cases results in their estrangement and the hunting of concubines for the man, which is very common in all these countries."

"Remember the Maine?" Sure, because it loomed just out of my porthole window, with its skeleton fingers raised to heaven for justice. The prayer has been answered for the living and the dead.

Uncle Sam cleaned up Havana, for she was filthy with her fifty fountains, but the sow has returned to her wallowing in the mire. She has a Moro castle, a Malacon promenade, a Tacon theatre, a Jail Alai ball game, but she longs for bullfights and savage pleasures. Like the Mexicans and Latin-Americans, Cubans are lazy when not planning deviltry. They need a brass knuckle to put them down or a steel spur to keep them in control. "Cuba Libre."

AN ENGLISH EDEN.



WE approached Jamaica during a thunderstorm that gave a wonderful effect on land and sea. Nearing Old Port Royal, the pirates' Babylon, a place of fire, plague, slavery, battle and murder, we recalled its Seventeenth Century buccaneers whom an earthquake swept into the sea. Writers tell how you can see the ruins and hear the cathedral bells on a fair day, but all I could find around here were the wrecks of two German steamships.

There is a dangerous coral reef, but we made a safe voyage and landed just in time for a tropical sunset with pink and blue sky which outlined the feathery palms of the city. A walk to the Myrtle Hotel with its fruits and flowers was intoxicating, and made us feel this must have been the original Lotus Eaters' Club.

Kingston is a quaint old quaker city with quakes for break-fast and hurricanes in season, but all danger was forgotten amid our delightful surroundings. You see the business life of a city by day, but its real home life by night. I took a street car that ran through the native quarter. The lights in the huts showed some preparing food on charcoal fires and everybody lazy but

happy. As we rode we passed many people carrying bundles on their heads and at the end of the line went into a shop kept by a Chinaman and bought some big buns and chocolates, being warned by the natives that John was charging us too much. But I had been to China, mixed with John in California and trusted him more than his jealous rivals and detractors.

This was the only bun, and solid, but there were others who had a liquid bun. It was made of rum and fizz, flavored with limes and stirred with a swizel stick. This stick exerts a sceptered sway over whites and blacks. It is seductive and intoxicating, but beware lest you feel the club of the policeman as you sneak home a back way leaning on a walking stick.

An appropriate coat of arms for Jamaica would be some ginger root, for there is a hot time in the old town when it comes to climate, drinks, dances and morals. That night on the way to the ship we stopped to watch the negro men and women carry coal on their heads to the ship. The night, the coal and their faces were black, but their eyes flashed when they received light wages for heavy work. After their work they were willing, for a shilling, to give a weird dance, with much grace and not many clothes, that would make New York society envious.

Next morning in walking around I stumbled over some of the same earthquake bricks I had stumbled over on a former visit. I wouldn't be in a hurry either to rebuild if after six days of hard work the seventh came with a cyclone and earthquake and knocked the whole thing down again.

We three were not despondent, but drove to the Hope Gardens in the early fresh and fragrant morning. Our little Hindu guide knew the names of all the different trees and flowers, but didn't know the American flag. I gave him a tip and a free lecture on America, which will make him know the flag the next time he sees it.

Cooley town was hot and goldsmiths were hammering out bracelets for Hindu arms and legs and we got some good pictures of children who didn't wear even a toe ring.

The English are improving the town. Since I was here they have cut down the magnificent Ceiba tree, at the Half Way house, with its royal height, majestic shade and surface roots where the tired rested, and put in its place a little clock tower and bust to the memory of Edward the Seventh. Shades of the

departed! It wasn't necessary to set up a clock to tell us Edward had a good time. The old monarch tree better illustrated the shelter and security Edward offered all his subjects.

The famous Jamaica ginger has not been taken in large doses by the natives, for they are lazy. Many of them are leprous and illegitimate, but they carry their burdens on their heads and not in their hearts, smile like Nature around them and are better under English rule than self-government.

If you want history run out to Spanish town, the old capital whose old government buildings are the color of pink tights; wander through the former Romanist now Anglican cathedral and read the slab eiptaphs of some of Jamaica's illustrious cut-throats; if you like scenery, drive out to Bog Walk with palms, orchids, and native wood for policeman's clubs; if you want tropical trees, go to Castelton Garden, and if you are hungry and want to get outside of a bunch of bananas, run over to Port Antonio, where blue sky, Blue Mountains and blue Caribbean, according to *similia similibus curantur*, will rid you of your blue devils.

Jamaica, the one-time pirates' paradise, has become a tourists' playground; the buccaneer has given way to the botanist; its history reads like a dime-novel. Morgan and his men were regarded as the most ungodly men on the face of the earth. He left no collections for a museum, as other members of the Morgan family have, but left a name to point a moral and adorn a tale.

A WET TOWN



OLON is well named. It's a question whether anyone wants to stop here for any period of time unless he is in a state of coma when he would make a point of exclamation to get out.

I knew it as Aspinwall in my school days when my chum's father, who was a sea-captain, tall as a mast, stormy as the sea, with red face, hair tied in pigtails and a voice like thunder, came home loaded with liquors, gems, fabrics, parrots and bags of cocoa. He spun enough yarns to clothe us all with wool suits and I had big pockets in mine which I filled with delicious cocoa beans. Thus early was my love for chocolate developed, not only in liquid form, but in those lumps of sweetness which tempt one

at sixty cents a pound for his sweetheart three times a week.

Colon's enchantment is in the distance. On landing you find it a wet town, with fire and rain-water. The annual rainfall is 140 inches, but the barrels of booze have never been counted. The rain stopped long enough for us to paddle to the new Washington Hotel, where instead of liquor we got a sticker for the trunk.

It was half an hour before train time and that was fifteen minutes more than necessary to see this town, though our horse and driver were slow and our wheels got interlocked with another team and it took five minutes and fifty oaths to extricate them.

Uncle Sam is a good housekeeper, and soap, sewers and sanitation follow the flag. He had worked a miracle, since I had been here, of healing and health on this open sore. Miss Mosquito, with yellow fever charm, cut a wide dead swath in all classes of society, but with some other deadly members of the sex she has been practically driven out or made harmless. Our medical heroes achieved as great victories on the Isthmus as others of mechanical and military renown.

Colon is the short for Columbus. We expected to find a statue of him, but were surprised to find how true it was to life. The sculptor had him hugging an Indian girl, just as in his statue in Genoa his right hand rests lovingly on the left shoulder of a fair Italian dame. The people who make him a saint and follow him as the embodiment of knightly chivalry should remember he was gay with the girls, that he deserted his wife and family and was always on the lookout to discover new lands and land a new sweetheart in every port.

THE BIG DITCH



WE ran along the Big Ditch and saw where the French had buried their men, money and morals. The canal is a chestnut in song and story. It has been a Godsend to the newspapers, magazine writers and lecturers who were running dry of material. There have been enough pipes of hot air in and out of Congress to blow up the Gatun Dam; tons of description to fill the Culebra cut; and barrels of money poured in to break the Spillway.

Milton sings of the gates of Paradise and Siloa's brook. I

sing the praises of Uncle Sam's canal and the Gatun gates which open a paradise to the ships of the world.

It was muggy and muddy and after I had walked around the works for an hour I came back with an O. K. on all that had been spent and done in the last ten years.

I always did approve of the work of the Y. M. C. A., and when in the shade of an old palm tree I sat down before a dish of ice cream and half an apple pie I knew why the men had been willing to leave their happy homes and sweethearts to slave and sweat in the damp tropics.

If F. stood for French failure, U. S. stood for unprecedented success, and so on the Bible grounds of coveting earnestly the best gifts, England seemed dissatisfied with her Suez canal and wanted ours. The locks we thought secure have been picked. Our professor President took up his pen and wrote a vote of thanks for the thief instead of picking up Teddy's big stick and smashing John Bull's hat over his eyes.

The train took us by sick swamps, dying jungles, and buried stations to Panama and during the run a canal attache, whose breath was strong as his body, told me about accidents, lives lost, luxuries and loafing privileges that would be hot stuff for the yellow press.

PANAMA NEW AND OLD



PANAMA is a magic word which means a hat, a canal, a city in particular or pandemonium in general. C. C. landed here in 1502 and made it possible for every literary, political, commercial and religious fakir since to dump his wares. Every devil on his way to the farther south inferno manages to stop here.

The town was and is a robbers' roost. The fathers are dead but left many descendants, who soak you fifteen cents not for a glass of whisky, but for a small glass of warm gingerale, and at the Tivoli Hotel charge a golden eagle a day for board, recalling the scripture, "Riches take to themselves wings and fly away."

The town is wide open, the only things I saw barred were the windows of the stores and houses which were a kind of safeguard to keep the inmates from attacking the traveling public. Over the old sea walls human sharks have come into the city stores and hotels.

We autoed out to Old Panama, the former market for Peru's gold and silver. Did you ever see a field of wheat after the grasshoppers had gone through it? That's about the way Morgan left this town looking, for he tore down the walls, grabbed the gold and carried the people away in chains. It was thought he hid some of the gold he couldn't carry off and people have been digging for it ever since. So far the only successful prospector seems to be the chauffeur and hack driver who make you dig up your good money for bad service. I speak from experience, because I hired the auto by the hour and paid extra for the time required to fix his bursted tire. But it was worth it. We pay for art and I have Memory's picture of the old cathedral with its broken tower, vine-clad windows and walls, the tropical jungle around it and the surf-covered rocks nearby.

New Panama has churches to burn incense and incenses members to burn churches. Balboa's quest for the Temple of Gold is realized by the church in her lotteries among the laity. The ground floor of the bishop's palace is given over to the sale of lottery tickets that makes the old money changing in the temple of Jerusalem a godly performance in comparison.

Everybody rich and poor, young and old, is doing the lottery and being done by it, and I am glad to know that as every dog has its day this godly grab-bag is soon to be forced to quit.

Sunday night here was like Saturday night in New Orleans. Everybody was out for a good time. Feeling the need of some city mission work I was glad to meet members of the Salvation Army singing "Onward, Christian Soldier," and trying to enlist new followers. Off came my hat with a God bless you and a piece of money, for they lift up the fallen the world over. The place to see and be seen was the Plaza where the band played. If music is the food of love there was a big banquet, for eyes feasted on beauty and all went merry with thought of prospective marriage bells.

Panama is a free port, all nations are represented, so I went to the International hotel. Waking early I got up, walked around the porch and looked in the open screens before the sons and daughters of men were up. Suddenly the sun rose in the West out on the Pacific. Perhaps I was only half awake, but that's the way it looked to me. But the sun hadn't got out on the

wrong side of the ocean-bed, because the bay of Panama sweeping around the city looks like the ocean.

If the tenderfoot expects to cover any ground he must "get there" early in the morning. So we shopped, and since this is a free-for-all port where all nations have their bazaars, you can get anything you pay for from a Panama hat, from Ecuador, to a cigar from everywhere. The word "Panama" means fish, but I didn't bite.

Uncle Sam's spade and broom have changed and cleaned many of the streets and houses, but some things remain which make you think you are in Spain. There are houses whose upper stories lean so far over the street that you find it easy to flirt with a fan or fight with your fist. At the postoffice I grew hot and sticky addressing fifty postal cards and grew hotter and stickier when the girl postoffice clerk handed me a can of paste and a big brush to stick the glueless stamps.

People go to church for various reasons. I went to the Cathedral to see how old and tall and shiny it was and then to a little Methodist church to learn how it conducted a day school. In the open doorway stood an Uncle Tom-looking teacher. He saw my flag, invited me in, asked me to talk to the children and translated what I said about our flag and what its colors stood for. Missions pay. The hope of Central and South America is the teaching of an open Bible and history to the rising generation.

Balboa is a little town at the Pacific entrance of the Canal named after a big discoverer, who, standing tip-toe on the highest peak, saw a body of water which he called the South sea and took possession of every dirty shore it washed for the kings of Castile. With so much water and soap he made a clean job of it, but the Virgin didn't reward him, for on his return to Santa Maria he found another in favor who told him to go way back and explore the sea he had discovered. While carrying material for his ships across the Isthmus he was arrested on a trumped up charge of treason and executed.

A HOUSE BOAT



UNDER a sizzling sun our walk to the dock seemed like the whole of the West Coast, and on board and ready to start we found ourselves held up by a belated Washington official who hadn't forgotten how to use "influence" and still work a holdup on sea as well as on land.

Steaming out of the harbor, we admired the entrance to the Canal, the new lighthouse and the islands which are to be fortified, and wandered over the "Guatemala," the ark in which we were to float. Our rooms, like those of a Mississippi river-boat, opened on deck. This was fortunate, for you could stand out on deck and get fresh air when you packed and unpacked your trunk. It was hard to find things and it was every man for himself and the devil for the hindmost. The trunks were in the wrong rooms and the wrong things were in the trunks. "L" lost his legs in a pair of my big white duck pants and I tried to get his shirt over my neck, wondering why I had grown so big and it had shrunk so much. Mrs. "M" was appealed to, but had troubles of her own and fell down in the heat in a hysterical fit. Without a pilot I steered for the bar and sailed back with cool lemonade and other soothing drinks, which did much to reduce our hot temper and temperature.

Their officers were nice in spite of the fact that they had carried the Boston Chamber of Commerce, high rollers even on a smooth sea, who had left the trail of their dissipation all over South America, making the natives twofold more the children of hell than they were before.

They went to investigate its mental and moral conditions, and had they done something but drink champagne by day and debauch by night, they could have brought home a story of private and public immorality that would have rivaled the moral degradation of the Philippines and given our government a report as awful as "Document 190."

Noah had his ark and animals, and like him, after being rocked in the cradle of the deep, I was waked from pleasant dreams, not by a bugler, but the crow of a rooster, the grunt of a pig, the bleat of a sheep and the bellow of a bull. I started up as if I were a boy again on the farm and called early to do the chores. My next thought was that the captain had sailed near enough to somebody's farm to flirt with the milkmaid. I dressed and went out to investigate, found we were not in sight of land and that the noise proceeded from the interior of the boat like the sounds from the belly of the Trojan horse. On this sea, you see, there is no cold storage. Sailors and passengers must have meat to keep up their courage for what may happen. So you go down and tell the chicken what kind of an

egg you want for breakfast and look over the cattle to see what kind of chop or steak you will have for dinner. I didn't have to land to see a bullfight for there was one on deck one morning when a poor brute, which had received the best of friendly care and food, was dragged out, pulled down to a ring and struck; groaning, staggering, he drew his feet under him and gave up the ghost. The young butcher actor had planned this bloody tragedy for my special benefit, but it was a sorry spectacle on an empty stomach, and the photo of me bending over the carcass suggests anything but a "bully time."

CLOSED ECUADOR



ECUADOR'S door is shut to American tourists, for Uncle Sam has nailed a yellow fever sign on it. If you want to break through and cross this deadline of the Equator from which the country is named, you must take your chance on a Chilean boat.

The approach to Guayaquil is a reproach, slimy, swampy and sickly. There is something in a name. This town can kill a guy or an artist, for it was so nasty that Nast, our great cartoonist, who was consul here, sickened and died. There seems to be everything to drink but good water, with the result that yellow fever and delirium tremens keep the grave diggers busy. The city is laid out on the usual plan of a Square with a big cathedral though the church hates the Masons. The law has forced bigotry to greater tolerance. Protestant missionaries and Bibles have come to show that the less a people are under any church control the greater their intelligence and prosperity; that if two-thirds of the days of the year are not celebrated as feast and fast days there will be less of illiteracy, illegitimacy and those things that suggest the Middle Ages.

One may avoid the mosquito by going to Quito, the quaint sleepy capital whose inhabitants are being electrified by lights and cars. The Panama Canal means to them more trade and tourists if they will clean up the filthy Indians who are two-thirds of the country's population, shut up the jangling bells and juggling clerics and put up some good hotels and a government that will last forty-eight hours.

Ecuador is cursed with filth, fever, quakes, ignorance, bigotry and bastardy. Outside of this it is a fine country.

Perhaps you can't expect much more where Mother Nature breaks out with volcanic eruption or shakes with ague, has a high temperature by day and chills by night.

Quito has a hospital, leper-retreat, penitentiary and lunatic asylum which are well patronized. If further accommodations are needed when the crazy tourist comes, some of the unnecessary monasteries and religious buildings could be devoted to practical saving influence.

The fat man who finds walking and breathing hard in this altitude may board a trolley car, and timid females who are afraid to go out in the dark will find something brighter than narrow streets lighted with candles placed in front of shrines at the street corners.

Ecuador does a big revolution business on the small capital of a few regular soldiers and a navy fleet of two ships.

She raises more ivory nuts than any country in the world. I don't doubt it, when I read its history, see its illiteracy and think of the solid ivory which is trying to manage its affairs.

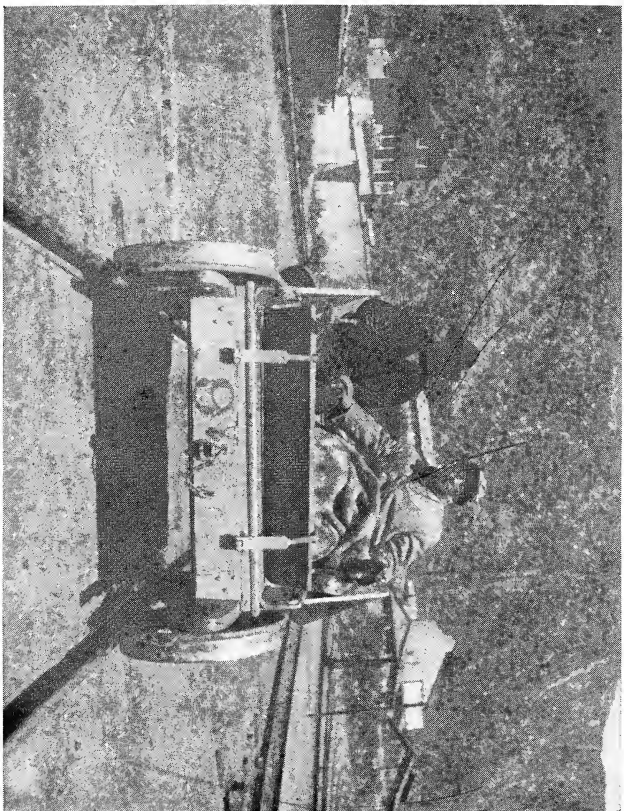
A ship officer showed me an ivory nut souvenir which had been cut in such a way as to inclose a full set of altar utensils. But I was more familiar with it in the form of suspender buttons just as others are with it in poker chips and cane handles.

Speaking of nut-heads reminds me of the shrunken head trophies which head-hunters sell as souvenirs in the interior of Ecuador and of a specimen I later saw in La Paz. The process is to get your man, cut off his head, skin it from neck to scalp, dry it with red hot stones until it shrinks to about a fourth of its size, retaining the hair, the brows, the nose, the eyes, the lips as natural as life and twice as hideous. It is a real death's head that makes an Egyptian mummy, a catacomb skull and funeral corpse look life-like and lovable in comparison.

You may not know it, but Peruvian bark, Panama hats, rubber, coffee and chocolate come from Ecuador. She is a good Samaritan to us. What would we do if she didn't put a Panama hat on our head, some chocolate in our mouth, Peruvian bark in our stomach and some buttons on our pants?

PERU





COASTING DOWN THE ANDES

PERU

A DRY TOWN



SOON after we crossed the Equator our white suits were folded like the tents of the Arabs and put away. A clouded sun overhead and the Humboldt current underneath made it feel more like winter than summer.

At Payta I put my foot on South American soil for the first time and if Pizarro had landed here I think he would have cast a lingering look behind and returned.

No sooner had we alighted from our lighter, for all boats must anchor off this stern and rock-bound coast, than officials stepped up in their glad-rags to welcome us. I showed an American flag and a letter with a big seal which made them think I was the minister, and they honored me by taking me to jail, hotel and market.

There isn't much for the tourist, and that is more smell than sight, in spite of the salt sea before and a sandy desert around. The people have a lot of sand, but they are lazy, for the sand man works in the day as well as the night. The bamboo houses look like baskets of sand. Payta is the place where a "foolish man" may build his house on the sand with no fear that the rain will descend or the floods come, because it never rains here.

Above the town on a bluff is a big cross either built as a beacon for ships, a shrine of devotion or a symbol to drive away the devil, although you can never cross or bluff him that way.

I went in the little church which the janitor was dusting. The art was atrocious, the saints looked very sorry, but I worshipped in there by giving a lame native beggar some money and turning down an English tramp who in a weak voice asked me for a shilling with a strong breath.

There were barefooted women carrying baskets of fish and melons, goats following with a hungry air of "give me some," and old men tramping along with heavy bundles of wood on their backs. Cook has no office here, but the hotel office advertises good cooking and drink. Next to the sand and hotel bars the bars of the jail were of interest. I walked around to get a picture while the guard watched me. Then I bravely went up to the man with a gun, handed him a general letter of introduction from Hon. John Barrett and he let me in to see the men and women in prison, glaring through the little bars like animals in

a cage, but what was better, let me out when I wanted to go.

Sewers, public comfort stations and private sanitary conveniences are unknown and what I took to be a bath house with a board walk running out in the water was a public comfort station in full view of sea and city. However, judged by the practice of some of the natives, the said places of shed architecture are more for ornament than use.

To miss your boat and be marooned at this port would be a dire calamity and make suicide justifiable, so we hurried to the wharf, called our boatmen and were rowed over to the ship.

By the gang there were some pretty native girls, with hair well combed and braided with flowers, sitting in boats selling food and fruit to the men unloading the cargo.

Native women are not allowed on shipboard because they steal all they can lay their hands on. Ship officers said that all the houses in Payta was furnished by the Royal Mail Steamers. I saw a woman in a Mother Hubbard take a bag, put some money in it and hand it to a roustabout. He gave in return a table cloth and she hid it under her dress and a little later took a look at it, brought it back and said in substance, "What do I want with a table cloth?" and exchanged it for a shawl. I knew it didn't belong to us, for we paid an extra dollar to keep our doors locked. Of course it is wrong to steal, but one can hardly blame a woman here for stealing anything to make her life easier and brighter.

STRAW LIDS



AT Payta you pay to cover your pate. Copper-colored Indians boarded the boat with a tower of hats on their heads. A hat is one of the few souvenirs you get along with disease and fever. They say some of the hats are made of moonbeams. I don't doubt it, for it is hot, the natives are lazy and sleep when the sun shines, and I never saw them work, so it must be at night. The cost of the hat shows the profit is honored in its own country. The natives know you want a hat and the more you want it the more they charge. The first hat sold for thirty dollars gold. I bought three for less than that for friends and had to make my money talk, for I couldn't speak Spanish. This is the way I did it. I held the money in one hand and the hat in the other. The Indian shrugged his shoulders, I pulled back the money and

pushed the hat hard against his breast. This had the desired effect and I got it at my own price.

A man is generally as proud of his Panama as a woman of her Easter bonnet, for it costs as much if it is a good one. I thought I wanted a hat until I saw how every dirty native man, woman and child wore one all the time. Proof that it doesn't rain here is seen in the undisturbed dust which settles on their hats as sand on a hill. They look like the same style and shade since Pizarro's time. I wondered if he managed to pick up a hat somewhere and whether he looked as grand as Napoleon, Washington and William Penn in their hats? Even if so, I'm sure he wasn't as brimful of good ideas.

The rich man whose head swells with the thought of his expensive straw would do well to visit Payta and see a lousy beggar wearing a straw hat that makes his look like a paste-board box in an ash-barrel. If Payta tires of her name, from the number of hats sold, she might change it to Hatteras and call her bishop, Hatto.

A ROCKY TIME



TIME writes few wrinkles on the Pacific's azure brow, but has placed many "moles" on it. Three of a kind are found at Eten, Pacasmayo and Salaverry. The sea is so rough and the shore so rocky that boats can't dock. So a pier is run out several thousand feet and you and your luggage are hoisted up by a crane; then you are shoved along to a low zinc-roofed depot where you can go to the little villages in the Andean foothills, if you wish, where, instead of the coast sand, melted snow makes life possible.

At Eten the swell was so big we couldn't land our passengers. They had to get off our boat into a rowboat which took them to an anchored freight boat. A big sack was lowered, the passengers were put in it, and as the vessel rolled they were slammed against its side. There we left them to stay till the mad sea was pacified and the freighter, like Jonah's ship, could throw them out on land.

Pacasmayo has no harbor or craft, but if you can ever land you can find plenty of handicraft, priestcraft and witchcraft among the Indians.

Salaverry could well be called Spit-head from the way the

surf spumed against the mole and rocks. The Pacific was tempest-tossed this Sunday with no Galilean pilot to say, "Peace, be still." We had no Lord's Day service, but were humble and prayerful before the Lord lest our anchor chain snap and we sea-sick passengers be cast helplessly adrift. Cargoes and stomachs were unloaded. Later some passengers came over this howling, hissing, hell water and were hoisted in a chair to our deck. A good looking well-dressed fat senora was held up to be lifted up by two thin men whose hands were full. She was a poor boarder, but thanked them with words and her breakfast. There was a sun-burned, half-famished man and boy who had traveled for two weeks across the desert with nothing much to eat but parched corn kernels or cover them at night but the blanket of the sky. Finally we rolled away and the ship kept rolling until I had to keep pillows on both sides of me to keep from falling out of my bunk and banging around like Victor Hugo's cannon.

FRAGRANT ISLANDS



OUR ship's sister went down into the depths near here about six years ago and took one man with her. I am not surprised that he went, for the shore is a desert, the sea a sailless dreary deep, clouds hide the sun, the Antarctic, unlike the electric current, cools your blood and the fragrance of the Guano Islands is wafted to your nose like the odor of a soap factory or your neighbor's unemptied garbage can.

You may think, gentle reader, that you know what a Guano Island is when you read its definition in the dictionary, but this is a mistake. It must be smelt to be appreciated.

What poet can describe sailing o'er a sea which looks like the wash water of the Augean Stables and among isles whose impure breezes would choke off his inspiration at the first line?

One starlit night as we were walking the deck I imagined my breath was feverish, that the cook in his kitchen laboratory was inventing some new combination of garlic and onions, that the washroom steward had been careless in cleaning up or that like the Ancient Mariner we were sailing over a rotting sea with a cargo of corpses. But it was none of these things. Simply the Guano Islands, as the officer assured me, only this and nothing more.

It never rains along this coast but there are snow storms in

the Andes, and I thought a blizzard had struck us when a vast cloud of birds swept over our bow and left a white drift on the deck.

Aristophanes tells of a bird-city in the sky. It may be that the bottom fell out and formed the Chincha Islands. St. Francis preached a sermon to the birds, but I am afraid these birds never heard it, for they look and act as if their only knowledge of Scripture and the Creator was the profanity of the sailors who drove them away from their nesting and resting place and made their excrement an increment of wealth by shipping it over the world as soil fertilizer. Guano is as good as gold. These deposits made Peru's savings bank account. But riches fly away. Chile broke in and grabbed the wealth and when brought up before the bar of judgment said she didn't steal it, only just took what was necessary to wipe out an insult and defend herself in future.

The old Peruvians knew that Guano was great stuff long before the Spanish smugglers landed on their shores and them, or Humboldt had carried a chunk of it to Europe and proved that while in odor it was as orthodox as good Limburger cheese, one ton possessed enough nitrogen to put 33 tons of farm manure to flight.

The Hindu worships animal refuse and if the source of his inspiration failed he could make a pious pilgrimage to these islands where porpoise, fish, gulls, penguins, seals and birds have erected shrines, miles long and hundreds of feet high, where the waves have been the music, the wind the prayers, the sun the baptism and the incense the awful smell.

The ships that touch at these islands are not excursion boats of tourist parties, but small, dirty looking craft that come for business. These Guano mines have practically been exhausted and that must be the condition of the sailors who dig in them unless they have lost all sense of smell.

There are many isles of the blest in this world where the traveler and honeymoon couple may spend sweet days and nights, but the Chinchas are not that kind. From what I have seen and smelt I can only recommend them to the farmer and agricultural student as an experimenting station.

FIRST LESSONS IN SPANISH



HE "Quaker Girl," played on the phonograph the night before we landed at Callao, suggested the terra mota which had shaken the city like a dice box, after which a tidal wave swept away the people with their filth and fever. 'Twas on such an occasion that the island of San Lorenzo which protects the harbor rose up like Venus from the sea. All the buried cities I have seen have been on land. As a Baptist I would like to get a diver's suit and investigate the wet goods of old Callao in Davy Jones' locker.

I didn't learn Spanish in Madrid and had taken no correspondence lessons since. Here I took my first lesson from the obliging ship-doctor, who taught me to pronounce Callao by knocking out the first l and making the second sound like y—Cayao. I paid dearly for this lesson, for after his boatman friend had landed me and my luggage at the wharf I was charged double, half going to the doctor for his instructions. He held me up, though I got by Peru's navy of two ships which I thought were two barges loaded with scrap-iron.

I cleared the Aduana, or custom house, because I was not entangled with any typewriter or ardent spirits, and passing by shops, stores, warehouses, workers, strikers, dummy engines, saloons and dives, I sat down in a trolley car and was carried to Lima, seven miles distant.

STALLED



ONE place like home" has a new meaning in this country. The hotels look like stables, although they are not as comfortable; the help is stupid and slow as a Spanish mule; the food is so seasoned you can't tell whether you are eating or drinking, and such is the style and hour of the meal you don't know whether it is breakfast, dinner or supper. The servant who waked me in the morning asked me if I would have a "desayuna," and supposing it to be a new kind of fruit or breakfast food, I said "Yes." He came back with some coffee and bread. On the strength of this I existed until 11 o'clock when I went to the dining room and picked up a bill of fare and seeing the word "Almuerzo" in attractive letters said I would have a small portion of that and if I liked it would take some

more. After watchful waiting for about fifteen minutes he brought in everything from the a to z of what was a table d'hôte breakfast, making me wonder if what was left over was to be served for the big meal of the day at night.

We stopped at the Maury hotel because one must eat somewhere. They gave me a suite of large rooms and a balcony from which I could play the part of Romeo to Juliet in the street, Plaza, or entrance to the old cathedral where lie Pizarro's bones.

In the lobby a man hurriedly came up to me, supposing I was the newly arrived American minister, apologized for speaking without an introduction, handed me his card, saying he represented the Steel Trust, wanted to be one of the first Americans to greet me and would meet me more formally later. I told him I was not the American minister but a minister from America and had often preached from the text "Thou shalt not steal."

PIZARRO'S TOWN



IMA, founded by Pizarro, was once the political, commercial, religious and social center of South America. This "city of the kings" has been dethroned by earthquake, revolution, fanaticism, fever, lethargy and luxury. The clock of Progress has ran down and if it is wound up it will be done by American and European hands who hold the mining, railroading and shipping key of the situation.

The streets are straight, if some of its merchantmen are crooked, and narrow as most of the prevailing theology. The houses are one or two stories high and stare blankly at each other, while the shops are small and stuffy and crowded with signs advertising a "grand realization." Soldiers march here and there in the plazas and lie in wait at every street corner to head off a revolution. In the parks you may find some Spanish women, pretty as the flowers, and men bronze, stiff and haughty as the statues, but most of the people are Indians, half-breeds, Chinese and negroes.

There are 67 varieties of one kind of church in as many buildings. You fall over a bunch of beggars at the door as in Italy or Spain. Entering you are amazed to find so many more women than men when no woman is permitted to wear any "love of a bonnet" to service. If you haven't given all your money to charity, to the beggars inside and outside, you can buy a lottery or

bullfight ticket at the door as you go out. Everybody is looking for a "hand out" and even at the street corners you find a cross or an image with extended arms asking alms. If you avoid being soaked this way you will be another way unless you carry an umbrella. They say it doesn't rain, but they have a misty moisture just as wet.

To offset the general gloom with a little gaiety I dropped in a cafe where I had movies with my meals. Withered women button-holed me for fresh flowers. Everything was strange and I felt alone until a man at a nearby table ripped out a profane American oath. It sounded good to me, though. I know it was very wicked. I hope the Recording Angel, who blotted out Uncle Toby's oath, had a few tears left to wash this one away, and to forgive me for going up to him, extending my hand and saying, "God bless you, old man, I am glad to hear somebody talk English even if he swears."

After dark the people muffle up their faces to keep out the fresh air as though it were the plague. I felt plagued when a pretty woman did this, hiding all but her black eyes. However, in many cases I thought it would be well for the Lima women to hide their figures as well as their faces, for the sweet things eat a great deal of candy and grow fat and flabby. This habit has proved a bitter-sweet. Her mouth resembles a yawning churchyard, with broken tombstone teeth whence issues an odor which "Decay's effacing fingers" have stirred up. This may be one reason why love-making is conducted from a balcony, and why the smiling scientific American dentist has his hands full of Peruvian gold.

A CHURCH TRAMP



N the way to my hotel I met a religious procession of women led by a priest and some officials. The women wore black mantas and carried lighted candles in their hands. The spectators uncovered their heads and bowed. Here as elsewhere in South America the women are the most faithful in their church duties. Men may be nominal members, and have some belief, but they don't seem to be working much at it except to aid charities by buying lottery, cock and bullfight tickets.

I followed the procession to the cathedral and then went to

my hotel across the street, to sleep, perchance to dream. I couldn't get asleep and have a dream because the watchman on the corner under my window, like a midnight owl, screeched out a whistle every hour to tell me all was well, to keep himself awake and everybody else. The artist Whistler is known for his Nocturne paintings, but these nocturnal whistlers are not artistic. I was getting sick of this "All is well" and fell asleep toward morning when the big bell of the cathedral broke loose and raised bedlam. This may be a sleepy town, but not this way. One might as well try and rest in a boiler factory where a steamhammer was nailing the rivets through iron plates.

Later I made a round of the churches, for they are the real show places of Lima. La Merced, with its silver high altar, high-society worshippers, and little booths and reclining chairs where they rest body and conscience from sin; San Francisco, with its marble cloisters; Santo Domingo, where Saint Rose, the city's patroness, is done in marble, and posed on a bejeweled pedestal high above the poor Spanish and Indian worshippers who have sacrificed their necessities for her adornment. There is a modern Madonna here with a rosary of large pearls which make Saint Rose blush a deeper red for envy. I don't think Nevin got the Rosary inspiration from this church. To me it suggested anything but that sincere devotion which worships in spirit and in truth.

The Cathedral is at the head of the Plaza des Armes, the big public square with fountains, statues, trees and flowers. This plaster and dirt building with its broken facade, two tumbling old towers, weather-beaten doors, is a big, barney, unbeautiful thing that stared through my hotel windows for five days. And even this isn't the original material, for the quakes have shaken it so often that it has been constantly repaired. The big interior is unbroken except where the plaster has fallen down. It was so damp the sweet-lipped organ was a little flat, so dark I couldn't see whether the pulpit was plain or carved, the stalls cedar or pine, whether Murillo's "Veronica" was a real copy by Rembrandt or one by one of the archbishops whose portraits adorn the walls, and so dismal that I thought it was a fit resting place for Pizarro's bones.

OLD BONES



ASKED the mummy-looking custodian to see Pizarro's bones. He didn't seem to understand until he got a piece of money as interpreter. Then he limped to a shady corner of the church, unlocked a little iron gate, lighted a candle after I greased his palm and showed me a glass case where I saw a sword, rosary, some dry old bones and a brass tube which contains a document signed by Pizarro or some one equally trustworthy, "These are my bones." His legs were long, as if he had walked over and tramped on the laws of God and man; the arms, a little short as if he had hugged everything to his selfish, swinish soul; the skull, small, yellow and newly varnished as if he had lost his head and some one had tried to put a new one on him. The law of supply and demand has been so overworked by head and sacred relic hunters that forests, mines and cemeteries have been robbed to furnish pieces of wood for the true cross, crucifixion nails and bones of saints and martyrs. If we may believe certain church histories, some saints had more bones than a shad.

A REAL DEVIL



NEAR the Cathedral, in an open arcade, you see a white marble slab where Pizarro's enemies ran him through with a sword and where, while dying, he dabbed his hands in his own blood and made the sign of the cross. Well he might, for if there was ever a thieving, murdering fiend fresh from hell, a fit twin brother to Nero, it was Pizarro.

A bastard by birth, an illiterate hog-driver by necessity and a butcher by choice, he was greedy for gold and made voyages and discoveries with others until at last he went in the business for himself and king. On a mission of fraud and cruelty he stalked forth with the sword in one hand and the cross in the other to serve God and Mammon at the same time.

Coming to Peru he was anxious to leave his card and make a friendly call on the Inca king, Atahualpa. The latter, anxious to be a good fellow took a small bodyguard and went out to see the pale face from Europe. Pizarro approached and gave him to understand that the jig was up, and asked him to hand over his sceptre to Charles and substitute sun-worship for Christianity.

This was a big favor to ask on so slight an acquaintance and he refused. While Pizarro was waiting for the next move in the game his priest Valverde came to the rescue with the spiritual advice, "Fall on Christians, I absolve you." They slew Atahualpa's guard, dragged him to a room, and when he said he would fill it with gold, if they let him out, took his 23 million dollars, brought there as a ransom, and charging him with his brother's murder, put him to death.

Pizarro captured Cuzco, the Inca capital, robbed its temples of hundreds of millions of gold and silver, founded Lima and made it the most profligate and luxurious city in history.

He robbed Inca temples to build cathedrals. Spain got one fifth of the 90 million booty in gold and silver which he expended in his evangelical work among the Indians. Billy Sunday's collections are a widow's mite in comparison, for Prescott tells us that from a single Inca temple Pizarro took 24,000 pounds of gold and 82 thousands pounds of silver, and that one of his lieutenants got busy with a hammer and pulled out 22,000 ounces of silver nails with which the fine churches of Lima were built. Pizarro the victor became the victim—even handed Justice got him at last.

The poet Southey wrote an epitaph on him for a Pizarro column, inviting the spectator to thank God "who made thee, that thou art not such as he."

I know what I think about Pizarro and what I would like to say, but my publisher refuses to print it, and if he did his ink wouldn't be black enough to tell the true story of this human devil's life. Even Satan and Judas have their admirers and apologists and there are some people who try to whitewash Pizarro's character and have placed this gold-hunter among the saints with a crown of gold on his head and a golden harp in his hand in the city whose streets are gold.

LIMA BEANS



THE Valkyrie here are milk-women who ride astride a horse with cans of milk on either side. I didn't want any milk. I wanted the picture of one but there was little of the milk of human kindness in her disposition for every time I leveled the kodak she turned and pranced away until I am sure her milk was churned into butter.

One finds odd names on signs and holy names on unholy places. The word "Colon" on a cafe looked familiar and I ventured in. I made several discoveries. A sawdust floor, with tables here and there, at which sat long-nosed Spaniards drinking coffee or chocolate from long-nosed pots. On one side of the room was a bar-shaped counter stacked with meats, beans, vegetables, fruit and pastry and the presiding genius over it all was a big yellow cat enthroned on a cushion of fresh vegetables with a raw fish on one side and a cooked ham on the other. After she had warmed up the platter of sliced ham the proprietor shoved her off and sold the meat, but I suddenly became an apostate Jew and passed up the pork. Proud of their mother's position, and happy in the hope that they might some time occupy a similar honor, her numerous family rolled in the sawdust, made a gymnasium of the chair rounds and cleared the tables at a bound.

There are a number of second-hand and curio shops, with counters strewn with the driftwood of various and valuable antiques, from the wrecks of wealthy Spanish families sunk into bankruptcy or scuttled by the piratical Chileans in their wanton, wicked attack on Peru and its capital. We saw historic and prehistoric religious relics and Inca images of many sizes and shapes done in chased and unchaste gold and silver. There was a little solid silver devil that I wanted to wear as a watch-charm or stickpin but he was such base metal that I feared the custom officer wouldn't let him pass the New York dock.

BULLY SPORT



PERATIC and theatrical entertainers come and go but the church and the bull-ring remain forever. It wasn't Sunday, bullfight day, but I wanted to compare the ring and pen with Madrid; so I hunted around to find a carriage and a driver who knew English. Approaching an ebony Jehu I said, "Speak English?" "Yes, sir, I'm from Boston." Shades of pork and Lima beans. His repeated use of the suggestive words "chock full" convinced me he had told the truth. Lowering the top of the cab, for which he raised the price, a trick they have here if anybody wants to see anything, he drove us across the old bridge that spans the Rimac river. It was hot, the river wasn't, but looked as if it had curled up and gone to sleep in

its bed. This dirty part of the town resembled a section of Constantinople, only there seemed to be more half-fed, flea-bitten dogs which ran before and after us with a yowl and a yelp that made me know as never before the strength of Peruvian bark. We roused the ring-keeper and all the dogs and natives in the vicinity, went into the blood-stained arena, clambered over the empty tiers, sat in the president's box, imagined the Sunday crowd and the gory spectacle but had to content ourselves with a pasteboard bull stalled on the high wood ridge, advertising no English Durham castle, or American brand of tobacco, but a shoe. Spanish cities pride themselves on their bull-rings next to their churches, but this ring like everything else in Lima was cheap and shabby.

Back of the ring was a promenade where families, friends and flirts could meet and get something to eat and drink after their appetities had been whetted by the sight and smell of blood or play a game of chance. There was a chiffonier-shaped box full of numbered pigeon holes from fifty to one thousand. I picked up the ring, gave it a toss, it rattled and bounced from one tier of pigeon holes to another and landed in the thousand mark pocket. This was the luckiest number, but as luck would have it I was playing alone and it meant three ciphers without the one. Had it been a real game I couldn't have made such a throw in a week, and my companion would probably have landed the thousand the first time and I forced to mortgage my return ticket to pay my gambling debt.

They used to have bullfights in the Plaza Mayor when the "mayor" and the archbishop were in the sporty swim and could be seen among the sea of faces. Sometimes when they were bored or there were no bulls to fight they brought out a heretic and burned him for the glory of God and their own fun. They weren't daffy about autos in those days, but they had auto de fes which must have pleased them just as well because they killed a good many more.

A CHAMBER OF HORRORS



WENT to the Senate Hall, for years the Inquisition's slaughter-house. Here as in Cartagena, Hell had its tribunal and myriads were sentenced to cruel torture and death inflicted on body, mind and soul.

This Christian institution of the church came from Spain, invented from plans furnished in perdition. The Inquisition, a painful subject, was the favorite pastime of Ferdinand and Isabella against political and religious heretics. This beautiful invention sprang full-armed from the head of the Dominican Monk Torquemada and was successfully worked on hundreds of thousands who were imprisoned, murdered or burned alive. Among them, the great, the rich, the poet, the scientist and artist—as well as the poor and ignorant. This damned spot can't and won't out and flourished in Lima 100 years after it was suppressed in Spain.

After the priestly patrol-wagon had run in some poor victim he was given a mock trial and turned over to the "secular arm," for the Holy Office could not shed blood. Before being made a human torch-light or an election bonfire there were certain pleasant preliminaries. A kind of gymnasium was afforded where a man was stretched on a horizontal rack until his bones were pulled out of joint. Tying two big stones to a man's feet they hoisted him by an iron chain over a pulley until he touched the roof, then let him go with a jerk so that in coming down he tobogganed over spikey rollers which cut into his back and then bumped onto the floor breaking all his bones.

Nothing was wanting to make it pleasant for the victim in his torture chamber. If sleepy he could be rocked in a cradle of spikes; if his circulation was bad he was beaten with iron whips with spiked circles for lashes; there was a manicure set to dig beneath the roots of his nails; if sad, they offered him a glad hand which squeezed his fingers until the bones were splintered; if his ankles were weak or he had varicose veins they encased him in boots which were tightened until his flesh and bones were ground to jelly; if hard of hearing, there was a hoe to grub out his ears; if his mouth was cankered there were pinchers to tear out his tongue; if thirsty, there were iron ladles filled with melted lead or boiling pitch to pour down his throat; if his eyes were weak there were needles which could be thrust through the pu-

pils; if he needed a haircut, there was a barbarian who could scalp and skin him to the bone; while for vitals and sex-nerve centers there were instruments of devil-damned cruelty and ingenuity. If ax, pincher, saw, nail and screw didn't remove his heresy, and he would not recant, there remained one further argument, the auto de fe. On a festal Sunday he was dragged out of his dungeon, dressed in his San Benito, his Sunday best, a stylish wool suit close round his neck like a collar and down to his knees like a frock. Since there was no streak of yellow in the martyr, his fiend friends covered him with yellow-colored stuff embroidered with a scarlet cross and decorated with flames of fire and figures of devils. All this is hard to believe—but it's history and I know some people who would like to repeat it.

It was a relief to get out of this chamber of horrors where the ghosts of the past must haunt the minds of the present Senate in any attempted legislation for intellectual and religious liberty. Significantly opposite is the bronze heroic statue of Bolivar who with San Martin wrenched Peru from Spain and made her independent. This statue, like Pompey's, was once drenched in blood. I sat on its base which had been chipped, not by artist's chisel, but assassin's bullets. Bolivar was the S. A. G. W. As we go to Mt. Vernon for inspiration, so Peru patriots stand by this statue to learn the lesson of liberty, though they fall shot down by the revolvers of liberty-hating revolutionists.

To keep people in the path of liberty streets are named after patriotic calendar dates. I was here a week in September and every day walked on July 28th. This is their Fourth of July, which takes about a week before and after to properly celebrate.

JAIL BIRDS



THE best building in Lima is a prison and the people who oppose political liberty and abuse personal liberty find sanitary and splendid accommodations within its walls. If you are stopping in Lima for a short time I recommend it instead of the hotels for your quarters. It is on a broad street, with a pretty park nearby. There are many ways to get in but few to get out. There was a sign prohibiting visitors, but when the warden saw my Pan-American credentials he was glad to let me in. Next to our Bilibid prison in Manila it was the best constructed and conducted jail I'd seen. They called a guard to

guide me around as if they were unwilling to take a chance on a gringo. My wife wasn't willing to trust them and started to follow but they made the sign language that she must stay right there until I came back. So I left her on the circular platform surrounded by armed guards who would see that she did not run off with a handsomer man while I was gone. At the entrance of each corridor are the words "*Silencio-Obedencia-Trabajo.*" A word to the wise is sufficient and I knew enough Spanish not to talk to the prisoners and to obey my guard, but for fear I might "trabajo" I pointed my cane at the word and he translated it into the word "industry" by taking me through the various apartments where the busy bee prisoners were making shoes, clothing, furniture and machinery. Working a little over time they make souvenirs to sell to visitors and so have some pin money to stick in their mouth in the shape of candy or tobacco. I bought a carved cup and drank a silent and imaginary toast to my absent brothers, and a small ivory harp-shaped set of toothpicks to free imprisoned food though it could not the convict who made them.

Like Moses there were hundreds of prisoners who had broken the Ten Commandments and as many laws from as many countries. A German came to me, said he was a political prisoner, that no South America papers were allowed the prisoners but thought they would let him have one from North America. He asked me to address it to his "number" for the prisoners belong to the no name series. He was so sad and sincere that I promised and have been on the outlook every since to find a newsy, clean, truthful, fair, free, fearless newspaper that wouldn't impair his mentality or morality. Time was when our press was one of the best and mightiest forces in our civilization but it has become mean, mercenary, mendacious and muzzled, the supreme corruptor of the age in which we live.

I left this human menagerie for the zoo where I found many old friends and made a new acquaintance, a Mr. Condor. He was a sure enough jail bird, with glossy black coat with broad white stripes across his wings; his neck was red and wrinkled, and around it a snow-white collar of down; his bald head had a convict cut and he was a tough-looking customer. I was glad there were iron-bars between us because as a child I had heard he was so big and strong he could pick up a sheep in one claw and a child in another and with a sweep of his forty-foot wings light

on the icy tops of the Andes to keep his meat in cold storage. But this is a fairy tale, carrion is his favorite dish and not what I saw but what I smelt was the strongest thing about him. They say he has powerful eyesight but he had dined and was taking an after-dinner nap when I saw him. Some people are caught in drink and some in food. He was probably lassoed after he had stuffed himself with a dead horse or cow. On leaving he woke up, gave me a penetrating glance, dropped a tear and a feather for a quill pen to write something nice about him when I got home and compared him with his North American cousin, the eagle.

This vile, villainous-looking vulture is the national bird of Chile and a fit symbol of those human vultures, the Chilean soldiers, who swooped down upon Peru, killed the inhabitants of Lima, carried away its treasures and befouled and destroyed every beautiful thing in the city.

P in Peru should stand for peace and prosperity, but instead it stood for the spirit of Pizarro in the Chileans, the modern vandals of pillage, prostitution and perfidy.

A DEAD TOWN



IMA was so dead that we took a joy-ride to the cemetery to liven up and entered the gate with a funeral procession. While the corpse went to the chapel for a religious service we thanked God we were alive and strolled through the narrow, well-paved streets of this city of the dead. Here was a population larger than Lima and dwelling in a city less decayed. There is a poor quarter here where the crowded occupants are shoved into holes in the wall like letters in a pigeon-hole. If living relatives do not dig up "bones" enough to pay their rent, the dead bones are thrown out, the hole is plastered up and the poor man's name is scratched in the wet mortar. If the man was a little better off in life he is a little better off in death for he occupies a marble front compartment with his name indicated in raised or sunken letters surmounted by a cross or surrounded by a wreath. The fashionable are still exclusive. Separated from common clay, in the better part of this city, each has his marble mansion, adorned with statuary, where he receives the flowers and visits of his friends. When a stranger calls on the big men of the city they

are either busy or generally out, at least to him, but here at the Pantheon I found Peru's great men "all in" and waiting to receive me. They were in state with banners, arms and a host of flattering epitaphs to soothe the dull cold atmosphere of the place.

As an American I was glad to call on Henry Meiggs who measures higher up to me than all these because he put a railway out from Lima over the Andes, 17,500 feet above the sea.

If he didn't make financially good in the United States he did down here and sent back money enough to pay all his debts. I don't know what Peru paid him but she owes him a debt of gratitude she never can repay.

THE CELESTIAL RAILWAY



I LEFT his stone monument and the next morning visited his iron one, the Peru Central Railway. It is not only a carrier but a civilizer and Christianizer, a true Celestial Railway. By 6:30 the engine had tanked up on oil, we on coffee and were all aboard for cloud-land. After a few thousand feet hard climb the engine stopped to breathe. Way up in a cloud it was natural we should find a poet floating around, and this was an English one. I wasn't surprised for you will always run into a Britisher whether you are on the earth, the waters beneath or the heavens above. He didn't have the Apollo locks or flowing garb of a poet but a prosaic Khaki dress and made up for it in his address. I asked him to share my seat. He did and rewarded me by pulling a poem out of his pocket that lasted to the next station, describing how grand the view was and how mean the people were. Like Apollo he knew physic as well as poetry and invited us to stop off and see two of his patients who had the "verrugas," a new kind of disease you can only get here. They had worked on the railroad and slept in the tunnel with a protecting net when something worse than a bug, flea or mosquito bored into them, leaving a poison that swelled them like a balloon, warted them as a toad and lumped them with boils that would have made Job sore and want to swear. They seemed so hideous and inhuman no Poe nor poet could describe them. The thing for a man to do here at night is to go home and sleep in his own bed.

To show there was beauty as well as the beast and make a return for the bouquets I had given his verses he said he would

meet us on the down train with some violets. He did, and it was some bunch for it was ten inches across the top and as fragrant as if Tennyson had picked them in England.

Like a snake our train crawled and wound over and around the rocky hills, bald and barren as some men's heads and ideas. Below yawned canyons in sleepy shadow, around and above towered mountains which the Incas terraced from broad base to bare top, filled in with earth, watered with mountain streams and farmed with rude tools to grow their grains. This is the highest real estate I ever saw and they cultivated it with the care of Rhine Germans and Norwegian peasants. Let the modern farm-hand who rebels at early rising, curses the chores, breakfasts on ham, eggs, Johnny cake, jam and six cups of coffee and rides around all day on a plow or reaper, think of the poor Inca farm-hand, half-frozen, after he had loaded a lot of llamas and mules, swallowed some jerked meat, dry bread washed down with chicha, or a condor egg he had brought down the night before, who had to get up on a mountain top before he could get down to business. Then instead of swearing, he offered a prayer and hymn of praise to the Sun-God to ripen his crops, thaw out his bones and lighten his work and walk.

This road has no high grades and so ignorant tourists can easily pass. The train switched forward and backward like a cow's tail. Often one sees the track a hundred feet below. Although I had lived in Kentucky for five years I had not learned to do without water, but here I had to as it was more poisonous than Green River and left a worse headache. We could hardly wait to get to the stations where the dirty natives sold flowers, fruit, buns, soup, hot and cold milk. What solids the liquids contained none but the Omniscient knew, but we closed our eyes, strained the stuff through our whiskers, lips and teeth and drank it down without asking any questions.

So far no one has had faith enough to remove these mountains and the train has to perform circus stunts to get over them. One minute it balances on a ledge over a bottomless pit, the next runs breathless through a long black tunnel, then frightened, rushes out and takes a flying jump over a tressel until we wondering spectators grow dizzy, gasp and the high altitude gives us a *soroché* souvenir.

Leave hope of health behind ye who come up here. At 14,000

feet our train became a hospital on wheels and the passengers were patients with wheels in their heads, lungs, hearts, stomach and other vitals. The natives are afraid of ventilation and would rather pick up a muffler a consumptive had dropped and wear it over their mouths than breathe fresh air. So the car doors and windows were shut and stretched out on seats or huddled in corners, they gagged and gasped, squirted vile-smelling perfumes on their faces for revival purposes, swore, made the floor one big spew-pan or cuspidor till the air was as strong as a steerage cabin in a storm. I was from Minnesota and liked fresh air but when I tried to open a window I was almost killed by dagger looks and alarming gestures, so I closed the window and my mouth, sidled out to the platform and sat on the steps, hanging on to the rail and wondering how long I would last in the sixty tunnels to a hundred miles.

Rolling through clouds of yellow smelter smoke of mining towns, lassoing a mountain shoulder or threading its needle nose, our engine whistled "Hello" to mountain sentinels with snowy locks and wrinkled faces who had stood guard for centuries peeking out from their fort foothills, that echoed back "Hello." We were six hours coming from the low summer land of farm, fruit and flower to the Greenland of snow and ice nearly 16,000 feet high. Intoxicated by the air and scenery I jumped off the platform into a snow drift and started to make some snow-balls to fire through the closed car windows so we could have some fresh air, but the train started, I jumped on and my contribution to the fresh air fund was misappropriated.

At Ticlio, the highest ticker station in the world, I wired ahead for rooms in a dog kennel they call a hotel. One has a ticklish time up here. At last I was in high life. I made for the best cafe in sight. It was in the railway station. I poured down some hot coffee and threw in a line of food with a lead-sinker biscuit baited with some kind of tough meat that would have made good sole leather if one could have driven nails through it. I felt in high spirits. What I threw into my stomach flew to my head. I grew dizzy and became giddy, I breathed like a heavy horse, talked more fluently than ever before, walked as if I had fallen off the water wagon or had been run over by a locomotor taxia, and as I reeled out of doors, Meiggs and his mountain companions seemed to nod their heads and say "Hello, old sport, this

is the life." But the pressure was too high, I was glad to lower it, so when the train whistled to me, I started with it and we ran for two hours down hill some three thousand feet, until exhausted, my Paterson, New Jersey engine friend stopped at Oroya to get its breath and I did the same at the Gran Junin hotel.

SOROCHE



REMEMBER Oroya for its mountain scenery, railway station and Soroche. "L," who for the last two hours had been cramming his mind with guidebook information and his stomach with German chocolate, was pale as Mr. Death and quiet as a mud-geyser before eruption. Entering the hotel he answered the glad hand look of the keeper by saying "I'm going to vomit." He didn't understand but I did and rushing to my room grabbed an empty John D. oil can which "L" filled with chocolate, after he had already poured a Niagara of it over my light coat and gloves and then rolled into bed without taking off his hat, overcoat or shoes. Now it was my wife's turn. The room spun around and when she saw a bed coming her way she grabbed it and fell in head first. I asked them how they felt, what they wanted or I could do for them and they replied by tossing their arms, kicking like steers, gasping, groaning and rolling their eyes till I thought I was in an operating room or a bug-house.

He laughs best who laughs last, and while I was sorry for the family I chuckled with delight and felt fine and hungry. As I went out to find something to eat the moon looked in the window on two half-dead people in a room without chairs, where the floor had never been scrubbed, and on wall paper that bore the finger-prints and soroche souvenirs of every former inmate. Groping through the dark hallway and guided by the railing I came to the head of the steep stair, made an easy descent, for the steps were well greased, slid into the dingy dining room and sat down at one of three long tables lighted with candles as if at a funeral feast.

The service was slow. I bowed in thanks for what I had escaped and what I was about to receive but there was no answer until a man at an opposite table, who had taken pity on me, delivered an oath which awoke the dumb waiter boy who shot out

of the room and returned with a tray loaded with soup, vegetables, canned goods, slabs of bread, crackers, coffee and beer. The Bible says that the prayers of the wicked are answered and I know the Bible is true for the bold, bad miner's oath was heard in heaven and heeded on earth. Thereafter I looked the words I dared not utter and it helped some because the terrified servant mad haste to serve me. I buried all my obsequious servant brought in and with a "mucho gratias" and tip left him. I came back when he wasn't looking, picked up my chair, carried it up to the room, placed it between my two patients and there in the candle light I recited my bill of fare and seasoned it with several stories that made my wife declare the high mountain tops did not uplift man.

There was no grand opera or other musical attraction that night except the groan and moan of my sick, so I laid me down to sleep and prayed my Lord my soul and stomach to keep. The night was not filled with music and the infesting cares of the day were still with us. It seemed of Arctic length and the room was just as cold. I adopted the style of sleeping in my clothes piled over with Indian blankets, and crying out of their depths, hoped that if weeping endured for the night joy would come in the morning. Grief lasted all that long night and what we suffered would have made a new punishment in Hell. Our throats were dry, there was not a drop of water to drink; our nostrils thickened until they seemed grown together; breaths came in long and labored gasps and our heads were so big and dizzy we could hardly hold them up on the pillow.

Bright and early we were awakened by an incense-breathing morn of burning grease from the kitchen under our room. With a hurried toilet we left the torture-chamber, knowing that we could wish our enemy no worse fate than to be assigned our room in this hotel. "Hail horrors! hail," would be a splendid motto to hang over the door.

Outdoors the scenery was bare, especially the little naked, native children who ran around and did what they wanted, where they wanted, no matter who was looking on. Our hotel was a palace compared to their stone and thatch hovels. In front of them mas and grandmas, bundled up like animated rag-bags, sat smoking before a smoky fire, while some of the younger smart set were collecting "chips" in their aprons for fuel which the

llamas had carelessly dropped on the main street and sidewalks.

In the mining districts the only washings I saw were of old clothes in the little mountain stream back of the hotel. Eighty miles from here are the Cerro de Pasco mines where the old Incas and Spaniards struck it rich in silver and the modern Americans in copper. The Cholos work the mines and the company works the Cholos who never strike for their altars and their fires because they have none in their wood houses shingled with empty cans.

Mrs. "M" used the sun to get warm, "L" and I to take pictures of the passing show, made up of natives headed for a store filled with their necessities of life which consisted not so much of food and clothing as bottles of various kinds of booze, and of a loaded llama train which our train was soon to pass loaded at least with three people singing the loving refrain, "Never Again."

A WILD RIDE



R. BENTZ, a high official of this high road, was from our good old U. S. A.. When he learned I wasn't up here for my health or on a mining errand but for some thrilling illustrations with which to wake up a sleepy congregation when I got home, he proved himself a good fixer by arranging to have "L" and me go down on a hand car ten minutes ahead of the engine from Ticlio to Rio Blanco. We were to go by gravity, thirty miles or more miles an hour, and I discovered the gravity of the situation when I had to step in the station with my son and sign my death warrant that if the hand car flew the track and I broke my fool neck the road would not be responsible. My wife told us to go ahead, promising to follow and pick up the pieces if she could find any.

Did you ever go to Wonderland and ride on a roller coaster scenic railway? Were you thrilled and nearly spilled? Then how would you like to go to the Wonderland of Peru, Nature's playground, and ride on a scenic railway 15,000 feet high; where the avalanche bumps the Andean bumps; where the crystal doors of the glacier palaces are always open; where heaven's orchestra plays wind instruments and the thunder drum rolls to the baton flash of the lightning; where the mountain streams leap, dance and whirl over the stony floor; where the zoo is the llama, al-

pacha and less human driver; and where all is illuminated day and night by the sun, moon and stars?

We climbed into a box on wheels, small and strong with a brake manned by a swarthy native named Alta. He pulled out his watch, waved a signal, loosed the brakes and we were off like a shot from a gun. My, how the wind cut! With one hand I buttoned the coat around my neck while I held on tight to the seat with the other. The glitter of sun-lit snow and ice soon gave way as a yawning tunnel with its icicle teeth swallowed us up. Through damp and dark we turned and curved for 4,000 feet and emerged from the bowels of the earth at the end of the tunnel. Like demons on the wind we flew around curves, over trestles, looped loops, ziz-zagged, switching backwards and forwards, then slowed up by a bridge where I looked down five-hundred feet on an overturned engine and freight train. Sometimes Alta stopped to give a section hand a message but when he looked back and saw the train was after us in pursuit, he freed the brake and we rushed on by mining camps and Indian settlements till we slowed up and stopped at Rio Blanco. My eyes had been filled with the icy tears of the trip but now that I was in a warmer temperature I was in a melting mood, and with gratitude that we hadn't tipped over I tipped Alta by more than his regular day's pay. I have slid down the Himalays from Darjeeling by rail, and the ride was wild as the tigers which cross its track, but it was tame compared to this. I can only imagine one thing wilder—being hitched to the tail of a comet.

Back to Lima and the Maury we spent most of the night looking around for a prohibition drink. There was no water, we didn't know the Spanish for lemonade but discovered a stand of pink, white and black pop and tried every bottle. It was warm and tasted like sweetened soap-suds which neither cleaned our mouths nor quenched our thirst.

Lima ranked as a kingly city once but is a rank disappointment now, unless you are a yellow faced Spaniard of blue or bad blood, a purple-faced priest, a bare-faced financier, a bold-faced revolutionist, or a double-faced diplomat with a big salary, fine home and official friends, making the best of your political position until you can get something better.

I left Lima without casting any loving looks behind and if

Lot's wife had lived here she would have left the city of her own accord without turning to rubber.

CALLOUS CALLAO



T Callao we resolved that the pirate fletteros should not rob us again and said we would only give them \$2.50 gold to put us and our luggage on board the "Imperial," which we supposed was anchored out from the harbor, and bring "L" and me back to see the town. The chief called his gang and six stalwart men lined up. One grabbed a small steamer trunk, another a suitcase and a third a handbag, the fourth an umbrella, the fifth a shawl and the sixth the kodak. We followed in Indian style hoping the row-boat would carry us and ours to the good ship in safety. Imagine our surprise, after a minute's walk, to find the ship we were anxious to board lying at the dock waiting for us. So they did us, we were easy marks and they made easy money. Instead of chewing the rag, I swallowed my chagrin and a banana from a bunch nearby.

Leaving my wife to watch a diver go down in his suit it suited "L" and me better to look over the town and see the dives and divers things. Along the water front wharf-rats were gambling with a coin, "heads I win, tails you lose." I wanted their picture but they regarded the lens as an evil eye and I wasted two films and missed them for they scampered away; further on were witch-like women bending over an iron pot of bubbling broth on which floated animal remains, while others who had stabbed chickens through hearts, gizzards and entrails were roasting them on a spit and offered them to me. I was willing to take a chance on a bologna sausage but not on this, and thirsty, not hungry, I thought it was safe to drink soda water though I had to go in a saloon to get it. Here I met the U. S. captain of a sailing ship, a Colorado miner, a Minnesota drummer and a London salesman. I drank my soda and they wanted me to toast America and England in whisky but the captain already seemed stranded on the bar and the others headed the same way. I thanked them and told them the only champagne I could take was the "Imperial" and started for it. If you want to find somebody in S. A. who talks English, just drop in a saloon.

We trolleyed around the town until we found a church to offset the saloon, but it was dark, cheerless and badly patronized.

More picturesque than church, market-place or club was the Aduana or Custom house built in an old fortress where Spain's flag last floated. Admiral Grau is Peru's national hero. I found him standing on a monument in the Plaza though his name and fame stand higher in the hearts of the Peruvians. Peru finds it hard to obey the Scripture, "Love your enemies," and I don't wonder when I recall how the Chileans robbed and butchered them. I am inclined to believe that what I heard was true that the arabesque, inlaid and fancy walk at the base of the monument is made of the bones of dead Chileans collected on the battlefield. I picked up several souvenirs from this human bone yard so there are that many less for the natives to swear at, tramp and spit on.

Capital and labor shake hands here with their fists. Strikes are as frequent as earthquakes. Men were loafing who should have been loading the boats. I came to a crowd around a poor mule whose side had been gashed with a club by a striker. I thought more of the mule than I did of the men. Had his ancestors eaten forbidden hay in paradise? If so, atonement must surely have been made by others of his race who carried Spain's exports over the Andes from Callao to Buenos Aires.

PERILS OF THE DEEP



WASTED no salt tears in the ocean and was glad when the "Imperial" pulled out from dock and dropped anchor waiting for the tide. Night came and with it the tide and I stood on the top deck wondering why we didn't start. I soon learned. Standing behind a funnel I overheard some words between the captain and an officer that suggested material for a new sea adventure by another Oliver Optic. The captain wanted to sail, the officer, three sheets to the wind, said the engineer didn't want to because six of his men were on shore in jail. It appears one of the crew had murdered a companion, thrown the body overboard and jumped in a row boat to escape. The captain sent another boat out and caught him, and five other men who were implicated were arrested and thrown in jail. Besides this I learned the third officer was in chains in his room and this first officer who was talking to the captain was intoxicated. It was he who invited me to drink with him just before supper and because I wouldn't and his companion

tried to excuse me, he knocked the glass out of his pal's hand and wanted to fight.

I had heard of the perils of the deep and with these added ones decided it was time to sneak away to my stateroom and pray for protection through the night, for I heard the captain swear he would run the ship if there was nobody but the engineer and himself to do it. In a few minutes the order was given, the anchor raised and the lights of Callao blinked and went out. A half an hour before I had started out to get Mrs "M" a drink and when she demanded, "Where is my drink?" I told her to forget it as everybody on board had had too much.

As I turned in to forget all these horrible things I turned on the light and the first thing I saw over my head in the bunk was this notice: "Yellow fever is caused by the sting of certain mosquitos. Examine carefully the corners of your cabin to make sure they do not exist there." I was born in New Jersey, the Eden of the mosquito, where many of them weigh a pound, but these tramp mosquitos from Guayaquil are different and they do not bite till five in the morning, or sing when they attack you. Even then it isn't the male with the black cap on his head, but the festive female who as usual is the deadlier of the sex. I searched the cabin carefully, to see whether I was to be alone that night or have a bed fellow and see whether it was to be Mr. or Mrs. Mosquito. Misgivings were unnecessary, all I found was a roach who having encroached on the preserves of the deck had come up to cheer me in my loneliness. I set my alarm for half past four so that if a female visitor did come from another stateroom I would be ready to roust and not receive her.

WEST COASTERS



UN up, I made a tour of the boat. The upper deck was not filled with passengers but pineapples, bananas and oranges. The life boats were hanging gardens of flowers and plants, and when I tried to get in the saloon cabin to play some Sunday music on the organ I found the passageway blocked by baskets of blackbirds and paroquets. Once in I found three Chilean soldiers, one asleep on the lounge and two devotedly engaged in playing cards. All I could play was the organ, and believing music was the universal language, and there was one piece of music everybody liked, I played the Soldier's

Chorus from "Faust." This broke up the soldier's nap, the other's game of cards and they came to me and looked the thanks they could not utter. Then I drifted into Sunday music and the captain came in. As a Briton he was bound to have Sunday religious impressions. He said he liked sacred music except one song, "Pull for the Shore," because once when they were in a storm and headed for the open sea a frightened missionary passenger collected his family and played this and other shipwreck songs until the crew grew crazy.

AN ANCIENT MARINER



CAPTAIN MATTHIAS was a big-headed, hearted, bodied, fisted and footed Welshman who had cruised this coast for thirty years and knew every foot of land and water, the mountains piled on the side and the islands thrown in. He was taking his boat to dry-dock at Valparaiso for repairs for she had strained her engines in getting away from the Peruvians in a little fracas, but whether it was a fight or a smuggle, he didn't say. I wish he had, for he could tell more interesting stories than any man I ever met and I know there were many good ones he knew he wouldn't tell anybody. Hale, hearty and happy after years of hardship, he said it was harder to manage the crew on the boat than the boat in the sea. There were times when he wanted to double his first and knock them down, but since the English law prohibited this, he could only use a boat hook or a barrel stave and they were not always handy. He had a hard time, too, with passengers, especially theatrical people. Once he carried a show with a woman and a tiger and the tiger reached through the bars, caught one of his sailors by the shoulder and wouldn't let him go. The lady tamer refused to have her wild pet shot so the captain ordered the hose turned in the tiger's face and Mr. T. was so surprised that he let go at once. In addition the woman had a young cub in her cabin. Her husband objected to a third party and threw the cub out on deck. This disturbed my lady so much that she took poison. Again the captain was pressed into service, but this time used a stomach-pump instead of a hose. This is only a new version of the Lady and the Tiger.

Another story of his illustrated the recent father and son movement. On the trip there was a strapping six foot pair of

fine looking men, fellows who didn't carry an ounce of baggage. Every time the "Imperial" struck a port they went ashore and came back with a new suit. Their tastes were similar, like father, like son. The old man would spit, look around and say to the captain, "Where's that boy of mine?" "O he just walked back there with the first officer." "Well, come in, let's have a cocktail." Shortly after the son spat, looked around and said to the captain, "Where's the governor?" "O he's just gone back there with the first officer." "I say, old man, come in, let's have a cocktail." So the captain was solid with both parties and was getting more than his share of liquids.

VERY BAD



WITH the other cargo white slavery was carried on our steamer in an "imperial" way. A tough looking middle-aged dame got on at Callao with a pretty black-eyed girl. I noticed their dress, it was so gaudy, but all South American women love pretty shoes and clothes. Theirs was extreme in style and color. They should have been dressed in scarlet for they were of Mrs. Warren's profession. The madam made the bargains with some of the passengers and then sold the girl and spent some of the money in tips for the steward who was kept busy furnishing recreation and rest accommodation for the ladies' gentleman friends. My cabin was not far from this "Maison de Joie" and I told the captain of my discovery. He swore an unthinkable and unprintable oath, said for years she had plied this moral ship-wreck trade between Callao and Valparaiso but supposed she had become more decent as she had grown older.

At my table there was no chili sauce, only a saucy Chilean who always had some bit of startling information. One day he heard an officer reprimand one of the crew and he told my wife that "Ze officer give him what you call 'Hell'." Like a good Chilean he liked his country when it was right but best of all when it was wrong and everything Peruvian he summarized in the two words "very bad." At dinner he never picked up a pineapple or banana without saying "very bad, in Chile very fine." He hated Peru and yet got off at Pisco. I wondered why until I learned he was a wine-merchant and Pisco was a wine

port. This further explains why he opened so many bottles at meals and between times. We never had oranges at the table though our boat was ballasted with tons of them from Ecuador and sold in basket, bag or box to the natives all along the coast.

We arrived late one night at Cerro Azul. The name sounded as if it might be a market for diamonds, lapis-lazuli and precious stones. I looked over the side to see what the lighters had brought but there was nothing but some bags of sugar and two baby kid goats who like children cried all night for the light and with no language but a cry.

One gray morning we anchored off Chala. The water was full of seals, and the rocks were covered with cormorants, homely as pelicans, but the best of fishers though they had never read of "Walton's Complete Angler." The main inhabitants of Chala are the cattle, the four-legged kind that are driven in from the interior pampas, which the two-legged ones ship alive or dead as beef and hides. If the men who hoisted the hides in our hold were samples of Chala's citizens I think the difference between the two and four legged caste of cattle can't be great.

We were to get off at Mollendo the next morning and I rose up early enough to see the high Andes with their snowy night-caps and cloudy night gowns. The trunk was packed and left with the captain to leave with the British consul at Arica where we were to pick it up with another ship. There was a reason. Freight and baggage rates over the Andes are high as the mountains and you have to dig up as deep as the valleys to pay your bill. Not being a millionaire to write a baggage check we packed life's necessities in two valises to cross and recross the Andes.

Standing on the bridge at mid-day the captain pointed out what was left of old Mollendo after the Chileans got through with it. After rolling, pitching and dragging anchor we finally made fast far out from the rock and surf for Mollendo has no harbor.

BREAKERS



HIS was one of Mollendo's calm days and a little fleet of row boats came to land us. Calm indeed with swell ocean waves only fifteen feet high on which the boats bobbed up and down like corks. They lowered our luggage by rope but we had to go down the gang, perch on the last

step, hang on for dear life until our little boat, half sunk in the trough, came up to where we could jump in it. One, two, three, and I was in and would have been in the water if the flettero hadn't grabbed me and set me in the centre where I couldn't upset his boat. This was rough but the worst was yet to come. After climbing a range of mountain waves that appeared heaven-high and hell-deep, and being baptized by the salt water as a preparation for death, our guides suddenly swung the boat away from a big rock that was waiting with angry horns to gore our sides and from the breakers that roared and reached out their white hands to grab us, and keeping ahead of a monster wave that wanted to swallow us, shot us to the mole. It looked like a mountain with its stone steps, but we were learning the West Coast game of hop, skip and jump, and when the sea-floor was level with the bottom step we stepped off and on while the boat sank way down as if it would never come back.

I have shot the Soo rapids with a drunken Indian in his canoe; climbed from a row-boat on to the Muir glacier while its breaking and falling ice was making a tidal wave under me; tobogganed at Honolulu in an out-rigger canoe 25 miles an hour on the back of a Pacific wave till it broke on the beach; have been rowed, pushed and poled ashore among the rocks and reefs at Joppa by Mediterranean sailors; landed at Tiberius on stormy Galilee where I cried like the frightened disciples, "Lord, save lest we perish," but the landing at Mollendo makes all these seem quiet as a mill pond.

There are four ways of landing at Mollendo; the way I did; being rammed against the rocks; swamped by the waves, or split on the mole when you land at the bottom.

With the thankfulness of the Puritans who landed on the stern and rock bound coast, we climbed the slippery stone steps and passed through the toll gate. The custom officer smiled us through, but held up and taxed every native man and woman carrying in a few measly oranges or bananas.

MAROONED



MOLLENDO has two hotels and each one is worse than the other. Of two evils we tried to choose the less and went to the Ferro-Carril. It was a big, flat-roof warehouse of a building and the worse for wear. The best thing about it was the view of sea and shore, which you could not

get for love or money because the windows were of frosted glass and the shutters of solid wood. Our room was a good-sized hotel in itself. It was the parlor and reception room and we got it either because there was no other room or we looked like nobility incog.

The most important room, however, was the bar, where thick-necked, big-bellied bottles of booze had been washed up from every corner of the world. Among the old familiar faces and names I saw a new one, a bottle labelled "Jesus Water" standing between the two thieves of whisky and gin which steal away the brains. There is something in the name, for it is a good natural spring water from Arequipa, and as a Christian minister I took a bottle of this from all the others as my spiritual companion. "The natural water of Jesus," as the label reads, seems to be about the only pure and healthful thing in S. A. that bears his name and comes nearest to being the symbol of the water of life of which he was the divine substance.

I went out to the porch, looked at the town and asked when the next train went, hoping I could escape after dinner. Samuel, a little French Jew who had been my friend and interpreter on ship-board, told me I was destined to stay here all day and night until noon next day for we had missed the day's train by fifteen minutes. Philosophic enough to believe all things come to him who waits, even few and far between slow South American trains, I started out to kill time and see everybody and thing in the town.

I saw cattle hoisted from train to boat on cranes and wondered how much higher beef would go when it reached the states; visited the stone and iron market, the best built and furnished structure; the plain frame church, where the natives try to fill their starving souls; picked my way through narrow, stinking streets piled with filth and lined with rows of hovels from whose windows peered smoked beef looking women, while dirty naked little boys and girls ran in and out through open doors playing hide and seek behind piles of dung and dump; passed stores with little to eat and much to drink and by concert hall places where the coarse laugh of the men and screech of the women mingled sweetly with the scratch of the worn-out phonograph. I saw a pole sticking out of one window from which a red cardboard horse was prancing in the breeze and I naturally thought it

was a tavern where man or beast could drink. Here man was the beast and beauty was the woman nearby who held out a glass of chicha bigger than a Heidelberg beer stein. She had just sipped and wanted me to drink from it to her health, but fearing it might not be to mine, I smiled a "No, thank you, Mam," and in sign language saying no "if," "Forever farewell," went to the plaza. Instead of earth and grass there is a cement floor with round holes at intervals that are filled with dirt brought from many miles and in them struggle some stunted palms.

The one think which keeps the inhabitants from going crazy and from jumping into the sea and drowning themselves like the Gadarene swine is a moving picture hall. I don't know what regular circuit it is on but we followed the crowd, paid the equivalent of a quarter for a reserved seat and saw Daudet's strong story, "The Blacksmith." I was surprised to find such an artistic and literary picture in this little, lonesome town perched up on a rock between the deep sea and desert sand. It shamed the mentally weak and morally monstrous movies I had seen in New York and later found in Buenos Aires .


After the show there wasn't anything to do but go to bed and wait for the train. I was glad to know that if I missed the next train, and so was stricken with melancholy or something worse, there was a wireless and cable station where I could learn whether my country was prospering during my absence and what the baseball scores were.

Up bright and early next morning we washed down some soup, eggs and hard bread with Jesus water, grabbed our bags, made a 100 yard dash down hill to the depot and a centre rush through the natives to the ticket office and the goal was reached. We were only two hours early but decided not to let this train get away from us. I had already asked the English ship bookings agents when I could get a train from La Paz to Arica, where I was to get my trunk and boat, but they couldn't tell me. Then I asked the English station-master the same question, for I had to time all my trip on catching my boat at Arica. He couldn't or wouldn't tell me and I learned why, because it was a rival rail line. Still, he was obliging enough to tell me that the Arica train ran about once a week and then mostly off the track and that his route was the straight and only way that led to my ship at Antofagasta.

He was a cheerful chap and when he learned that I missed the train the day before, he said he was "sorry" for there had been an earthquake at Arequipa and he knew I would have enjoyed it.

The train came and we went, leaving the cliff dwellers by the high sounding sea. In a few minutes a pock-marked conductor came up to me with pad and pencil and said something. I didn't know whether he thought I was an easy-mark philanthropist who would contribute for some orphan asylum, whether I looked like some famous man whose autograph would bring a price at some future auction, whether I was a fugitive from justice in my own land or had taken this train without paying my hotel bill. As Eli called on Samuel to translate the language God spoke, so I called on my traveling friend Samuel Eli, who had helped me before, to come to my rescue. He did and I learned that all the official gentleman wanted was my name and native land to wire ahead at the next stop to a certain hotel at Arequipa, the proprietor of which was doubtless some near relative or friend of his who would charge the Americans twice as much and give him half as a commission.

A SANDWICH

E skirted the sandy sea shore, scaled the cliffs with twist through the mist, and in two hours climbed above the clouds to a table land 4,000 feet above the sea floor. At the head of this table, spread with a wide reaching cover of red and yellow sand, sat five mountain kings crowned with snow, Pichu, Misti, Chachani, Ampato and Corapuna. Judged by the bones and rocks scattered over the table it looked as if they had a meat dinner and thrown stones at the waiter for poor service. The different colored sand and stone on which the sunlight fell looked like so many royal napkins, while the medianos, those crescent sandhills as high as twenty feet, that shift about but keep their shape, were like so many crystal curved favors the guests had forgotten to take away. Although train doors and windows were closed I was forced to eat the sand crumbs of this barren banquet.

It was slow and uphill work to get out of this bad land country but our plucky engine puffed away and pulled us through alfalfa oases, worked by Indians, stopping at stations where homely natives offered us the most beautiful oranges I ever saw. I fell

for the orange as Adam did for the apple and it was so delightfully different from the peck of sand which I had eaten that I bought all in sight and then like Oliver twisted my mouth for more.

INTOXICATED



AREQUIPA at last! We had come out of the wilderness into the promised land. The air was cooler, the sun was setting, the shadows lengthened and we were now at the feet of the mountain kings we had seen in the distance hours ago. Their big rough faces were red and purple with the wine of the sunset they had been drinking.

Intoxicated with orange juice, the scenery and the thought of a hotel where I could wash up, drink down and roll over, I reeled off the platform, bowed my respects to El Misti, fell into a carriage and was driven to the Royal hotel. Here I was introduced to Damiani the proprietor. I had never met him before but the first part of his name was familiar.

He ushered us across a roofless court illuminated by the lamp light of moon and stars, to the base of a stone stairway up which we wound as if it were another tower of Babel, and through a prison-like corridor to our cells for the night with transom ventilation into the adjoining bathroom unencumbered by modern improvements in plumbing. My host, Reynaldo Damiani, had a long name but after I saw my room I shortened it to "Damit" and after dinner to "Dame" for stopping there.

After supper we went to the large electric lighted Plaza. The big stores were shut but there was a little odd shop where I bought some cheap postcards, a paper I couldn't read and a last year's lottery ticket I couldn't use. I was surprised to find one left over because here in this town of churches the God of Luck divides honor with deity and is worshipped by all the people most of the time. The streets were at right angles, the people had left them to go to bed or the movies but we saw some of the passing show the next morning, the high-bred Spanish hidalgos and the hybrid Peruvian Indians.

Arequipa is a queer combination and contrast of the Fifteenth and Twentieth centuries. Its many bells have rung in new electric lights but not rung out the old open sewers, and in the bright glare of the one is seen the foul slime of the other. This smelled as

rotten as anything in Denmark. God made these people a little lower than the angels and they have been lowering themselves ever since and poor human nature would have been dead and buried if kind Mother Nature had not taken care of them with a high altitude, sunshiny days and cool, clear starlit nights. I held my way and nose along these stony sewer streets followed by a tipsy fellow who wanted a tip and called me Mr. New York. I got away from him by jumping on a car only to meet another man who seemed to have imbibed too freely of sewer-gas and alcohol. He came over to be one of our party. The conductor asked him where he wanted to go. He didn't know so the conductor stopped the car and called a policeman who took him to jail for the night. We crossed a bridge and went to the end of the line, on the way back stopped at a little plaza full of feathery trees, plants and flowers, walked to the hotel, looked at El Misti asleep in his night-robe of moonlight, inhaled all the fresh air I was to have for the night and went to my prison cell where slumber's chain bound me.

BELLS AND BIGOTS



IT wouldn't be necessary here for the "Queen of the May" to ask her mother to call her "early." The church bells will see to that, for they ring out an early fire-alarm as if your soul were already burning in hell-fire and they wanted to put you out. I felt put out, muttered the proprietor's profane name and knowing there was no further rest for the wicked, dressed and went to the Cathedral. It is a low, thick-walled building with a plain-looking tower at each end resembling a woman's or industrial exposition building at a state fair. An earthquake shook the old church down, but didn't destroy its theology. MediEVILism instead of modernity prevails. Inside it was big and bare except for the usual exhibit of church furnishings. It boasts a reputed Van Dyke, but if that was Van's he must have lost the immortal part of himself, his reputation. With the holy water at the cathedral door and Jesus springs nearby it seems any ordinary sinner should keep his soul and body well from godlessness and gout.

Religion here is not up-to-date. There is electric light and spiritual darkness. Arequipa has trolley cars, but stands in a rut; manufactures jewelry from nearby gold and silver mines, but is

plain of the ornaments of Christian character; her schools and libraries give a pedantry of information, but not a piety of reformation; there is a much needed medical institute which administers to bodies, but not minds diseased; monasteries, nunneries and convents abound, offset by foundling homes where superfluous Topsy babies just grow up.

The town was and is fiercely fanatic. Not so many years ago a Protestant minister or Mason, instead of receiving Christian consolation, would have been politely and persistently invited to go to hell and pains would have been taken to send him there if they didn't move out and on. Why? Because they might protest at gambling at church fairs; at inconsistent priests and juggling Jesuits with their double standards and moral somersaults; at foolish and immoral amusements; at religious blow-outs which spend \$50,000 or more annually for church festival fireworks to celebrate spiritual slavery; and at the wolves in sheep's clothing, the clergy, who for 400 years have preyed on the native Quicha Indians, holding them in ignorance and superstition, degrading them socially and morally by drink and debauchery, exploiting their vices to get their money until today they are lower than in the days of the Incas. Under fatherly guise they have been fiends sending them to hell and not to heaven.

The Latin doctors of divinity gave the poor Indians two treatments, one of exploitation, the other of miscegenation. After this I am not surprised the Indian lives in constant fear of devils, that he dreads to go in the swamp at night, that he fears that while he sleeps his dreaming soul may not come back and the soul of someone else take its place, and that even though he has plenty of chickens and sheep he would rather have you starve than give you any unless you coax him with a Colt's revolver and a package of coca.

All this and more in the second city of Peru, where I could unfold true tales "whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul" and make a Balzac tale read like a Sunday school story.

In my short stay I made so many observations of the "earthly earthy" that I would like to have made a heavenly one in the Harvard Observatory at the foot of Mt. Misti, but I missed it, and the Yankee disciples of Galileo who nightly sweep the skies. This may account for the clear atmosphere of the sky and the

dusty condition of the city. As usual our train left at the unreasonable hour of 7:30 a. m. and no Damianing could change the time table. I wasn't sorry, for too much is a plenty and I had had enough. The last thing I noticed as I left the station was not a church but a bull-ring where I thought it would be a good thing to take the papal bull against religious liberty and have some missionary matador run it through with a free lance of the Sword of the Spirit.

Our train ran around Misti's feet and behind him we looked up to his head 20,000 feet above sea level and found he had a big bald spot back of his crown. Strong-lunged, our rocky mountain climber engine trailed us over the hills and far away until it stopped for something to eat and drink at a little station 13,000 feet up in the sky. While it rested and took a quiet smoke we had twenty minutes for soup, and it takes that long to eat Peru's favorite combination of food and drink, grease, garlic, animal and vegetable garbage. There wasn't anything else to eat and this was enough, for it was a whole course in one and it took a long time to eat it and a longer time to digest it and a still longer time to forget it, for I haven't forgotten it yet. Crossing the track between herds of mules, alpacas and llamas, and passing a few low, dirty native hovels I went to the little white church. I rang its bell outside the door in the yard with a good will wish for those whom it called Sunday to what at this altitude is a literal high church service. The engine drowned the echo of the church bell chime and again we moved and wound across this wind-swept wilderness of rock, down two thousand feet, by two large, lonesome lakes. On one of them there was an empty, water-logged balsa, while over the surface of the other darted hundreds of ducks, the only living thing in sight except some green grass on the surrounding hills. Reached Juliaca, a melancholy town. Herrick wrote lines freighted with love to his Julia, but the lines to and from Juliaca are freighted with produce and passengers.

RATTI JULIACA



WE stopped at Hotel Ratti, and it was. From the outside it looked like a barn, on the inside it smelled like a barn and our room was cold as a barn. After a meal, not half so nutritious as the cornmeal, hay, oats and bran mash of a first class stable, we climbed up to our stalls and

lay down under all the horse blankets we could find. Mrs. "M" was half dead with soroche. I was in hot water and went down stairs to get some for her. I brought back a pailfull. She soaked her feet in it first and it felt so good that she drank some of it and was soon much better.

To comfort her I said I thought more of her than the ruins of Cuzco and would give up the trip. She replied, "If it's only the ruins you want to see, you might as well stay and look at me." I knew she meant it, for the next day I found these words in her diary, "Wish I would hurry up and die—just think of this for a pleasure trip."

I finally got mother and "L" asleep and spent the rest of the night listening to a wild windstorm that for hours tried to blow our barn away but got tired out and left. There were a few minutes of quiet when suddenly half a dozen dogs rushed up and across the hallway and out on the porch, which ran past our room all round the hotel, and started a Marathon. The high night air which was suffocating us invigorated them. They lapped and overlapped. The race grew exciting—they barked and howled till morning. I wanted to see them come into the finish and hoped it would soon come, but it was too cold to get up and if I had opened the door they might have taken me for a crook, who was trying to throw the game, and chewed me up. They kept this up until the smell of breakfast diverted their attention, when they raced down. Since we had to take another 7:30 train there was no further time for sleep and I got up.

While I was struggling in the office with my hotel bill, the breakfast bill of fare and the railroad time table, a Chicago boy blew in. He had been mining for gold up here, had got a "brick" and was going home. It was a lucky find for me, for he could talk Spanish and came to the rescue and relief of his American cousin.

We had half an hour to spare and emulated the speed of the racing curs in seeing the town. Everybody was up and doing. Engines were switching, drivers were loading mules and llamas. On the way to the train we had to pass through an aisle of Indian women who cared for their babies while they tried to sell us pottery, peanuts, frozen potatoes, gloves, mitts and worsted dolls. Juliaca is one of the loveliest towns I ever visited, to get away

from. I imagine the only people here, who are perfectly happy with their lot, are in the cemetery.

INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE



AT Tirapata a drunken "band" of Indian musicians came down to meet and serenade us. The rest of the inhabitants had not recovered from an orgiastic celebration of some saint or sinner. Here a few nights before my Chicago friend and two companions barred themselves in a room for protection. The drunken natives broke in and young America swung on them with chairs and tables till they laid out half a dozen and drove the others away.

Our serenaders had dirty faces, tangled hair and clothes that had only been pressed by their bodies as they had rolled in them at night. They swore, smiled, looked silly and swaggered. All this was a fit accompaniment to the horns, trombones and drums. Each man played a different tune in a different key at the same time, high and low, loud and soft, fast and slow. They stood on one foot and then on another, turned forwards and backwards, levelled their instruments at the sky and then shot them at us, all the while jerking their arms and twitching their faces as if they were suffering from indigestion, colic or delirium tremens. Wagner never attained such heights and depths. The echoes of that distracted discord lingered in our ears long after the frightened train pulled out and I thought if I ever wanted to start an Inquisition I knew where to find the instruments of torture.

As we rose our spirits fell, for nearly everyone got soroche. Aromatic salts, sour stomachs and stale wind illustrated the proverb, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Several times "L" tried to make his mother wake up and look at the plain and mountain scenery, but the soroche fit was again upon her, she wouldn't open her eyes and mumbled, "Go away and let me sleep." I was awake and seeing things. Dogs that ran and raced and kept up with the train; doorways of huts decorated with skins and bushy tails of wolfish looking dogs; Indian women under umbrella hats tending alpaca and llama herds, at the same time spinning a kind of humming top through which the wool is drawn into a thread and later spun into caps, socks, mitts and other stuff for the family.

THE LLAMA



HE llama is about the only thing that can be intelligent and decent on these high plateaus. Faunlike, with little feet, tail, ears and large eyes, he holds his head high like an aristocrat and is friendly until he feels abused. Then he spits into your face a mixture of food and juice, with the accuracy of a Kentucky colonel expectorating towards a spittoon, and with a force that blinds and sears. His spitting is not a bad habit, for it is used only in self-defense. The mule has his heels, the bull his horns, the cat her claws, the dog his teeth, but the only protection a llama has is to spit in your face. Unlike the human aristocrat he has brains and works for a living. He can carry from 100 to 200 pounds for a half or a whole day, and though no camel, he humps himself and finds and furnishes his own food and drink. This animal, descended from the wild guanaco, ascends the Andes; only three feet high at the shoulders he looms above his five-foot lazy driver; his hair is rough compared with the alpaca's and vicuna's and is only used for making coarse fabrics and string, but when he wears bright, pretty ribbons in his ears he seems as proud and anxious to be noticed as a woman with a new hat. The llama is no fool, even if some fools have said so. He is wise enough not to make a pack ass of himself, like the mules and natives, and limits not only his burden, but his hours as well, as if he belonged to some labor union. He only lies when he is tired and then philosophically ruminates, chewing his cud. His morals are good, he doesn't gambol, but walks along and furnishes chips for the natives who do.

One of the trials of my early life was the alpaca clothes I had to wear as a boy. Later, as a young minister, coming up from the study to the pulpit, wearing a black alpaca coat, an arm of a chair reached out and tore the pocket half way across the back and I had to pin it before I could preach. During the sermon I thought more of what the congregation saw than of what I said. I silently vowed vengeance on the alpaca whose wool led to my wool-gathering thoughts. But when I met some of the members of his family up here looking harmless as baby camels I forgave him.

Leaving the animal train we plodded to the top of the divide

where melted waters of a glacier rise from their marshy bed running South into Lake Titicaca and North towards the Amazon. As we descended our spirits rose. Farewell, glacier and soroche! Welcome, warm, fresh air and grain field, where the tread of the tramping cattle is the threshing machine! In a field I saw a man ploughing, and driving a team of bullocks which pulled a big crooked stick for a plough. He was more to be pitied than the man with the hoe. I took his picture and gave him a tip. Ours was a special through train and only stopped long enough at Sicuani for me to see the clay houses and the putty-faced people and to be thankful I was not to share the town's hospitality that night. Two hours more by cultivated farms in this fertile valley and we rolled into Cuzco as the full-moon rolled over the surrounding hills. Lucky light. It was the only one the traveler had to guide him on his dark way.

CURIOUS CUZCO



WE stumbled from the station into a little horse car that only runs once a day between trains and then walks. The car was black enough to be called the Black Hole of Calcutta and had almost as many people in it—but instead of being hot it was chilly and I was glad to have a seat and set a little girl on one knee and her mother on the other. Slowly this car hearse of living bodies wended its way to and through the gate of the city buried in sleep as its civilization had been for centuries.

The steep, narrow streets were empty, store doors were barred and chained, even the houses had their window-eyes closed. This chloroform atmosphere would have put my head to sleep, as my legs already were with their native burden, had not the car stopped with a jerk, throwing me forward between the heads of the mother and daughter, who opened their eyes to the unusual situation.

A little ragamuffin grabbed my bag and I followed suitcase and him up a dark alley to a big wooden door which he kicked and pounded. There was a rattle of chains and the door swung open, revealing a man who turned out to be the hotel proprietor.

As he stood there with a dim lantern he seemed more like some old turnkey. When he looked at us I saw that his left "lamp" was out, but the one in his hand showed a friendly face.



IN A RUT

PERU



Waving a kind of switchman's signal, that all was right, we followed him through a damp, dingy corridor, up a flight of stairs to a room 20 by 40 with a stone floor, a padlocked door and an iron grated window. He left the lantern and came back with some candles and in their fitful glare we dressed for dinner. We groped and smelled our way like a hungry dog to the dining room and dropped into the first seats we could find. A waiter came up and said something which I imagined meant the table was reserved and would I take another. I smiled, thanked him and picking up the bill of fare indicated I would take everything from soup to nuts. He started something in Italian which meant "No savvy," and if the only man in town who spoke English had not just then come in and acted as interpreter and peacemaker between us there might have been war in the quaint old, peaceful Cuzco.

DISCOVERED



OUR deliverer was Mr. Balasch. He sat down with us, said he was a Spaniard from Barcelona, had married a Cuzco belle, could talk five languages, had been the official guide of Professor Bingham and other geographical savants and if there was any special line of investigation we wanted to carry out he would be pleased to serve us.

With sad voice and salt tears that seasoned my soup I told him we must leave early the next morning if we were to get the train, that got another train, that connected with the boat, that would connect us with a train, that connected with another train, that would get connection with the ship, which was the only one for a month, that would take us through the Straits of Magellan. Mine was the old story which he had heard before, for he smilingly interrupted me, saying it was generally so, that travelers who came to Cuzco spent much time and money to get there and then because of little time or inclination soon got out. He informed me that many magazine writers just stayed over night, did not go out to the ruins at all but took brief notes of his descriptions and explanations and then went back to Europe and America to write graphic and geographic ten-page articles of the wonderful ruins they had never seen and the social status of the natives, whom they had carefully studied between the hotel and depot.

Thinking I might be one of "them lit'rary fellows" he offered to tell me anything I wanted to know. I told him it was full-moon and if Mark Twain could take in the ruins of Athens by moonlight I could do the same with Cuzco's ruins. "Very well," he said. But what was I to do with Mrs. "M," who refused to step outside of the hotel? Leave her while I went. She said she thought it was safe in the room with the iron bars over the window and the door padlocked, if I took the key. I hesitated, and said, "If anything happens you are imprisoned." "Never mind," the guide interrupted, "she can't get out, the window is barred, the door is locked and you only have the key." I hadn't looked at it in this light, so leaving her with Providence against fire and theft we started.

WALL STREET



He showed us the firm foundations of Inca walls and palaces built of big granite blocks. They weighed tons apiece and one of them had twelve angles so closely fitted into the other stones that you couldn't insert a pin. Builders brag today of concrete and steel structures, but quakes topple, fire burns and water undermines them. Here, without mortar or iron, these stones were cut and put together no one knows how or how long ago. On a large slab two serpents were carved in relief and it was a relief to know they couldn't bite. "L" pushed me up steep, stony streets with a gutter sewer in the center, down which poured a flood of filth that smelled to heaven, and must have made any angel of mercy passing overhead, hold his nose. Occasionally we looked in a hole of the sidewalk, the home of a whole family squatting on the floor around a sputtering light, eating and drinking something that looked as if it had been gathered from our hotel garbage can.

Half way up the hill we tarried on a terrace to see an old Inquisition church with a big cross in front of it, and some damnable instruments of torture with which the Holy Church in the name of the holy cross had punished the unholy heretics and Indians.

The stones were upright with a hole in the bottom and one on either side at the top, the whole looking like a big capital T and mutely standing for a Theology of torture. The guide tried to show me how wicked and wilful sinners were persuaded to

accept the teachings of Him who proclaimed "Peace on earth, good will to men." An orthodox brother would take the victim and throw him on his stomach, shove him along until his head went through the hole, then pick him up by the legs, and stick them through the right and left holes of the T. This might be all right for an acrobat in good training, but was very trying to a stiff-necked young sinner or an old rheumatic saint. To make it very plain the guide was willing to use either "L" or me as an illustration, but one of us was too fat and the other too thin and he was unwilling to offer himself as a sacrifice. I have had some guides and if their punishment fitted the crime they should be stretched out and strung up here for a time until the tourist money rolled out of their pockets.

A GIANT ROCK PILE



FROM these evidences of Christian charity it was pleasant to climb the terrace where the old heathen Inca Manco Capac lived in style. We passed unchallenged the stone sentry boxes occupied only by the ghosts of the past. Into the garden, Maud, we wanted to come, with its trees and flowers, but we had neither invitation nor time, for our point of attack was the Fort on top of the hill. This pre-Inca prehistoric pile of stones was brought here from a far-away somewhere, sometime, somehow by somebody nobody knows much about, as proved by what they have said and written. The Fort of walls, three abreast, are thrown along the height. They are made of stones a dozen feet high, weighing many tons. I went up to them, around them and weighing them in my judgment decided they were built in a stone age, that there were giants in those days and they builded better than they knew. High-browed scholarship has suggested they were walls of a treasure city or were built as defense against outside enemies. I think some big giant made a playground enclosure for his little boys, for nearby are gigantic granite bump-the-bump boulders sloping worn and smooth as if they had slid down them for centuries. Other authorities say the Incas builded these Rodaderos. No matter, their descendants come here Sundays and take a Kelly slide. I had crashed down the Devil's slide in the Yellowstone on a rock, down Cheyenne canyon on the limb of a tree, and with a misstep bowled down a part of the pyramid, so I was

in a position to make a safe, easy descent down this cataract of stone. The Inca who reached the bottom first received a pot of gold—all I found was a handful of silver moonshine. The guide laughed, the moon winked and my noisy stop awoke a dog far away that barked as if he would like to bite me for waking him up.

After this exciting trip I sat on the stone Throne of the Incas to cool off and felt every inch an Inca king, monarch of all I surveyed. There were other seats where spectators came long ago to worship the sun or have a good time with the sons and daughters of men. Had I been able to raise their ghosts I would have made it another Mars Hill and preached to them the unknown God who had made the sun they worshipped. The walls, seats and ruins were so flooded with silver light that if Beethoven had been one of our party he would have written a Moonlight sonata that would have put his other in the shade.

One rock here has caused as much discussion as the Rosetta and philosopher's stone. It is covered with cut seats and footstools, nooks, niches, reclining couches, foot tub, bath places and a subway passage through which belated priests and pleasure-seekers might make a short-cut to the Temple of the Sun.

Long before and since the gold craze of '49 people have been hunting and digging for the gold the Incas had and hid from the avaricious eyes of the Spaniards whose love of gold was the price of many a crime untold.

THOSE INCAS



THE Incas had a high civilization, over 10,000 feet. They were good road-builders and the highways have lasted so long, compared with ours, it would seem the contractors couldn't have slipped more than one-third of the funds into their pockets. They dug canals, bored tunnels and built terraces without horses or iron machinery; mined gold and silver with copper tools hard and sharp as steel. They took streams and lakes of mountain water and irrigated sandy wastes, making a pastureland for their herds and flocks; wheat and maize were raised on mountain tops now only visited by the condor. Their rulers were both politicians and priests, who made laws, imposed taxes and had a court etiquette that none should enter their presence except in bare feet and with a load on their shoul-

ders to show allegiance. Yet they were kindly disposed and brought prosperity to the people they had enslaved. If wealth is judged by the amount of gold there were no hard times, for it was everywhere. They used gold for bric-a-brac ornaments and not for money. They worshiped gold, but in a different way from us. In their Temple of the Sun they made a human face of solid gold with gold rays slanting in every direction. When the sun shone on it it filled the temple room with brightness and the people bowed in worship. The rulers claimed to be descended from the sun and made the natives fall for it, but they inherited some of the spots of their glorious father and were guilty of shady transactions among the natives. The Inca had a harem made up of the Virgins of the Sun and the "children of the sun" were very numerous.

The Incas were not perfect and when Pizarro came he made them less so. Dissatisfied with their civilization, he declared they were poor sinners and robbed them; Christless, and crucified them; slaves, and chained them; impure, and seduced them, and after substituting indolence for industry, cowardice for valor and vice for virtue, made a solitude and called it peace. Then he wrote a good missionary report telling how he had converted the heathen.

RELIGIOUS RACKETS



HERE are many sermons in stones, but these mounds of mortarless masonry had very little of the instruction and inspiration I had found in India, Egypt, Greece and Rome. As commentators write strange things about the sacred text my guide on the way down suggested that the Incas had moulded or carved the seats in these rocks by using certain herbs that made chemical changes in the rock when pressed against it. He further told me that Cuzco meant "navel," but the descent and ascent of these stinking sewer streets made me think that it was named after the wrong part of the anatomy. The natives don't seem to mind this dismal, dirty dump, but a respectable skunk would be ashamed to live here. Cuzco's smells are her best defense. The devout Quicha crosses himself as he approaches Cuzco, I used my hands to hold my nose, passed Pizarro's house and got in to the hotel before I was asphyxiated. No one had broken the lock and I found wife and

possessions just as I had left them hours before. I fell asleep and was dreaming there was no place like home when clang, ding, dong, dang, bang, bing, jing, jang, jing went bells big and little. I jumped up, thinking the town was on fire and ran to the grated window to look for a fire escape. There was no escape, it was only four o'clock in the morning and the faithful were being called from sleep to service. I might have known as much, for it was the same thing we suffered at Lima and Arequipa, only on a higher and louder scale. My eyes were so wide open that I hurriedly dressed and went out to use them.

It was a Feast day and hundreds of Indians were answering the summons of that tocsin of the soul, the church bell. I made the hurried rounds of a number of churches. They were crowded with grimy natives, gorgeous priests, greasy saints, grisly superstitions and gruesome images of twisted-limbed, side-gashed, thorn-and-spike-pierced, blood-spattered Christs which looked as if they had been brought from a dissecting table or school of anatomy.

These churches were chambers of horrors. The faces of the worshippers were pictures of mute misery and memories of the golden Inca past. Peru's museums had shown me its pottery shaped into wild grotesque features, but priestly potters had stamped this native clay with the marks of ignorant, superstitious, helpless despair. Their sun-worship had been eclipsed by the dark theology of the Middle Ages. I thought that after getting up so early, and the bells had stopped wrangling the crowded worshippers in the stifling air might take a religious nap, but I changed my mind as I came out of the door, for the janitor touched off a big bunch of cannon crackers that made a noise like an old-time Fourth. I had seen this firecracker worship and powder-smelling incense before the temple of the heathen Chinees and could easily believe that some more modern religions are but Christianized Paganisms.

Leaving these poor worshippers, whose gold and government had been forcibly exchanged for skin diseases, superstitious divinity, torture and tears, I took a squint at the Sun-Temple, once rich with gold, now with gory inquisition relics. A church is now built on its ruins. I ploughed my way through acres of convents, watched Indians drink water from the breasts of the Inca woman fountain, which would be a good shrine for most

milkmen; studied the old University of law and medicine; pitied the former industrious, now lazy Quichas who drown their sorrow in chicha. This is no three weeks or three days town and the more I saw the worse I felt. Sights saddened, smells sickened and I was glad to have the hands of my watch point to the hotel, urging me to lose no time in settling with the one-eyed propietor, while the wheels suggested the little mule car which was to carry us to the depot.

A lame boy had been my guide and had humped so faithfully that I wanted to give him a good propina or tip. The conductor couldn't make change until some passengers got on and paid their fares, so I had to take my guiding spirit to the station.

UP HILL



THE engine had rested, I hadn't, so instead of being an orthodox tourist and making notes on what I had seen, I curled up in a seat of a first class car and tried to forget it. But uneasy lies the head that lies on the seat of a Cuzco train. I was more buried in dust than sleep. Yet this was a paradise compared with the purgatory condition of the second class coach where natives were crowded like pigs in a pen and smelled worse, as there are no sanitary conveniences. At different stations where they got out we were locked in by the conductor to keep them from robbing and infecting us.

If the cars were bad what shall I say of the antiquated, asthmatic engine homely as Stephenson's model, more hampered and almost helpless as it tried to make the high grade? The engineer should have been arrested for cruelty to animals, driving this old wornout iron horse uphill and with so little food and water that I stopped many times, got out and helped him push it over the Divide. I don't know how I did it, it was more mind than muscle over matter, maybe it was the horrible thought of sliding back into Cuzco. Whether it was a prayer of faith that tried to remove the mountain or was my getting out and walking along the side of the track to lighten the engine's load, it moved along and managed to reach the top. Then it stopped and my heart stood still. Then steam and gravitation combined to push it down and over the other side. With a sigh of relief I threw myself into my seat, thankful that the Lord thus far had led us on, and prayed that no stray llama or alpaca would give us a

rear or head-on collision before we saw dear old Juliaca again, and the Arequipa train waiting to take us to Puno, our last Peru town.

PERU—NA



POOR Peru! bounded on the North by cannibalism, on the South by bigotry, on the East by the inaccessible Andes and on the West by rainless deserts and a harborless Pacific where one lands in cages. With all her gold she is bankrupt and amuses herself with bullfights, lotteries and ruins. The old Inca civilization with its sun-worship and farming was preferable to some things one finds there today. Ever since Pizarro, that avaricious murderer, with the consent of his king and absolution of his church, murdered and robbed the Inca emperor Atahualpa, Peru has been lacking in money, mind and morals. The Panama Canal is her only hope to recover her nitrate wealth and territory from Chile, rehabilitate her army and navy, make her schools compare with those of Rio Janeiro and Buenos Aires, extend religious toleration and take her proper place among the South American republics.

PUNO



LAKE TITICACA is another anatomical named body that represents the high water mark (12,500 feet) of the Inca civilization. The train makes close connection with the boat at the Puno wharf, but we got off with the crowd at the first stop in the city. I looked around—there were tracks and trains, but no boat or water and no one to speak a word of English. As everyone who stops here at night goes to the hotel, it is customary for the native boys to grab your bag and run ahead—then you claim it on your arrival. They rushed towards us and I yelled, "Hang on to your bags for dear life." Speech and exertion were difficult at this high altitude, but we made vigorous use of both. "L" said some awful things in Spanish and they let him alone. I smashed boys right and left with my handbag, while Mrs. "M," handy with her feet, barked one boy's shins till he howled and poked another with an umbrella till he doubled up. She rushed into the station office and said "Vapor, Lake Titicaca, La Paz." A faint look of intelligence came into the face of the ticket agent and he pointed in the direction of

that crowd through which we had just come. Thinking he meant the boat was on the other side of the train, we fought our way back through the crowd, climbed on the platform, but as we tried to jump off the other side the conductor grabbed us. We started to struggle, then the train pulled out and he shoved us into the same old coach we had left a few minutes before. While I wondered at the next move the train stopped at the gang plank of our steamer, we stepped across it and in a minute the bell rang and the boat steamed ahead. All this swear and sweat because I didn't know the Spanish word for ship. Just think! if we had missed this "vapor" we would have missed the Straits of Magellan and the Falkland Islands.

ON LAKE TITICACA



WHEN I boarded the boat I thought it was a launch to take us over to the big lake boat, but she was it, had come across the Andes piece by piece and had been put together on the lake shore. I bought a first class ticket, climbed down a hatchway and was ushered into our luxurious and commodious cabin, about two feet wide and four feet long. It was separated about a foot from a dumb waiter that made a lot of noise and so near the dining room that we only had to take three steps to our chairs.

There was hardly room for anything but a washstand and I thought it was a mistake until I counted six bunks. There were only three of us, I felt grateful and said, "Thank the Lord, He has taken care of us," to which Mrs. "M" replied, "Well, He has had a hard time of it, for we have been acting like a pack of wild goats." Dressing in sections we were finally assembled at the dinner table, where I roasted the raw meat in words heard above the panting of the engine, but put on the soft pedal when the ladies opposite, whom I thought were Spanish, smiled and said, "You are right." On deck the cold wind whistled and we shivered though wrapped in coats, shawls and huddled around the smoke stack. It rained, thundered, lightninged, snowed and then the moon came out. There is a Sacred Island of the Moon somewhere in the lake and in the silver light every island was a moon island. The strange waters of this lake remove rust from any piece of iron placed in it and I suppose if I had taken a bath in it I wouldn't have been so rusty in my knowledge of its tra-

ditions and the Inca islands. As it was, the next morning, after washing my face in this magic water, I remembered that my old friends, Adam and Eve, whose Eden I had visited in every part of the world, were said to have an Inca branch here on the Island of the Sun. The convent ruins are better preserved than the morals of the Virgins of the Sun who occupied them and there is a rock shrine at Copacabana where the Indians have outdone the Moslems at Mecca.

Clouds wrapped the moon and when she turned in we did too. We assumed geometrical figures in undressing, squeezed into our bunks, wondering if the guests of Procrustes, whose legs were either stretched or cut off to fit their quarters, had been more uncomfortable than we were. The bed was too short to take a long sleep and although we retired late we got up early. The sun was shining from a cold, gray sky on gray, cold water. The hills around the lake were wrapped in snow-blankets the night had thrown round them and as the waters narrowed we could see little groups of huts and the shore with mud walls and clay-baked roofs, men paddling their balsa canoes, drifting along with rush sails, while hundreds of little black ducks took their morning swim and scores of cattle enjoyed their constitutional walk before breakfast on the marshy shores. There were scenes on ship as well as on shore. What I thought was a pilot-house proved to be the kitchen and cold storage where the stuff was taken out, cooked and shot down to the table. I watched the Chinese food pilot through the course of the breakfast preparation. On the way to the bow I climbed over bags of mail, bales of green alfalfa and boxes of chickens and turkeys to pose for a picture and as the Bolivian flag was raised I saluted it.

A RUBBER MAN



WE were not the only ones up early or on deck. There was a bridal couple that hadn't slept very much; a Bolivian belle whose raven ringlets were tucked under a Panama derby with high crown and narrow rim; a Frenchman who had left gay Paree but hadn't forgotten his friskiness, and best of all, a short, broad-shouldered, grizzled-face, gray-eyed Scotchman who removed his pipe long enough to say, "Good morning, sir, this is fine, but have you seen our Loch Lomond?" When I told him Yes, and all the other water





HOLY JUMPERS

BOLIVIA

and land of Scotland with Burns and Scott thrown in, he said his name was Stewart, and gave me his hand. The fact that he could talk English and Spanish was of more value to me than any gold or silver discovery in South America. We clung to each other like David and Jonathan till we left Bolivia. He was one of the firm of the Inca Rubber Co. Business was bad and he was on his way home to take a good vacation. Without stretching it he told me the sober rubber truth from gum on the tree to tire on the auto. His plantation was on a forty-five degree mountain slope and the trails were so high and narrow that the men were blindfolded and the pack-mules were often crowded off into the valley for condor banquets. The government required part native help. The slow Oriental Jap and Chink did faster and better work than Occidental whites whose amorous attentions to native women had aroused the jealousy and hate of their brothers and husbands. He said he often spent two dollars to make one; suffered lonesomeness and privation during the day; lay down at night to be visited by a worm that bored into the flesh and had to be cut out or left to metamorphose. There were armies of sharpshooting insects and battalions of bats that tunneled under the toenails for blood. These suckers fasten themselves to a mule's ears and drink him dry and dead.

Rubber help was so scarce that they didn't bounce it, but held it in rubber bands. He confessed there were Peruvian atrocities, that some accounts were exaggerated, and others like Lincoln's rat hole would bear looking in to. At best it was all bad enough.

The boundary line between Peru and Bolivia is as invisible as the Equator. From Puno we had sailed all night on Peru's "Titi" and now we were here at the end of Bolivia's "Caca." Titicaca may not be a great lake in size, for in round numbers it is only 150 by 50 miles, but it is when elevated more than two miles above the sea.

CLOSE CALLS



OUR boat docked at Guaqui and we stepped on the shore named in honor of Bolivar. The customary official expected, suspected and inspected us, then allowed us bag and baggage to go to the depot, where Mrs. "M" said she would be baggagemaster until the train came, instead of

going to the hotel, whose inside board she feared was as flat as its outside architecture.

My wife advised "L" and me not to exert ourselves, get in any trouble or miss the train while we were hunting around for snapshots. I promised, but while a wife's advice is the best thing in the world it is hard for the average husband to keep it.

There was a large shed and a tent where somebody was cooking dinner and some hungry looking, uniformly dressed men were walking around. I thought it was a good picture and took it and was quite taken back when a soldier man, some Corporal Trim or trim corporal, flew from the shed in a beeline and stung me with Spanish speech and gestures. I was doing the "non permisso" thing of making a photographic inventory of the barracks, fortifications and the army. Telling him "nichts verstehen," "bravissimo Bolivia," I gave him my card, which he could not read, and then an American flag which he understood. Making him believe I had made no exposure, except of my ignorance, I clutched my camera and smiled "au revoir." That was a lucky escape. What if I had been arrested as a spy and lost my kodak and my train?

Next I went to the sedgy lake shore where there were some balsas, and a stock picnic of a big bull and some of his lady friends. I was the Rosa Bonheur to make a picture of it. I had just focussed the camera when Mr. B. regarded me like the soldier, with suspicion, and with head down and tail up rushed towards me. Instead of advancing towards him and explaining matters I made a bull-run retreat, splashing through the swamp until I landed high and dry out of danger. So far I had been an artistic failure, but farther over towards the left there was a mud hut and barn and an Indian woman sitting on the ground. I approached this venerable Bolivian Margaret with no sentimental Faust intent, the dog by her side thought differently. Had I seen him first I wouldn't have looked in that direction at all, for he bristled, barked and jumped at me, determined to bite me then and there and everywhere he could. Using the camera as a shield, my umbrella as a sword and my feet as a battering ram I put up the most heroic dog-fight that was ever chronicled or might be set for a movie. The altitude was high, breathing difficult, but I yelled for dear life. My cry of distress was heard. In the Pocahontas spirit of rescue two Indian maidens rushed

from the barn, armed with stones and dry cow-chips which they aimed at the dog but, womanlike, hit me. I had just about worn myself and umbrella out on this dog when "L" came up and said, "Hurry up, if you stay here much longer you'll miss the train." In desperation I gave the cur a final whack and with a fearful yelp he fled. Throwing a piece of money to my rescuers I started on a dog-trot for the depot. When I asked "L" if he got a good picture of the fight, he replied it was such a little dog and I was so big that if I showed it in a lecture slide the Humane Society would have me arrested. I told him it was a big dog, that if he hadn't stayed so far away and had been brave enough to help defend me he would have found I was the underdog.

We reached the station before the train, and found the impedimenta where we had left her watching some Cholo women sitting in the new fallen snow making ice cream in little freezers. Since no one would buy it or take it as a gift they shared it with their children.

Here a Mr. Fairweather, who was the traffic manager, clouded my hopes when he told me that the short-cut train from La Paz to Arica, where the Pacific boat had left my trunks, couldn't get me there in time to catch my boat, for the road was mostly on paper, a part of the treaty with Chile, and it ran or walked or jumped into the ditch when it felt like it. But Mr. F. proved there was something in a name. Clouds gave way to fair weather. He said I could wire and cable the boat-agent at Arica to put my trunks on the "Orissa" when she touched there and we could meet her farther down the coast at Antofagasta. I wrote out a message of ten words and handed it to F., who looked at it, laughed and said it would cost me about fifty dollars. He explained the tariff was so much a word and each word could obtain so many letters. If one word wasn't long enough you could combine the letters from the other words until it was. My overland, underwater wire and cable message was so reduced in length and price that I put him down as the only man in South America who taught me how to save any money. He wouldn't take anything but thanks for his kindness and only a little of that. He was the most American Englishman I ever met.

PEACEFUL LA PAZ



LEAVING Titicaca with its once Eden happiness and its traditions of the children of the sun who found the site of Cuzco with their magic golden rod, our train took us away from the strenuous scenes of the morning and led us up a stone step incline, by brown-breasted hills and ragged ranges of snow-powdered peaks to a bleak table-land on which a few sheep were eating. It was the top of the world, only not round but a broad plain and flat as some of the early geographers so flatly maintained. The only oasis around here was at Viacha, where we stopped long enough for me to lean through the window and take a picture of a Bolivian belle who was selling a dry-looking sandwich and two bottles of something wet if not cold. Two hours more over the dusty level we halted at Alta, got out and looked down a thousand feet at the city of La Paz, peacefully nestling in the stony arms of Mother Earth and listening to the lullaby of a river nearby. Years ago it was a long, hard and dangerous wagon ride from the rim of this earthen bowl, in circles round its rough inside to the bottom, but now your coach is hitched to an electric car which makes a quick zigzag descent in half an hour.

Four curly haired horses carted us from the depot over cobbled streets to the Guibert Hotel. It is near the Plaza with its statue of Peace and the new Cathedral which is rising at the rate of one stone a day. Everybody literally goes up or down town all the time. The streets are steep as we later found the shopping prices of the stores. Wandering through the hotel's labyrinth of halls and stairs we reached an arcade with a veranda from which we stepped into our 30x40 room. It had enough beds to accommodate one of the orthodox followers of Bigamous Young. At eight o'clock we went to "Comida" (dinner), which offers poor entertainment for American tastes. It is a tragedy of a dozen acts, unpronounceable names, unheard of culinary plots, long waits between acts and an epilogue of indigestion or epilepsy.

Our room was cold and cheerless and as the only social place was a big bright bar, where people were drinking hot stuff to keep warm, we walked out in the moonlight to take a little exercise. It was a very little, for we breathed as if we were one-lungers. The only entertainment in town was the movies at pro-

hibitive prices that moved the poor Indian who looked in at the doorway to tears. At the top of the Plaza we climbed into a French-like cafe, sat down to rest, listen to the music and ate something they called glacé. Tired of promenade mountain-climbing we retired, thanking God for the man who invented sleep and that we had enough of the wealth of health to enjoy it.

SUNDAY SHOPPERS



IT is almost worth a trip to South America to see La Paz on Sunday, and when we awoke it was not only Sunday but a Feast day and the fun was to be fast and furious in the attempt to serve God in the church and Mammon in the market. The city looked like a country fair. Indians who had traveled all night were squatted on the curbs or spread on the streets selling pretty flowers, frozen potatoes, peanuts, fish, meat, worsted caps, gloves and mitts. There was such a riot and variety of color in their dress I imagined I was walking between rows of tulips in a Holland garden with a German cheese fragrance.

At this end of the world women do the trading. The men in colored wool caps, and ear muffs surmounted by a fancy straw lid, with bright ponchos flung over their shoulders promenade up and down the streets with bare feet and slit pants, not so much to show their legs as to make it easy to walk or climb when carrying heavy burdens. The proverb "Style is the man" applies to the women as well. The Spaniards wear high silk hats, long frock coats, spats, patent leathers and canes. The women are beautiful and wear silks, white furs, laces and jewelry. But the real thing in style is Miss Cholo, the half-breed. She wears as many skirts as she has birthdays. I observed fifteen on one frame. They were all the colors of the rainbow and some more. She had a velvet waist with lace cuff and yoke; on her head was perched a Panama hat with high crown and narrow brim; a big blanket shawl hung from her shoulders over her arm, fastened with pearl and emerald pins; while her feet were encased in fancy canary colored kid shoes with high heels, Spanish tassels and stockings that came half way to her knees. Further investigation was cut short by Mrs. "M," but not until I had reached the conclusion that her combination of style and dress explained her Indian and Spanish origin.

We followed the mass to the Cathedral. Inside it was behung with tinsel paper, gauze, spangles and banners until it looked like a carnival of Venice. There was a medley of music, high voices and throb of organ followed by the blare of a brass band that played something livelier than Mozart's minuet. The rich, dressed in their best, were crowded in the seats they had paid for; the poor in their rags and reverence were crowded out into the aisles, suggesting the old Pharisee and Publican story. I, too, was a devout worshipper. I looked and listened and while others bowed I stood very still and hardly breathed, for "L" had his kodak on my shoulder and was taking a time exposure.

I noticed the laity as well as the clergy observed certain forms of dress etiquette. Most of the women wore black mantas. Occasionally I saw a gray one, the sign that the frail fair wearer was doing penance. I was glad to see a fair sinner, as it broke the monotony of her sister's solemn black dress.

The service ended, the band played, and a pious procession of grandees, half-breeds and Indians poured into the Square in front of and down the side streets in the sunshine like a rainbow-colored cascade. As if splashed up on the curb there were Indian women selling dyes blue, purple, red and green made from animal and vegetable matter. On we went to the market with its little stalls where you could get chicha, custard apples and a fruit that looked like frog eggs; alpaca and llama wool belts, hand woven and dyed to hold up your pants; caps, mitts, ponchos and blankets for your own or mule's back; toys and trinkets; lace and jewelry for ornament and little round mirrors to see how well you look. I bought two souvenir mirrors, not to see my own face, but to see what was on the back-side of the glass. One had a picture of the Virgin Mother in modest robe, and the other a high-skirted, loose-dressed acting dancer who was not a virgin.

Pythagoras for some reason forbade the use of beans among his followers, but his advice wouldn't be followed here by the superstitious natives who use beans for charms. They have a red bean with a black spot which grows on the mountains in a pod. They consider it both sacred and lucky. It will keep off the evil eye and other diseases and disasters. The beans are worn as ear-rings, necklaces, bracelets and pins, but you must be careful not to lose them or you will lose your luck. I took a

chance and blew myself for several dozen. They had received a priestly blessing and I hoped for fair wind and tide around and across South America.

After feasting our souls and eyes, our empty stomachs prayed our care and we hurried to the hotel, where our bill of fare was no longer than our Spanish vocabulary. Often our ignorance was bliss, for when we called for tea we couldn't get another thing, as that was the last thing served. In this way we avoided suspicious smelling soups and gristly cuts of bull meat from anatomical quarters neither polite nor pleasant to talk about or taste.

ON TO THE DANCE



WE didn't gorge, but remembering the Cathedral photographer's tip to go down the mountain gorge 10 miles away and see a religious dance, we started for the gorgeous spectacle. Boarding a car, we left the town for the outskirts of the city. Indian women came in and crowded us so with their big balloon skirts that the conductor felt it necessary to give them a good slap and spank on shoulder and hip as a farmer does a horse in the stall to make him move over. Passing along eucalypti shaded avenues where people promenaded or rode on prancing horses, by villas of rich residents and diplomatic corps, a carrousel and circus and Protestant medical mission, the car stopped at the brink of a gigantic gap. Being neither Cholos nor goats we returned to town believing the dance was off and must have looked as blue as Mount Illimani in the distance. Turning a corner our sadness was turned to gladness, for I saw my old Jehu and his four curly horses and bargained with him to hurry us to the dance. He promised to get us down there in an hour, and cracking his whip started a chariot race over stony streets, through tree-planted avenues, beyond the end of the disappointing car line, down the ravine circling and thundering along the road at the base of the amphitheatre hills which applauded to the echo his horses' hoofs and rumbling wheels. Leaving groups of Indians straggling on their dusty way to the dance we dashed into our goal, a little Indian village. What a savage setting for a savage dance by savages who combine the savagery of their heathen religion with some semi-savage scripture ideas! Here we were, in a wide, deep canyon, hemmed in

by mountain walls whose mineral-colored crags and peaks were like fantastic turrets in the setting sun.

PIOUS ORGIES



BEFORE seeing the jumping frog savages we heard some "Invitation to the Dance" music. Clambering onto a big boulder I looked down on Indians wearing a felt sombrero with a barrel hoop ornament on top, great collars made of leopard skins around their necks, short jackets and pants held up by a broad fancy belt. They hopped from one bare foot to the other while they pounded a skin head drum or outblew Pan on some reed pipes. Among them were several devil-dressed devotees with Klux-Klux hoods and firecracker noses reeling around, moved by the spirits they had drunk or expected to get in the nearby thatched cottage where the tribe banner was staked.

Driving down the white dust road we entered a village swarming with jumping-jack masqueraders. White plumes nodded on their hats, they carried live parrots on sticks swung over their shoulders and the wearing of the green was short parrot-feather skirts. They were masked as if for a ball, and one like a cat sprang on the back of our carriage and mewed. The Feast day fun grew furious as the drums and pipes sounded. Sweethearts looked on and women came with great glasses of chicha to nerve the thirsty dancers to greater effort. From every side street these devil-dancing Indians poured into the little square in front of their church, where they formed a maelstrom of mad humanity, swirling, singing, howling, playing, piping and drumming. It looked like hell or a lunatic asylum broke loose. One man danced his legs off and fell down unconscious; his wife stripped him of his regalia, put it on her head and back and took his place. The center of attraction was the church door, where two drunken natives pulled off a kind of prize-fight. One big fellow as he danced around, smiled a sickly smile, doubled up his big fist, smashed his enemy in the face and knocked him rolling in the dust. By the time he had swung around the circle again and his victim had risen and wiped the blood from his nose, he uppercutted and jolted him again. This was a high, old hellarious time. We were quiet and had difficulty to breathe, but these drunken dervishes kept up this excitement until they fell

down exhausted. While taking this in with open-eyed and mouthed astonishment an old witch of a woman came up, glared at us with her red, rheumy eyes, shook her long-nailed dirty finger and reviled us with some vile Spanish oaths.

NIGHT AIRS

THIS was the last act, the curtain of dust was wrung down and without standing on the order of my going I sat back in the carriage and returned to La Paz. In two hours we had dusted, washed, dined and were out in the Plaza Mayor listening to the band which plays here every Sunday night. Music is the universal language, but they didn't play anything I could understand. Stewart said they were Bolivian airs, and since they were mostly in high keys and high notes I believed him. The incredible thing was that in this Bolivian air they could play so loud and long while we gringos gasped for breath. As they played, street urchins played on the base of the big Peace statue and boys and their girls rambled through plaza walks adorned with flowers, trees, shrubs and statues which in the night-chill offered cold comfort to warm lovers. On the top-side of the Square, which slanted like a lean-to shed, the Spanish Four Hundred met to promenade. This is the only street in town where people can meet on the level, and then only for a square long. The sidewalks on both sides were filled with double rows of people coming and going in opposite directions. They walked, talked, laughed, ogled, flirted and showed the dress, style, wealth and gaiety of Paris or London. And why not? Their dress and decorations had come from those cities' best stores. We fell in line, walked the short distance, turning the corners so often as to grow dizzy, then went to bed satisfied for having observed so faithfully a La Paz Sabbath.

HIGH LIVING

FOR breakfast we had hard rolls made of American flour and strong coffee to break them. To vary the bill of fare I ordered three soft boiled eggs which not only added a little to the bill of fare, but considerable to the expense—they were twenty-five cents apiece. Perhaps the hens lived where the flour came from or in the mines where they laid the golden eggs. I heard a street orator once say, "The price

of living is very costive," and here I paid fifty cents (gold) for a few sheets of paper, not stationery. I had worn out my socks climbing up and down this town, and my collar stretching my neck rubbering. I mined my pocketbook and dug up 30 cents (gold) for a 10 cent collar, and 80 cents (gold) for a 25 cent pair of socks. Luckily my hat, pants and shoes didn't wear out or I would have had to remain here with the poor natives, who go barefoot, wear a blanket for a coat and vest and two flour sacks for pants.

It is always chilly in La Paz. When the sun splashes the Plaza with its light-waves everybody makes a dive for a sun-bath. I saw many mountain ranges, but not one for heating or cooking in any Bolivian hotel, shop, store, home or church. A millionaire can toast his shins before a grate of Australian coal at forty or fifty dollars a ton, while the poor man would freeze if it were not for the llamas which go through the streets and at his very door deposit briquettes of compost. We saw llama-trains in the mountains carrying silver, but here the dung-bearing llama is the poor man's warmest friend. And why shouldn't he be poor if he can only make from 25 to 50 cents a day, with no ambition to skilled labor which is fortunate to get \$1.50 a day? It costs a man's life earnings to die and be buried in a decent coffin, with no outside bog in the grave unless a piano one, for lumber costs about fifty dollars a thousand feet. Even the railroads, which are supposed to have money to burn, use iron cross ties and rails for telegraph poles.

But I saw an exception to the class, poor in life and death, at the burial of a high official. The Plaza band played a funeral march, the hearse was decked with black plumes, and a guard of honor and body of soldiers followed with trailed arms. The church was decorated with lights and flags and the rich casket was placed on an elevation and guarded. This building with its stereotyped form of architecture and worship was not as interesting to me as the old, new Cathedral, started so long ago that the early architects and builders must be dead. Instead of being up-to-date it will be out-of-date long before completed. Once a day three men push a little flat car, loaded with a big stone, up the hilly streets, on a one-foot track from the quarry. The stone is taken across the Plaza and through the big church door to be cut and placed in position. I believe they could bring another

stone a day if they wanted to, but I am sure they never will, for the church has worked the government for the graft of a ten per cent tax on all the goods brought across Lake Titicaca and it is to be collected so long as the building remains unfinished.

The nights were moonlit and if I could only have seen them I suppose there were shivering ghosts wandering about this unfinished Cathedral wondering why their prayers and alms had so long been in vain.

A DOOR OF HELL



PEAKING of religion reminds me of what a Methodist told me to be sure and see here. I did. Just off from the sidewalk, at the back of a church, a hole is cut in a door, with a box on the inside as a little crib or cradle for your bastard babies. The unnatural father or mother has only to sneak up to this door at night, drop the child like a letter in a mail box, ring the bell and run away. Doubtless this male and female baby box is as well patronized as the one in Arequipa that has flourished for centuries and still receives the support of the state lottery. By their Dead Sea and Sodom fruit ye shall know them. Enforced celibacy against Bible command and early church history, and a church marriage fee so high as to be practically prohibitive, have placed a premium on parental dishonor and neglect. This is a shocking state of affairs but up here a commonplace thing and of long standing among a people whose religion has removed every vestige of moral sense. When they want to get rid of the shame and support of their illegitimate children they think no more of dumping the little sufferer into this box or barrel than we do of leaving an unwelcome kitten or puppy in some neighbor's back yard. While I was poking around this hell-hole a number of curious old women came up as if they thought the kodak I held under my coat was a persona non grata I was trying to slip over to the care of the sisters. If it be argued that it is well for deserted children to be cared for it may also be said if there were no such place there would be no such desertions.

The church which runs such a branch hell of an institution used to receive the big and only donations of money from the state for missionary work in the city and among the depraved Indians. Now it receives less than \$100,000 a year because

appropriations are made for American churches and schools whose open Bible and books make clean Christians and good citizens.

Thank God some of these clerical abuses had been abolished just before my visit. Laws had been passed that nothing but a civil marriage was legal, it must precede any religious wedding service and the clergy who did differently would be arrested as common law breakers; that the Corpus Christi procession must march out of La Paz and not come back again; that the church cemeteries, which had done a land office business in holy real estate for none but the faithful, were no longer to be in the hands of the priests but put, kept and run under state control.

DEAD HEADS



WASN'T invited to the palace to eat with the president and if the dining room interior was not more attractive than the exterior I didn't miss much. No congressman asked me to occupy his seat in the Capitol with its tall tower and big clock, but I was invited to something more interesting and instructive,—the Museum and its professor.

The place was small but big with interest and during the hour I was there he showed me specimens of Bolivia's animal, vegetable and mineral kingdom, told me the history of the country and described its races and archaeology with scholarship, simplicity and sincerity. Outside of the commercial exhibits there were old curiosity shop rooms littered with Inca pottery, relics from buried cities, odd-shaped baskets woven by Titicaca islanders, Indian dug-outs, poisoned spears of savages, jars of wiggley, wicked looking snakes, shelves of images with their stony stare, corners filled with rope-wrapped mummies that sat holding their misshapen skulls in their fleshless hands, while their bony elbows rested on their knees and their shins and shanks were drawn together like blades of a jack knife. This ghastly mummy congregation was evidently listening to a sermon by Death from the text "All is vanity," "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." Passing through a room of martyred spiders and St. Sebastian butterflies stuck full of pins we entered a little compartment where the professor had reserved his last and biggest surprise. He opened a dusty glass case and brought



AN OLD SETTLER

BOLIVIA

out a woman's head shrunk to the size of a china doll's, introducing her as the wife of some old Ecuador chief. I tenderly stroked her long black glossy hair, fascinatedly gazed at her closed eye lids, whose lashes were threads that sewed them shut, but did not have the heart to kiss the pouting pursed up lips which were skewered and tied with strings like a beef-roast in a butcher shop. It was growing dark. I wanted to sleep some that night and so thanked the kind professor who said he hoped to see us next morning at the buried city of Tiahuanaco where he expected to hunt up some more of its long retired citizens.

A PREHISTORIC MAN



WE caught the early electric car. Women in the outskirts were washing their skirts in the river and hanging them to dry on bushes which suddenly bloomed with all the color of a Java garden. At the top of the bowl we drank in the view of the city below with its white walls, red roofs, cultivated terraces, the bare brown level around, and the white and purple morning glory peaks above.

In two hours we reached Tiahuanaco. "L" and I were the only ones to get off and would have been lonesome and lost had it not been for our Fairweather friend who had wired the station agent of our coming visit. A little Indian fellow ran up to meet us. He had long hair, a long face and long pants turned up over his brown ankles. Pointing across the plain, he beckoned us to follow.

First we were introduced to the oldest settler who had been here for centuries. He did not extend his hands but kept them tightly wrapped around his bosom as if to keep warm and hold himself together, and he cast a look of petrified astonishment on us from his stony eyes. His face was wrinkled and scarred. He had been through some Bolivian wars, and like his far away Sphinx relative had been made a target by brutal soldiers who had no respect for age. He looked so kind and dignified I ventured a few questions: "Do you speak English? Who are you? How old? Was your mother good? Your father kind? What was his business? Did you help around the house or in the store? Did you get in early Saturday nights, or stay out late and try to make good by going to church in the morning? How long

have you lived here? Are you Inca or pre-Inca? How do you stand this high altitude? What are all these ruins around here and what ruined them? Earthquakes, war, time?" No answer. He was deaf and didn't hear, or obstinate and wouldn't reply, or paralyzed and couldn't talk, or too modest to talk about himself.

Perhaps he thought I belonged to the profession of letters and lies, an author or newspaper reporter, who would talk him to death with confidential interviews and then go home to misstate what he said, say things he didn't utter and tell as fact a lot of fairy stories and traveler's tales he never dreamed of.

The boy was growing impatient and as he pulled me away I said to my stone dumb friend, "Good bye old boy, take care of yourself. May you live long and prosper. Time's hand has dealt gently with you but look out for the rough hand of the relic hunter."

THE ETERNAL CITY



HE guide, whom I had dubbed Post-Inca, led me up and down, around, over and across the ruins of this most ancient and least known city in the world. I crawled through the stone slab gateway carved with human and animal heads. Serious scientists, heavy historians and dark-as-ink doctors tell us they symbolize pre-Inca royalty and religion but they looked more to me like funny pictures some naughty boys centuries ago had scratched, cut and carved on their neighbor's gate. Tired, we climbed some giant sandstone stairs, propped by pillars at either end, and sat down on a step, thirty by fifteen feet. The dust lay thick on the threshold now swept only by the shiftless janitor of the wind. Whether this was the entrance to the Sun Temple or not I took a sun bath and calling Post-Inca, arose, clasped his hand and bridged past and present with reverent feeling.

We crossed through the dirty little village, where every dirty little house had a dirty little cross stuck in its mud and thatch to show its faith or fear, much as we place lightning rods on our housetops. Passing by herds of cattle we saw the professor in the distance digging up some Inca Yorick skull and bringing to light the family skeleton of some long closed closet. Finally we stumbled into a quarry of stones, round, square, oblong, rough, smooth and decorated with raised or sunk designs that looked

like a Chinese puzzle, giant baby's building blocks or Masonic emblems.

Were these the ruins of some Babel tower whose ambitious builders thought that with a 13,000 foot foundation they could scale the skies, or of a wicked city an earthquake had tried to shake the devil out of? I don't know, but I learned that many of the stones had been carted away for railroad ballast and bridges or used as foundations for houses and churches here and in La Paz, just as the pyramids were mined to build the Citadel. By the railroad track I met three monolithic hobos acting as if they were beating it for the next town. To speak seriously like a professor of archaeology, it is presumable that these figures had been erected by a farmer in some stone age as scarecrows to frighten the condors from his corn patch. They were delighted to have their pictures taken and stood perfectly still, but the natives I tried to get in the fields spinning, herding stock or making red mud bricks, jumped walls, slid down roofs and acted like unsociable mice when a cat comes to make them a friendly visit.

Hungry and tired, with feelings of stone bruises, scratches and dreary desolation that was worse than anything I had suffered in Rome, Athens, Karnak, Delhi and Pegu, I headed for the station followed by an Indian who tried to sell me the skull of his very great grandfather and specimens of pottery which had been used by his very great and gracious grandmother.

The station master waited to see if we had smuggled any relics and ruins or kidnapped the old settler, and as if he were morally responsible for our safe return to La Paz by the train due in fifteen minutes.

TIAHUANACO CHEESE



AGGARD Indian hags were squatting around on the platform trying to sell something to hungry and thirsty passengers. It was a safe chance to buy oranges to wash down the Inca dust but the bread felt suspiciously warm, either from llama fuel fire or the heat of their Indian bodies. While it was less hard than the round about stones it was dirtier but sauced with hunger it tasted good. Seeing my boldness of attack on orange and bread they uncovered some gray and white pancake shaped stuff about five inches in diameter and

one inch thick. I didn't know what it was and they couldn't tell me so I held out a piece of money in one hand and they pitched one of the quoits into the other. Shades of Switzerland! It was goat's cheese. I have eaten limburger up to concert pitch in musical Germany; tasted gorgonzola which fat white worms were moulding and carving in artistic Italy; made a Paris sewer of my stomach with French debris; choked on a chunk of unholy camel's milk cheese in the Holy City, but this cake of old Tiahuanaco goat's cheese, rough enough with goat's hair to need a shave and mixed with curd, slime, salt and barnyard sweepings, took the prize and left the strongest impression. "L" and I ate a little and were satisfied. That the fragments might not be lost we gave them to Post-Inca who had been brought up on it. He started away as if that were his pay. I called him back and gave him a piece of money to buy a lot more or something worse if he could find it.

Three hours later in my room at La Paz I wrote in my diary, "Tiahuanaco—old town, old man, old ruins, old cheese, a fine old time."

BARBARIANS



INTENDING to leave next morning for Antofagasta where I was to get the "Orissa" and my trunks, I ran across the plaza and trotted up three flights of stairs to the railroad office. Here I astonished the young English ticket seller by saying, "I want three tickets for Afghanistan where I am to put the 'Orissa' on my trunk." He thought I was an escaped lunatic and acted as if he wanted to jump out of the window or brain me with a paper weight. But I was harmless, not even drunk, only out of breath. So he laughed and told me what I meant to say, showed me into an office and asked the Spaniard to give me the tickets I wanted in exchange for the gold he wanted. Mine was good British gold from the La Paz bank where I had cashed American checks and he tossed it in with the yellow pile on his desk.

It was time for a hair cut and shave or I would resemble the goat cheese I had eaten that morning, so I went into the Plaza barber shop. It was full and I whiled my time away until the barber said something like "next." I pointed to the razor and my face, to the scissors and my head—he wanted to shave my

head and cut my face. During the half hour he did both, cutting my hair in front above my ears and shaving my neck behind until it almost touched the bald spot on top. He paused with admiration for approval. I looked in the glass and if any monk or monkey ever looked half as silly or sinful I would like to see them. But there was no great loss without some gain. Once in my life I had been barbered in a silence which did not ask if I would have a shampoo, bay rum, my hair singed or my shoes shined. When I went out the cold air struck me in the back of the neck like a snowball and I hurried to my room to find a high collar.

Dressed in my tuxedo best I led Mrs. "M" and "L" in the grand march down the grand stair case towards the dining hall. There I was confronted by the Spaniard from the railroad office who in a most spectacular way held out a handful of gold, picked a piece from it, bit it, shook his head and threw it on the floor with a gesture that meant it was no good. The hotel proprietor and many of the guests eyed me as if I were a bald-headed, bold-faced criminal counterfeiter. I know I looked the part for I had glimpsed myself in the barber shop mirror. Things are not what they seem and with conscious honesty I stooped down, picked up the gold piece and said, "Good." He shook his head "No." I shook my fist "Yes." Then he gestured me to go back to his office but when I remembered those three flights of stairs I said "Not on your life." He started to get the hotel police but the jolly young Englishman who had introduced me to him in the afternoon and had been drinking a glass of porter while watching this tragic dialogue, stepped up, begged my pardon, asked to see the money, examined it through his eye-glass, weighed it in his hand, bit it with his gold tooth, and said it was all right and he would give another in exchange for it was only a little thin and nicked because it had been used as a charm. This is another illustration of the friendly hand of an Englishman to an American across the sea or over the mountain. All's well that ends well. I tipped the waiter and paid the proprietor, but would you believe it, evil communications had corrupted their good manners for each of them sharpened their teeth on my gold as if they hoped for the best but feared for the worst. It was early to bed and early to rise to get the only train that would hustle us to the boat, yet I almost missed

it. After breakfast when I had packed my trunk, the fool room servant supposing I had gone, locked me in the lavatory. I called and kicked and when he didn't come I broke the door, met the members of my wondering family, jumped on the street car and just caught my train.

MIRAGES



IN reaching the rim I looked down for the last time on La Paz where the earth had opened her mouth and swallowed the inhabitants. Though the city is 1,500 feet below the plain her ideals are on a high plane compared with some other cities down here. Forgetting the bad past she has pressed to the high mark of a better future and will continue to learn the lesson of Liberty so long as she sits at the feet of that inspiring teacher, Mt. Illimani.

Again crossing the bare, brown plateau we came to Viacha. Here we changed cars for the de luxe diner and sleeper that were to take us to Antofagasta, the dirtiest town in South America. The whirring wheels rolled us by grassy plains, sedgy swamps, black hills, mud villages and miraculous mirages. The train window framed their shimmering surfaces, dotted with tiny islands and bays and fringed with fairy ferns and forests. For hours we rode by this distant phantom scenery more enchanting than anything I had ever seen in the desert wastes of Arizona or the Straits of Messina. Yet it was of such stuff as dreams are made of, a country from whose bourne no traveler returns. Its rippling waters are only sand and salt and the beautiful blue waves that glittered and glassed themselves in the sun are but clouds of dazzling dust—its New Jerusalem heaps of sand. There are sermons in sand as well as stone and as there was nothing else to do I Morrillized on life's mirages which "leave grief and pain for promised joy."

Money is a mirage. It is potent but not omnipotent; it buys books but not brains, plenty but not peace, luxury but not life, flatterers but not friends.

Vice is a mirage. The debauched woman and drunken man have learned that sin makes promise of pleasure to the ear and breaks it to the heart; that apples of Sodom turn to dust and ashes on the lips, and Satan is a liar who plucks the rose only to leave the thorn of disease, despair and death.

ORURO TINTS



THE engine whistle cut short my musing and looking out of the window I saw the little mining town of Oruro. The hills back of it were never meant to illustrate the poem "Over the Hills to the Poor House" because they are rich in silver, copper and tin.

The town has less than 10,000 inhabitants but was dirty enough to represent a million. I went to the place called a hotel. I called it something else. If the dust the Indians and llamas had kicked up was bad, it was dry and clean compared with my room and the kitchen next to it. The meat, vegetables and food were on the floor where there was grease enough to cook them without placing them in a skillet with lard. This was the land of tin and borax yet I looked in vain for a wash basin and a piece of soap. Thankful that our stop was only between trains and that we didn't have to eat or sleep here we dodged through the bar, welcomed the street with its fresh air and dust, and went straight to the Plaza. The town streets are all straight and narrow but from the saloons and dives one sees they are about the only straight and narrow ways the inhabitants walk in. As homely people paint their faces and beflower their hair in order to look attractive, so these squatty houses of sun-dried and rudely plastered brick are decorated with red, yellow and blue colors and their window-boxes filled with bright flowers.

There was an iron mountain in the center of the Plaza with artistic animals balanced on the rim. Boys and girls came and went loaded with water. This scene made me thirsty, but not for water, so I went in a saloon and ordered lemonade. I paid for it and received lead change. I took another glass and returned the plugged silver.

Among the other spiritual consolations of the Plaza was a little church. No tintinnabulation of the silver bells called me in this silver and tin town, but there was a big unhung bell standing in the corner of the churchyard that looked as forsaken as the one at Moscow. It seemed too big to be hung, of no practical use and of less value than its humble brother in the belfry which called to service. Passing the Arcade and Government building I did hear a sweet-voiced belle and looking up saw the senorita whose hand I had wrung in farewell on ship board

a few days before. Not knowing she was a wedding belle, I glanced up, smiled and said some sweet things in English. Her voice rang out in a Spanish reply which told me something I didn't understand, and for fear some listener might, Mrs. "M" pulled me to one side telling me to ring off and come to the station. Sad as it was to leave the Spanish lady it was sadder to wander through dusty streets only sprinkled by the llamas and inhabitants, and saddest of all was it to leave my Scotch Fidus Achates, Mr. Stewart, who had been my interpreter and friend. That parting might be sweet with no sorrow he bought me some Indian reed pipes and tried to play the Highland fling for me to dance; an Oruro newspaper, like many of ours, no news, all "ads" at so much per line; and a Scotch highball to cheer my spirits.

A LIVE MARTYR



WE changed the broad gauge road for a narrow one of two and one-half feet, our day coach for a compartment sleeper and Stewart the rubber man for Penzotti, the reverend missionary, who shared our four-berth compartment. I had been introduced to him at La Paz but now we were literally thrown together. He spoke English and I was glad to listen. He was born in South America, was early converted to Protestantism and believed in an open Bible, which he circulated and in a Gospel which he preached from town to town. In Peru he was persecuted and thrown in jail. That was years ago. There was no religious liberty then and the church was the Bastille of Thought for all who didn't say or pray her way. He said if it had not been for the influence of friends working through our Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, he would have still been in prison. He had sent his children to North America to be educated and believed the day was approaching when all the civilizing Christian influences of North America would spread to South America; when their government would stand firm on a Bible, no longer under the lock and key of any one's private interpretation; when the public school would not teach ignorance was the mother of devotion, but that a knowledge of this world and its history was the right of every child born; when there would be a public press whose editors believed something and were not afraid to say it

and when the devil-marriage of church and state would be utterly divorced. Under this last head of incestuous union he spoke of the woeful illiteracy and wicked illegitimacy of South America; of wifeless and husbandless fathers and mothers; of children who called their confessors "father" which they were in nature as well as in name; of sins that shamed Sodom; of cruelty that harked back to Nero and of robbery that would have made Pizarro envious. I learned a choice morsel of church history. In an interior town of Bolivia a suspicious husband, supposed to be away, suddenly returned, broke in the door of his bedroom and found a priest. Knowing there was no excuse or explanation he was about to kill him when his wife threw herself at his feet and cried, "Stop, you must not kill the father of your children."

From the names of the lakes of Bolivia one would think they were sewers. We had crossed Titicaca and were now passing Poopo, shallow, salt and full of little smelt-like fish.

I came from the diner to our sleeper to find altitude and quinine were too much for Mrs. "M" and they had laid her out gasping like a fish. Grabbing a pillow I threw it down, put my knees on it and took her hand to feel her pulse. Just then Rev. Penzotti entered, saw me on my knees and supposing it was time for prayers, went over to his couch, knelt down and remained in a pious posture, not rising until I did. Mrs. "M" saw all this and nearly died with laughter and I guess it was this more than the medicine that revived her. That night he told me it was a great comfort to feel that we couldn't travel so far from God as not to speak to Him in prayer. I said "Yes" but didn't tell him that when he thought he kneeled with me in prayer I was doing something else.

AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT



OUR A. M. found me reaching around for some bed clothes to keep warm, but even then there was no rest for during the night the train had taken on a mob of Indians at Rio Mulato who had come down from Potosi. They filled every coach and overflowed the aisle of the sleeper to the very threshold of our compartment. The women talked, the babies cried and all grunted, moving and crowding like the frogs and lice of Egypt. We had to bolt the door to

keep them from coming in our beds. I told Penzotti we were prisoners but he smiled and said, "I show you." With a polite "permisso un momento" he trod on them and over them to the lavatory and diner. "L" and I followed echoing his "permisso." The natives didn't care either because they hadn't paid a sleeper-fare or what is more probable, they were used to being down-trodden. The Indians seemed as insensible as wooden ones before cigar stores. Too early for breakfast, they were having their morning coca, their food and drink, solace and support. Coca and chicha are the Nepenthe and Lethe in which they drown the memories of their sad past and the sadder present of slaving in mine, rubber forest, cattle field and railroad camp.

As the school girl chews gum, the Southerner tobacco and the Javanese the betel nut so the South American Indian chews his coca leaf mixed with a little clay. It is picked from the shrub which grows at the foot of the Andes in Peru and Bolivia. He will work harder and walk further with a little roll of coca leaves than a harvest hand on four big meals a day.

SILVER LININGS



THEY got off at Uyuni, a little Indian town of 5,000, with dirty mud houses on the two sides of four broad ways. It was a short stop but long enough to see a train of llamas loaded with silver from the Potosi mines, some empty mule-carts and our fellow Indian passengers squatting here and there or striking out for the nearest saloon, comfort or pleasure resort. In the little station I saw enough silver to furnish half a dozen mints. It was packed in green hides which had dried and held it tight. They loaded it into our baggage car like so much sugar or salt and there was no free silver for politician or train-robber as it was all weighed, marked and heavily guarded.

It is queer that the old navigators and explorers who came to South America in search of El Dorado couldn't find it, for there are solid mountains of gold and silver. Times have changed since Candide was here. He saw children playing in the streets with nuggets of gold instead of stones and when he left a pack of llamas was given him laden with gold. Now they throw stones at you unless you dig up the nuggets from your pockets and you find the llamas waiting to bank your hotel bill.





SEEING SANTIAGO

CHILE

For hours we pilgrimaged across this table-land desert, dry as a sermon or a traveler's description of it. It was only enlivened by a stop just before we reached the Chilean border where I stumbled against a little fat man and begged his pardon. He looked at me and at the lapel of my coat, I did at him and at the lapel of his coat. The cloth and the style of our garments were different but each of us wore a button that was alike. All we could do was to speak to each other in sign language, and clasp our hands in a Masonic grip. This meeting on the 12,000-foot level and parting on the square could only be measured by time and space.

The desert was dry, so was a young Englishman who sat next to me at the table.

CELEBRATING



THE empty bottles before him represented most of the countries of the world, including one from America which he asked me to share. My polite refusal with a reason led him to explanation and excuse. He said the country was god-forsaken, there was no society, nothing else fit to drink, all there was was women and whisky and while he wanted to be good and had promised his mother he would be good, he intended to get off at Calama that night where the Chileans were celebrating, get drunk and go to a sporting house. If any one insulted him he would get him with a gun, fix it up with the police authorities and get away. Poor fellow, poor fool and like him all the rest who leave God, home and native land for South America and lie in the lap of the Devil and expecting to escape unharmed.

At the Bolivian and Chilean boundary stands the giant sentinel Ollague 20,000 feet tall and always smoking. I paid him a descriptive compliment, said he was a good smoker so that without asking to see my passport he let us by unchallenged. We skirted a borax lake, the color of ice and snow, and I wanted to skate on it. Later we stopped at a larger one where it would take more than a twelve-mule borax team a century of centuries to haul away. I ran down to the shore and picked up a pure white chunk as big as my two fists, and when I thought of its cleansing and medicinal virtues, and how much it was needed here I was sorry any of it was shipped away to other parts of

the world. I saw factory chimney smoke and since there is no smoke without fuel I asked what they burned and learned it was that same yareta which I had seen in Peru and Bolivia. It reminded me of those old pine stumps I used to dig up in New York on my uncle's farm. It is in the class of the other tough people and things that thrive in this country. I had seen it stacked like rocks at the stations after it had been dug out of the ground with shovel and pickaxe. It looks like a big overgrown cabbage and burns like a pine knot. Here it was being shot down from a mountain top on a wire cable car to the factory by the lake.

We were in Chile and it was the 17th of September when she begins a three days' celebration of her independence. It seemed as if Nature joined with human nature in celebrating, for her volcanoes were belching smoke, the hills were arrayed in red metallic dress of yellow, orange and purple and proudly and humanly admired their gorgeous appearance in mirror lakes. We crossed the Ascotan pass at 13,000 feet and passed the two volcanoes, San Pedro and San Pablo. They are tall, majestic and hoary like their great namesakes. As Saint Peter was more demonstrative with swearing tongue than Saint Paul, so the mountain which bears his name flames and fumes, smokes and steams by the side of the silent San Pablo. Like the thirsty traveler who thinks of the refreshing drink at the end of his journey we were reminded of the non-poisonous water at Antofagasta, for at San Pedro station there were native rock reservoirs holding pure mountain spring water piped nearly 200 miles to the tune of \$5,000,000. This fresh water not only supplies the two or three prohibitionists of Antofagasta, but makes steam for the railroad and the nitrate field factories. Down went the sun behind the mountains, and down we went leaving mountains and sun behind until our train slowed up, and like a frightened caterpillar crawled over the Loa viaduct, the highest in the world, 336 feet above the rushing Loa river.

Water is to earth what blood is to man, a sign of life, and leaving the dead desert behind we came through an oasis of farm and pasture land to Calama, a copper mining center from the time of the Incas. All the "coppers" must have been in the mountain for at the station one fellow who had been celebrating lay apparently dead with a broken skull, and there were a lot of

other dead drunks walking and talking around in a state of intoxication not wholly induced by the altitude. Here my English friend, who had been off most of the afternoon, got off. He came up to bid me good-bye with a God bless you, which he soon exchanged for a G— d—— you for somebody who got in his way.

It was night but the old town was light and they were having a Chile sauce time. Many lanterns made it look like a Japanese village, the brass band sounded as if the instruments were full of chicha which they sucked up and blew out in discordant notes. Men and women were having a free and easy time in celebrating their freedom. In front of the little Roman Catholic church Roman candles were spluttering and shooting with a happy abandon that meant a burned face or eyeless socket for somebody. This sight and sound of revelry by night was a good beginning for a three days' debauch when some of the most important of the Ten Commandments are wholly forgotten.

At midnight I went to bed. The train rumbled through the nitrate beds where lie Chile's resources more valuable than silver and copper and where mind and soul lie asleep in dreams of dusty dollars. Nitrate is salt petre, used to make the noise and smell in patriotic celebration, and a fertilizer that has backed the barnyard deposit way off the ox-cart boards. The world's ships dump their products here and cart away the nitrate from Chile's big barnyard. O for some medicinal chemist, in his official laboratory to prepare a powder which South Americans could take internally instead of spreading it on the ground or ramming it in a gun. She needs to fertilize mental and moral grounds long a desert waste.

ANTOFAGASTA



ENOPHON'S men cried "Thalatta" when they saw the sea and when early next morning I looked out of the window and saw the Pacific I said "Thank God." I was as happy to get down from the heights as once I had been to make a safe voyage to terra firma after sailing in the clouds of a captive balloon. Giving my yap of a porter a "yappa," or tip, for our pains, not his, and a God bless you hand-clasp to Penzotti I wandered through the big depot till a runner for the "English hotel" spotted us as strangers and took us in.

After London experiences there wasn't much to remind me of an English hotel except the name, the proprietor, bar and an ex-Londoner. He was a real man, a Masonic brother and charming companion. His had been an eventful life. As I looked at his armless sleeve, he said, "Silver mines and collecting old church pictures have nearly been my death." Then he took us up to his balcony room, showed us a wealth of curios and pictures and told us their history, which leads me to say that instead of burying himself way down here he should enter the lecture field.

In the streets most of the 20,000 inhabitants were celebrating and it was so early I concluded they had been at it all night. To get the lay of the land we took a rubberneck mule car, more primitive than anything seen in old Missouri, and raced across and around the town with frequent relays of mules. Every little house and store floated a flag, every occupant or owner wore a badge and were headed for the Plaza and parade in their Sunday best. We followed suit. Every other building looked like a dive or saloon. Without going in to investigate we hurried to the Plaza. It was festooned with flags, branches and banners. The big English clock in the center with smiling open face and extended hands wished the merry mob a good time. Carriages and autos were decorated, people threw confetti and the fire-department made a run. An ex-fire horse hitched to a fancy rig tried to beat his old engine companions and made the hit of the morning by smashing the carriage and spilling its occupants. We had only come to Antofagasta to get away from it and no matter what entertainment the celebrating little town offered, we went again and again to the wharf to see if our ship had come in.

This is a dry town, the dust was inches thick, it never rains, but the alcoholic drinks poured in and the measure of the Chilean's patriotism seemed to be indicated by the number of bottles and glasses he emptied. Everybody was drier than the fish the fish-mongers carried on poles and hawked through the streets. I was dry, too, but could only wet my whistle by blowing in dirty Chile money for ice-cream that didn't look much cleaner and tasted like half frozen hair-oil.

A SAIL AT LAST



HE big rocks and waves along this coast that spell shipwreck were fewer than the lost souls I met along the water front who had made shipwreck against the rocks of drink, gambling and vice.

At last what seemed a cloud was smoke, a log a boat, and the "Orissa" anchored two miles from shore. I was happy as the Chileans and shaking off the dust of Antofagasta from my feet I turned my back on the high rocks that advertised various fire-waters, went to the pier, and dickered with the pirates to row us over to the ship. We had prayed for a still sea, because the waves are so high here that it is often impossible to embark at all and you have to take a train miles to another harbor. Our prayers were answered, the waves were only fifteen feet high. As our rowboat pulled out the big friendly seals which act as scavengers came near our boat, blubbered bye-bye and sank out of sight. We would have done the same thing if it hadn't been for the skillful oarsmen who piloted us through mountain waves. They are able to row a barge loaded with tons of freight and bring it safely ashore through the surf. I was the first to grab the rope and pulled myself on the gang. "L" and my wife were good acrobats and followed. If she had been hobbled with a tight skirt it would have been a loose and split one. Others came aboard, but were less fortunate and were as wet from head to foot as if they had swum from shore, been swept out of their boats, or had been punished with the ducking stool for remonstrating with the price the pirate rowers had charged them.

Our boat was an ancient craft, but more steady and safe than some of the new fast set that turned up their prow at us and gave us the go-by. The officers of bridge, deck, cabin and saloon were the best specimens of Britannia's men who ruled the waves and as genial, kind and companionable to the passengers as if we were members of one common family. The perils of the deep were welcome compared with those of the land and with a hot bath, some clean clothes, water to drink, a steamer chair and a book we were prepared to receive any visit Neptune might make.

COQUIMBO



IT was lucky Friday when we caught this phantom ship "Orissa" we had been chasing for weeks over mountains, lakes, plains and deserts. After two days' quiet snoozing in the rocking cradle of the deep I woke up Sunday morning, God's rest day, ready to go to church service, not on ship, for they have none, but on shore at Coquimbo.

The mass was celebrating in the street and they were celebrating mass in the church and I mingled with both classes of worshippers. The little town had the usual plaza laid out according to the same stiff plans of the architect undertaker who figures in all the other South American cities. The day seemed more given to patriotism than piety and flags, flowers and music were the adorable trinity. In our processional through the dusty, narrow streets we fell in with an English chap who gave up a ride with his sweetheart to show his American cousins around. Our first station of the cross was up the hill, where by a cross road lay a big stone with a white cross daubed on it. He told me a poor fellow had been killed here in a drunken brawl and that wherever I saw such a mark it stood for some murder. From the wagon loads of bottled booze that were climbing this Calvary of death to the segregated sporting district of the city, it was easy to imagine what deeds without a name would be done, and how busy the white-wash artist would soon be decorating more wayside stones with murder marks. The fine wine made here plus the women and song draw the men from the mining and agricultural districts. They ride in on horseback and amuse themselves by racing or trying to shove and ride down a number of horsemen lined up before some store waiting for liquid refreshments. We saw some men on horseback carrying milk in a kind of saddle bag can, and I came to the delightful conclusion that there could be no milk without water and no water without pasturage and that we had at last entered a part of the world where an umbrella could be used for something besides a cane, a canine defense or sun-shade.

"Sic transit gloria mundi," I thought, as picturesque Coquimbo was swallowed in the wake and smoke of our ship, but after midnight I was waked by the rolling of the boat and at foggy four a. m. rolled out of my berth wide awake and translated the Latin phrase, "Sick transit, glory! Monday." When

the fog lifted my stomach settled, the anchor went over with a splash and I poked my head out of the port hole and beheld Valparaiso harbor, with ships from every port, and the city clinging to the semicircle cliffs as if it had been swept up by a tidal wave or feared being thrown down by an earthquake.

VALPARAISO



CHILEAN company of manly Boy Scouts who were returning after an outing had entertained us on shipboard with their soldierly ways. They went ashore in their official boat and since I had taken an interest in them and a picture of them, their leader invited us to accompany him ashore. So I was saved another piratical expedition. Mrs. "M" refused to get off, saying it would take all the rest of the sea voyage to rest up from her recent land trip.

On shore I ran amidships of my old friend, Captain Matthias of the "Imperial," who had brought us from Callao to Mollendo. His boat was in the harbor waiting repairs. He said he needed repairs, he had been so long without a vacation. His wife and daughter had never recovered the shock of the terra motta in 1906, when one of his daughters was killed, their house shaken to pieces and everything smashed except the little center table with some delicate Japanese china on it. Since they were to take our boat to England the next day he invited us to his new home, but I told him I was on my way to Santiago. He said I didn't have time to see the capital and make the boat. I told him I could get there in five hours, spend seven hours sightseeing and be back in the morning early enough to take in all the sights of Valparaiso, make notes for a lecture and catch the boat before noon. He laughed and said, "Nobody but a Yankee would do that." I replied, "That shows how much smarter they are than other people."

I had been the mutual friend of a little French Jew and a big German Lutheran who were going to Santiago. They had fallen out with each other on deck and I hoped the coach would bring them nearer together. In vain! The German smiled at Frenchy's spats and Frenchy spat at the German's smiles. My sympathies were with Frenchy. He had played and improvised on shipboard for me, told me many horrible unwritten chapters

of Chilean character and history, which as a trader he knew from observation, and had written out an itinerary of Santiago's sights and what to pay for them.

We rode in a Pullman-like car, on a government owned road, which reverses the rule of robbing the passenger to pay the plutocrat corporation. The train rattled along the water front with the bay and shipping on our left, warehouses to our right, city stores and homes on granite hills above them and passed Vina del Mar, a pretty and palatial suburb where the rich roll in the sandy soil like porpoises at play or sport like Bacchus in the vineyards. The green carpet of the fields was embroidered with golden poppies. The stations were a-bloom with black-eyed Susans, daisies and South American beauties that nodded and waved. The engine whistled by wooded slopes, raced through mossy ravines and fruit orchards, swinging our coaches like dancing partners around the hills. It threw wreaths of smoke at the foothills of the kingly Cordilleras and ended its run of 115 miles, snorting and panting in the new Santiago station, 1,700 feet above the sea.

SEEING SANTIAGO



HAILING a driver, who was big and strong as his horse and carriage, I showed him the long list of what we wanted to see, and gave him a handful of dirty money to pay for it. He started out like Jehu and at a pace that was only slowed up by a funeral procession crossing the Mapocho bridge.

Santiago is no lazy Lima, antiquated Arequipa, carrion Cuzco or peaceful La Paz, but a wide-awake, wealthy, snappy and sporty city. Though some distance from Missouri it has to be shown everything up to date whether good or bad.

We circled the Square bounded by the big Cathedral, government and archbishop's palace, arcades and hotels; had a brief session before the long Congress building; peeped in through a crack of the art gallery door and saw some naked men and women standing around in marble sang froid; raced through narrow Seville-like streets while pretty girls leaned over balconies as interested as if they had staked their money and hearts on us and wanted us to win; passed the bronze and marble memorial on the awful site of the Jesuit church, which burned

as an altar with the sacrifice of 2,000 women while priests escaped with their lives and loot; and stopped at the historic rock where Valdivia built a fort and fought the Araucanians, the bravest of all the South American Indians.

It is called San Lucia park now and has been made into a kind of hanging garden 200 feet high. I hung around awhile. There were winding walks, shady steps, statues, terraces with cafes and beds of beautiful flowers, but the only things I was allowed to pick in this garden were a menu card, a hairpin, some confetti and old papers that had been left by the Saturnalian celebrators the night before. The view of the city below is as fine as you get of Rome from the Pincian hill or of Florence from the heights of San Miniato. Could I have remained here all night and had Le Sage's "Devil on Two Sticks" knock off the roofs of the houses I would have seen the same class of saints and sinners.

CHRIST AND HIS MOTHER



On one side of the city rises the hill San Cristobal, the base for a gigantic gilded statue of the Virgin. A mercenary love for gold has sliced off half the hill at its base which makes me fear the Virgin will fall and occupy a lower position than the statues and images of her Son and Saviour in the churches below.

Mary has crowded Jesus out of the manger cradle and accepts His worship and gifts. At Lima over the chancel in La Merced you read "Gloria a Maria," in the Jesuit church of the Campania at Cuzco are these words cut in the stone wall, "Come unto Mary, all ye who are burdened and weary with your sins and she will give you rest," while in the oldest church in Barranquilla there is said to be no figure of Christ in the altar equipment, but Mary without the infant in the center, figures of Mary on either side, and the "Gloria a Maria" over it all. Looking towards the Andes I recalled the heroic bronze statue, "The Christ of the Andes," which stands in snow-drifts between Chile and Argentina as a memorial of love and peace after a hateful dispute over their boundary lines. From what I saw at Santiago after dark and later at Buenos Aires by day and night I thought the statue in the snow was symbolic of the "freeze out" of the

Redeemer from these two cities which like Bethlehem have no room for Him in the inn of their hearts.

I saw a bronze Indian here that stood on a rock looking indifferently at all this splendid scenery and wished we could change places, he to go, I to stay, for a while.

PARKS AND LARKS



LEAVING this aristocratic park we drove to the race track, passing through the popular public Cousino park, a gift from the world's once wealthiest woman, Senora Isadora Cousino. Here the common people congregate. We saw them play football, romp, race, walk and waltz. Near the road under some large shady trees I saw a gay group of men with handkerchiefs in their hands swinging around in pairs and kicking their heels in the air, while the women were keeping time and having a good time by raising their skirts high enough to show their well filled stockings. I didn't know whether they were drunk, crazy or being initiated into some new order. It was as interesting as any outdoor dance I had seen in Spain or Sweden. I learned it was the zamacuaca, a cancan national dance. Those who won't or can't cancan, are wanting in a popular proof of patriotism. The Chileans live to have a good time. The government says they shall not play the lotteries or fight the bull, but they make up for it in horseracing.

We drove into the race course and were driven out because it was time to close, but not until we had seen the big race track, the club house, the paddocks, shade trees, refreshment tables, band stand, ferns and flowers around the seats and boxes. I imagined what it must be on Sunday when the human race dressed in its stylish best watched the horse race. I couldn't yell and bet on a winning horse, but let out a shout that startled our team when I turned around and saw the chain of the snowy Andes, rising twenty thousand feet blood red in the setting sun. I have seen the sun set on most of the great mountains of the world, but with no such glory as this. It suggested the revelation of the burning doom of the world which only the Apocalyptic seer could describe. Surely such ensanguined sunsets please the Chilean soldiers who have stained the earth with a deeper red with their bloody butcheries. I wanted to make a glowing pen-picture of this scene, but couldn't because I didn't

have any red ink and so started for the town which would be painted red long after the sun went down.

We drove back by way of the asphalted Alameda, a boulevard that runs the length of the city, 600 feet wide, with central promenade, driveways and walks on either sides. It is flanked by four rows of poplars interspersed with statues and fountains and faced by rich residences, the university, barracks and national institute. The avenue is an aristocratic artery through which flows the blue blood of the town in endless stream of carriage and auto. The driver gave us our money's worth and showed us as much in four hours as some people see in a month. He oddly landed us at the Oddo Hotel, as if we had enough to pay for a dinner where women in silks and diamonds and men in broadcloth and patent leathers vie with each other in drinking champagne and smoking cigarets.

The stores and arcades had been closed for three days of celebration, but were now open and their electric lighted windows displayed everything you might need or want in drink, food, dress, ornament, books, music, pictures and the latest styles from London and Paris. Sidewalks and streets were packed with a pleasure-seeking throng, laughing, chatting, swishing canes, wearing flowers, ogling and flirting.

FLIRTING



FLASHING is a fine art in Santiago. The police might cut it out with their little swords if they cared to, but they don't because they are often busy themselves gazing at some tall, pale, oval-face, dark-haired, dark-eyed senorita walking with her equally pretty sister. They are chaperoned by some old male or female protector for fear they will run away or be stolen. The scene reminded me of Madrid, where the men stand on the corner watching the feminine fashion parade, calling attention to this woman's face or that woman's figure or foot, asking who she is, how old, whether she is married, and if so, openly complimenting the husband on his good fortune. Frequently he tells the young lady she looks pretty good to him and puts on the finishing touches of this Latin flirtation by asking her to fly away and be his love. She is often anxious to escape from the prison of a home or society that suspects her of being unable and unwilling to guard her beauty and

character and watches and follows her like a detective agency.

Though my wife was over a hundred miles away, I couldn't talk Spanish, and so couldn't engage in this lovely national pastime and merely stood on the street corner with "L," a looker on at the passing show. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. Frenchy had told me to take care and beware of these beautiful and bad women of Santiago, with their perfumed Medusa locks, manicured harpy claws and painted basilisk eyes. It is not surprising that this love and license lead to licentiousness and that Chile stands next to Paraguay in the number of her illegitimate children. She thinks more of money than morals, too much of her nitrate beds and too little of her marriage beds. Sunday piety gives way to Monday profligacy. The black manta not only hides homely faces, but covers horrible thoughts and the Penitentas with their white mantas and skirts are often worse than their sister sinners.

CHILE CON CARNAGE



HIS is a big newspaper town and the press isn't afraid to print the truth from heaven above or hell beneath. I bought some copies and had them translated. Their personals were very direct, their editorials fair, and the news columns chronicled atrocities of brutal, beastly soldiers who tied a father to a tree and outraged his wife and daughter before his eyes.

Chile is low on the map and in her morals. The people look down on the savage Tierra del Fuegians who can't look up to the Chileans when it comes to keeping the Ten Commandments. The lowest savages in South America are the Chilean soldiers. They are Chile con carnage, cruel, cold, cursing, carnal. They were not satisfied with shooting the Peruvians, but followed it up by cutting their throats with knives carried for that very purpose. These butchers got fresh with some of our sailors and in a drunken row killed some, injured others and then sent an insulting reply to Mr. Blaine. Uncle Sam doubled up one fist and opened the other. Chile apologized and paid an indemnity of \$75,000 for the families whose heads had been butchered and bullied. It is quite appropriate that the national bird of Chile is a vulture-beaked condor.

NO PROHIBITION



THE Chilean clergy have simplified the preaching and practice of the Ten Commandments by the omission of the little word "not." This results in the Do-away version:

Thou shalt have other gods of drink, gold, gambling and debauchery before me.

Thou shalt make graven images of seraphs, saints, Madonnas, Magdalens, Christs and crucifixes.

Thou shalt take God's name in vain to damn the Peruvians and gringo Yankees.

Remember the Sabbath day to go to church, eat a big dinner, attend the horse-races, promenade and flirt, and patronize the theatre, cafe and resort.

Dishonor thy father and thy mother by leaving them out from filial plans for flagrant pleasures.

Thou shalt kill thy Peruvian enemies and unborn babes.

Thou shalt commit adultery in thought, desire and deed wherever, whenever and with whomsoever thou findest opportunity.

Thou shalt steal Peru's guano and nitrate beds, and as much silver from Bolivia and cattle from Argentina as possible, not forgetting thy neighbor's wife, daughter and pocketbook.

Thou shalt bear false witness against thy neighbor, Peru, in private conversation and public court, in words of slander and malice.

Thou shalt covet everything that is thy neighbor's, the wife of his heart, the diamond of his hand, the auto of his garage, the financial success of his business and everything else which is not thine.

A RELIGIOUS REVOLT



ANTIAGO is a great town for Corpus Christi and other church processions. I was sorry I missed the big parade in June when 50,000 marched up and down the streets day and night.

The Elevated Host and hostess of the occasion were dummies of a monk and nun side by side, followed by men dressed like priests, swinging censers, and students garbed like penitents carrying lighted tapers.

The rear was rounded up by bearers of banners with inscriptions and mottoes attacking the Papal Nuncio and the church itself. The blind, aged and superstitious, not knowing it was a fake, crossed themselves and bowed and prayed. The spectators looked on, laughed and applauded.

The oldest inhabitant had not seen anything like it in a city where the church has a greater revenue than the government and clerical property is estimated at over hundreds of millions of dollars.

The Nuncio, instead of contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, had been hustling around for gold, mortgaging or selling church property in view of the coming separation of state and church. He sent it over to the golden banks of the Tiber. The radicals and educated classes further declared he had monkeyed in politics, had shown preference for Peru instead of Chile and was making clerical appointments which by law and usage was the sole right of the government. And the clergy was the luxurious, idle and dissipated kind of Spain and Portugal. It is easy to see why education has been hated here by the church. When men study they think, see and act for themselves and are no longer willing to tolerate political intrigue and robbery which poses under the guise of inspired religious piety. This procession was a good sign of better times. A few more Constitutional walks like this and Chile will have the religious health of her East coast neighbors and Santiago will breathe the pure air of liberty instead of the stifling air of canon law which isn't good for anybody anywhere.

A NIGHTMARE RIDE



THE midnight ride of Paul Revere has been called in question, but there is no question of there being anything to revere in our midnight ride from Santiago to Valparaiso. If the Overland to B. A. was like this I'm glad I didn't go that way. It was the last train we could take and the guard acted as if we were train robbers and he was afraid we would take it. We stepped into a springless, cold, lampless, waterless, second-class day-coach sandwiched between box cars. Starting late we tried to make up time, but almost landed in eternity. Passengers purchasing tickets on this line should each receive a card bearing the cheerful motto, "Prepare

to meet thy God." The engine started like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons, ran and shrieked, waking the echoes of the hills that sounded like the voices of the lost, and stopped with a jerk, panting and listening as if it were pursued. It side-tracked, switched, tanked up at stations, reeled and pitched ahead till I wondered how it could stay on the rails. O the dust and dirt, jar and jolt, hour after hour, till I fell asleep on a cushionless seat, dreaming of earthquakes and the crack of doom. Then came a bump and a lurch of the train that rolled me off the seat and made me think the end of the world had come. I opened my eyes and found it was the beginning of another day and the sun was shining on the harbor, ships, houses and hills of Valparaiso. It looked like a vale of paradise after the purgatory I had just passed through. No one who takes this train can doubt he is in the earthquake belt. It is a good preparation because you are well-shaken before taking the terra motta. The city is a paradise for gamblers who bet on the Santiago horse races, and human nature seems to have corrupted Nature who often shakes this pair o' dice. Almost every night it is rocked to sleep by earthquakes.

THE VALE OF PARADISE



ALPARAISO'S quakes, like Frisco's, are said to be "due to a readjustment of the geological fault underlying the region." Were both towns to receive their "due" for their immoral "fault" they would be swept to the "underlying region," for they are very much like Hell except that they have plenty of water.

We fell in with some English sailors in the swim who told us where we could strike out and plunge into drink dives along the shore and Sodom and Gomorrah joints on the edge of town. Feeling devoutly thankful for the Providence of the night's ride we prayed for daily bread and started to get it. Squares, hotels and stores were deserted, so we took a by-street to the market. Everything was noisy with people buying and selling, especially so in a dark corner where sailors and Chileans were eating breakfast. The market was full of fresh fish, fruit and vegetables, but all we could get was strong coffee, bread and fish. Sitting on a hard bench before a plain board table, watching the cook with smoke in our eyes and grease in our nose, our hunger was

satisfied before we began, but we pushed something down all the while envious of a fishy looking, smelling man opposite who ate fish and more fish and drank like a fish and whose name, I think, was Mr. Fish.

Rested and refreshed we started sightseeing and since the conductors on the street cars are women I went into a grocery store where they sold muslin and canned goods and bought a clean collar. This made me look first class and I could enter the car and sit below near the conductor instead of climbing to the second class on top. I let several fly by until I found the bird of paradise I wanted. She wore a smart black straw, blue suit and meant business, promptly taking my money as she rang me on, and later rang me off. Why was this fair woman collecting fare? Had the men been killed off in the wars, did they ask less wages than men, were they more honest and knocked down less fares, did it increase traffic by having young men spend their money for car rides instead of cocktails and cigarettes, or was it an illustration of the woman's rights question, "I dare do all that may become a man?"

Like good Chileans we looked up to her statue of Admiral Prat and like good Americans looked down at her scrap-iron naval fleet in the roadstead and said "Vale Paradise" to Val-paraiso, but with no such feelings of regret as our primal parents had when they left Eden.

ROBINSON CRUSOE



HOWEVER, the paradise of my youthful imagination, the home of Robinson Crusoe and his good Friday, lies just West of here. The island is called Juan Fernandez after the man who barked his boat and shins on it in 1583. Chile says she owns it, but Defoe gave it to the world. Robinson Crusoe is brother to every child who has an eye to read or an ear to hear. This was an isle of the blest in spite of its unlucky size of 13 miles in length and the name Friday. I never could cry over Alexander Selkirk Crusoe because I thought he was pretty lucky to be all alone with no family to beg him for ice cream and concert tickets. He could go out and be piratical when he wanted to, climb up 3,000 feet on the old Yunge peak, slide down into the fertile valleys, eat figs and melons and then tango on the beach in fig-leaf trousers with ocean's melancholy

waste before him and a meloncholic waist inside him. Our boat didn't touch here and I was happy not to lose the illusion which Defoe, the friend of children, had created. The trail of the serpent is in every paradise. Since that Friday meeting the brave Swiss cheese-eaters, the jolly German beer-drinkers and the carousing Chileans have left their footprints on these time-honored sands. I learned from the captain that they catch and can lobsters, and I was anxious to go over and "can" the other lobsters who thus lovingly preserve the island's romantic traditions, but they were 400 miles away and we had just coal enough to steam to Lota.

LOTA'S HAUNTED HOUSE



LOTA is known for its coal and Castle and it is like carrying coal to Newcastle to say anything about the place. We went ashore with two sea-captains who had friends there. Naturally the first place we stopped was the Saloon Hotel, more saloon than hotel. One of the sea-dogs found the liquor very "mellering to the organ" and barked some strange oaths until his companion nudged him, saying, "Have respect for the minister if not for God."

On our way to the Castle we passed big-wheeled ox-carts, peeked in the small stores, rested in a pretty park, saw a poor little cripple, snapped his picture and passed the hat, climbed the long hill and made a pastoral call on the widow and family of a wrecked sea-captain. She longed for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that was still.

The coal mines made Matias Cousino, he made the copper smelter and the copper smelter made possible a kind of home settlement for the working men. Their wants are looked after with stores for food, church for religion and doctors and pills for sickness.

We had no time or wish to go down in the coal mine or through the copper smelter, but did want to see Cousino park and Chateau. There was no angel guarding the gate with flaming sword, but there was a stoop-shouldered gardener with flaming face and bearded lip who raised his hoe and would have kept us out had it not been for a young fellow who knew the profane captain and gave the word that passed us in. There were flowers, shrubs and trees, and llamas instead of deer. Beneath lay

the little town, beyond the wide Pacific, and on the crest of the hill overlooking all was the Chateau built by the rich widow, Isadora Cousino, a multimillionairess, from her mines, roads and ships.

Distance lends enchantment. In some bushes I saw Venus at the bath, but on near approach the fountain was dry and the figure plaster. From what I had read of this "finest house of South America" I expected to see another Taj Mahal. Alas, it looks like a run-down, second class French hotel with chipped plaster, cheap windows, broken steps and boarded doors.

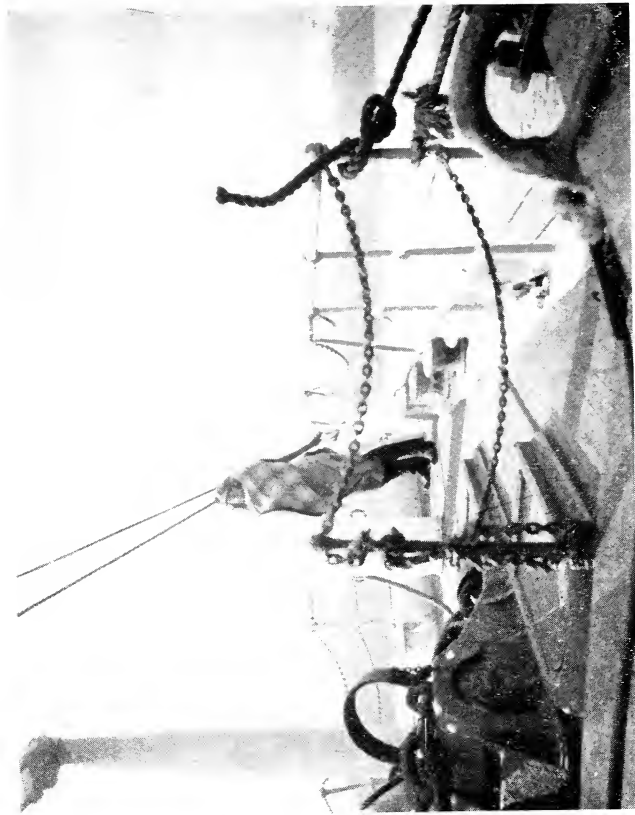
Inside a large space is filled with disorder. There was art and artifice, open floors and marble steps, gaudy walls and gay ceilings, luxurious bath rooms and sufficient other furnishings to make the family contented and happy. Rumor says they were not, that death, disease and dissipation had made it a mad and not a glad house. I picked up a rusty key in a haunted chamber to lock this page and shut out some strange, sad stories I heard. Tourists visit the Chateau by day and ghosts by night. The only abiding occupant is the spider hanging his cobweb curtains and the centipede walking through the deserted halls.

MAGELLAN'S STRAITS



HIS was our last West Coast city and I was glad to leave a W. C. where water and soap are practically unknown. A wreck near the wharf and a reef near the boat were cheerful reminders of what we might expect on our sail to the Straits of Magellan. Passing a Chilean submarine boat we were hoisted by a wave on the "Orissa" and soon under way, on a wide sea.

The rhyme of the Ancient Mariner here reads like this, "Where'er I roam I love the foam except upon my beer." A two days' sail brought us to the land of mist and snow. We saw whales spouting to smaller fry, flocks of Cape Horn pigeons dressed in beautiful black and white feathers that would make a Parisian modiste die with envy, and an albatross large enough to make a sea-gull look like a sparrow. With my kodak I shot the albatross, a thing I always wanted to do since I heard the poem. The deep did not rot, but grew fresh and the "Orissa," instead of being idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean began to shoot the chutes down the big waves. The sailors say



IN HARD STRAITS

STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

it is bad weather when the birds fly low and since they were laying low for us the captain advised us to roll into bed and forget we were on the sea. But sleep here is not a "gentle thing" and we were on "deck" and wide awake Sunday morning at 4:30 when we entered the Straits.

For the special accommodation of sightseers who come from Pole to Pole to see the Straits there is a boat once a month that goes through its sublime mountain and glacier scenery at night. On account of head-winds that made the officers swear and the passengers sick we were delayed, thus making the trip by daylight, to the disgust of the captain, who apologized because he couldn't get us through in the dark on scheduled time. However, we looked at it in another light, sun light.

The mountains were bleak and blanketed with snow, the ice was here, there and all around. Big blue dragon-like glaciers wound from ice-castled crags down through ravines to the water's edge to wrap us in their icy coils. I had sailed Alaska's Inland sea, looked on mountains of rock and ice in Switzerland, Norway and India, but this was different with its summits, solitude and sea-birds. I wanted to go around Cape Horn, but it blows such blasts and gores so many ships to death that I had to take the Straits. The captain on the bridge earned his money and had no time to be social with the passengers. He was thinking of crooked channels, cross currents, dangerous rocks, sudden squalls and storms. What must poor old Magellan have been up against in 1519 when he told his Portuguese king he couldn't give him a new world, but would try to give him a southern way around it! His ship was a rowboat by the side of ours. After mutiny and wreck a bad Indian landed him on the other shore, where I hope he has charted and circumnavigated the heavens so that the reader and writer can find their way in safety.

I stood in the bow, wrapped in a steamer rug, with arms folded not so much to imitate Napoleon as to keep from blowing into the deep, dark, cold waters. Giant kelp floated by. The Fuegians use it for food and the pilot observes it as a warning signal of the dangerous rocks beneath. On either side of the now widening or narrowing channel the bold shores were overgrown with grass and scrubby trees and sloped up to where there were bare rock, waterfall, or snow, ice and cloud.

This is a picnic place for seals, otters, fish, fowl and Fuegians,

not for a white man. I had read of the Terra del Fer, short in stature and clothes, who came out to meet the ships in his dug-outs and trade one of his wives or daughters to a lonesome sailor for a can of tobacco or bottle of gin. None were in sight. Perhaps they were huddled around a fire making a meal off some missionary who had only offered them the virtues of prayers, crosses and Bibles instead of the vices of the higher civilization. Maybe they were paddling their canoes with family and fire aboard in search of fish and crabs. The brutal Yahgan is naked, though he wears the pants in the sense of ruling the roost. His idea of woman suffrage is to bear children, cook the breakfast, row the boat and in case of storm treat her like Jonah without providing a friendly fish to come to her rescue.

What a glorious Sunday! Of course there was service, and I spent little time in formal prayer and Bible reading, but I was a reverent and rejoicing worshipper at Nature's altar. The clouds were incense; the rush of winds and waters, music; the mountains, the tables of stone commandments; the sermon, "Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee;" the prayer, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

THE END OF THE WORLD



BY sunset the glory had departed, the waters had widened, the land had flattened and we had anchored off Punta Arenas, Sandy Point, the world's southernmost city. I had been to Hammerfest, the most northern, and this was about as cold.

The town has always looked and smelled sheepish. Chile founded it as a convict station, a corral for her "black sheep." Today its 10,000 inhabitants are engaged in raising, collecting and exporting sheep, meat, hides and tallow. The electric lights of the city lured our launch through the shipping to the pier and we made a hurried hike by warehouses and dingy broad ways to the Plaza. The band concert was over, but the South wind-instruments blew music. The church was closed and the only person around was a statue. The "Sarah Brown" mansion was dark. Like moths we were attracted by the light of a curio store.

As we entered a little lady left the supper table and came to meet us. She spoke English and when we did with an American accent she tried to sell us a sample of every souvenir she had in

stock. The place was packed with vicuna, guanaco, otter and silver fox skins and stuffed pigeons, penguins, albatross and armadillos. Two traders came in with a big rawhide bundle of skins. The natives catch the game with a boleta. It is a long leather thong with a stone at each end, a kind of sling or lariat, which they throw at the feet of the animal. I picked one up, but it was over an English pound and I threw it at her feet, and bought a long bone spearhead which some Tierra del Fuegian used to catch a fish or to crack a bonehead enemy's skull. I use this savage weapon to cut the leaves of magazines and newspaper articles written by ossified and thick-skulled editors. I paid for this and the postcards with my last Chilean pesos.

Chilean paper money is the filthiest lucre I ever handled and I was glad to get rid of it. It doesn't represent much gold or silver specie, but is rich in every species of microbe known to science. A peso equals about twenty cents and has a thousand of another kind. It smells dirty, looks dirty, feels dirty. We U. S. and Co. have money to burn, but the government would never permit us to start a bonfire of Chilean paper in our back yard. This cheap mazuma soon soils and smells, looks and feels like discarded paper and hospital rags. I'd hate to be a rich man down here unless I could count my money with rubber gloves. One good thing is that if you don't like the money, and owe a man ten cents, you tear the bill in half, and make him stick a stamp on it, which adds to the graft of the government.

We went aboard at midnight and at six next morning weighed anchor. In the porthole frame I saw the picture of the far South town where human driftwood is washed up on Sandy Point. Strange but true, the Straits is the place where crooks convene from all over the world. The swift current soon shot us through the Straits by lowlands on either side. Suddenly nearing the Atlantic, a tall figure loomed in the distance on the Patagonian shore. Surely it was one of those Irish named Pat or Caliban giants Magellan and his men met and scrapped with here. The captain assured me it was only a lighthouse, so now the only giant I know anything about is the one David hit between the eyes and knocked down and out. Late in the afternoon we sighted the Falklands and next morning anchored in the outer harbor of Port Stanley, 300 miles East of the Straits.

FALKLAND ISLANDS



SCIENCE says the Falklands are the children of Patagonia. There was no race suicide, for there are more than a hundred of them and the Atlantic is their wet nurse. Ugliness as well as beauty must draw with a single hair because England, France and Spain fought to adopt them and John Bull won.

History avers the islands were first colonized by the penguins whose descendants still make up the better part of the population. Then the English came with their mutton-chop whiskers. Last were the other mutton-heads that furnish food and clothes for the nation whose Union Jack floats over and protects them.

Aeolus has his headquarters here and keeps a kind Providence busy tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. I went up on deck and hung to the rail for fear of being blown on the rocky shore before the lighter came. The winds whipped the waves until they jumped, frothed and howled. When Captain Thomas came aside with his mail boat to take passengers to Port Stanley we three and the purser were the only ones who cared or dared to go.

SISTER MARGARET

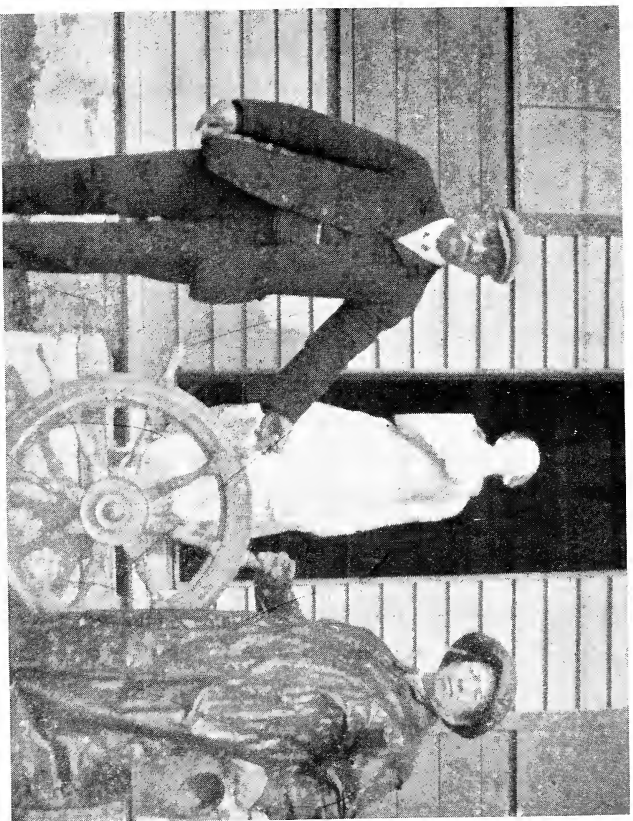


S I was going down the gang a Spanish passenger grabbed me, thrust a package in my hand and said, "Give to Sister Margaret at the Convent." I started down again, but another man seized me and asked, "What's in this?" I told him he could search me, I didn't know. "Let's take a look," he replied. I said he couldn't, for I was to deliver it to Sister Margaret. Whereupon he took the package from my hand, remarking he was the custom officer, and began to unwrap it. He found so many papers that he got tired and commenced to smell it. I told him again I was taking it to the convent, but he replied, "Yes, but doncherknow the government is very strict about tobacco and whisky." He looked like a good judge of whisky and tobacco and not regarding it as his customary duty to confiscate the bundle, gave me the original package.

FALKLAND ISLANDS



MORRILL



CAST UP BY THE SEA

FALKLAND ISLANDS

A SEA-DOG



CAPTAIN T. and boat were bobbing up and down with impatience. He extended his hand across the sea, pulled us on and we were off. Wind-blown, wave-washed and salt-sprayed we dived down as if in a submarine or on the back of a dolphin. "L" and I were brave. We stood by the captain and were willing to help him steer, if needs be, but he steered clear of us. My wife was in the little cabin below, half drowned by big waves that swept into the open hatchway. I suppose we looked uneasy. The captain said there was no danger, it always blew this way and sometimes worse. In a little while we were in the second harbor and docked.

We were Americans, he was a Welshman and took us to his home to see his American wife and daughter. They were the soul of hospitality, brought us to the big stove where we could get warm and dry, filled us with coffee and cake as if we had been shipwrecked and cast up on the beach. The captain had been treating the purser with a warm drink from a dark bottle. He offered me some and after he drank what I refused related what had happened to our sister ship a few months before. She struck and went down on the "Billy" rock. He had saved 400 passengers and the mail, but lost the parcel post. The grateful captain gave him a case of wine which he accepted without paying any duty. But "England expects every man to pay his duty" and he was soaked \$250 and had felt sore ever since. I told him I knew Carnegie by reputation, would try and get him a medal for bravery and have the booze fine refunded. He sadly shook his head and said valor, like virtue, was its own reward. However, on the return to the ship I heard the other side of the story. "Thomas was a splendid sailor and brave, but O you Kidd, a pirate who lived off the wrecks of the Royal Mail and other vessels." I don't believe this tommyrot and only repeat it in order to deny it. Everybody here has a record. I heard Harry Lauder's "She Is My Daisy," another proof that one touch of the phonograph makes the whole world achin'.

PORT STANLEY



HE skipper's daughter piloted us through Port Stanley; to the Gaol, which opened its arms to receive me; to the convent, where Sister Margaret did the same thing when I delivered the goods; to the Social Club, whose exterior was inviting as a mortuary receiving vault; to the public school yard, where like a good Shriner, I hung to the rope and swung round the maypole; to the little postoffice, whose keeper was said to know more foreign and domestic news than anyone in town; to the well-built and conducted English church, the only Protestant one I had seen since leaving home, and to the Museum filled with native shells, rocks, peat, "tussock grass," butterflies, sea-birds' eggs, big, speckled and old, the kind you would like to present to a bad actor over the footlights with your compliments. There were skeleton bones of shark and whale, harpoons and whaling outfits, stuffed gulls, albatross and penguins.

The penguin is a bird of an actor. He is a black and white comedian and a whole show in himself. No theatre ever is necessary here, for he and his company give a continuous performance on the seashore. When Penguin, the pantomimer, sits up you laughingly take notice of wings he swims with and feet he uses as a rudder. His beak is black, he wears a scaly dark coat and a white vest. When he jigs around on his fat seal-like tail he makes my pen grin as I write about it. Feeling the kind old guardian we bought some colored stones and shells for remembrance, and gifts for friends on other shores.

We passed up the Governor's House where the King of the Penguin Islands lives; were blown down the one main street lined with funny little stone-built, iron-roofed houses huddled together to keep warm or from being blown into the sea; whirled through narrow streets with small houses whose front windows were filled with bright red flowers suggesting far away England; and whisked around the Globe Hotel, where it was whisky everywhere nor any drop of water to drink. Captain T. met us and took us to a little building nearby, his headquarters.

NEPTUNE'S CURIOSITY SHOP



I T was filled with flotsam and jetsam of shipwrecked vessels. Here were gray old anchors, with twisted arms and shanks and weighed with grief; missing links of cables rusting in the sea; battered buoys, which had been the football of the waves; crazy compasses unhinged by some catastrophe, their palsied hands no longer pointing to the North; rudders, weak and rickety through ocean's storm and stress; disabled steering wheels, that had circled the globe; life preservers, which told the names of ships but not of the poor unfortunates who clung to them in despair; spars, that had been struck a blow by the waves and knocked out, and life-boat lanterns that had lighted the way to dusky death. Behind the door I ran against a buxom woman in white and asked the captain to introduce me to his lady friend. She had been a figure-head on a boat and swept overboard in a storm. He picked her up on the beach and instead of taking her to his family kept her in his office. Not knowing when we three might meet again we stood up and had our picture taken. He offered me the girl but I had one, so like a Masonic Diogenes I selected a lantern as a souvenir in the hopes that I might find an honest man in South America. On the way to the wharf I snapped some two-wheeled peat carts and a bearded shepherd shaggy as his collie dogs.

WRECKS AND WHALES



P ORT STANLEY is a hospital where sailing vessels that have been blown around the Horn come to have the ship-doctor reset their broken ribs, restrung their rope nerves and scrape the barnacles off their bottoms. I saw two old whaling hulks, wished them well and prayed for their bon voyage. There is good fishing here and I was sorry there was no time to go out and make a big catch, for these are great whale waters. Before the Norwegians came with harpoons it is fabled the primitive Patagonian giants angled here for whales, using a big tree for a rod, a cable for a line, a buoy for a bobber, and an anchor for a hook baited with a sea-serpent's tail. Science scouts this as anachronistic, but I can believe it as easily as some of the theories it has advanced for the "Stone Rivers" that roll down these hills. As we sailed the smooth inner to the

rough outer harbor we passed within a stone's throw of these rocky rills of quartzite. Captain T. gave strange theories about these rivers. He stopped short when I innocently asked if they bottled and shipped any "mineral" waters from these old "stone" rivers. We were glad to meet and sad to leave Captain T. and I can't believe he is in the "mild-mannered" class of those who scuttle ships and cut throats.

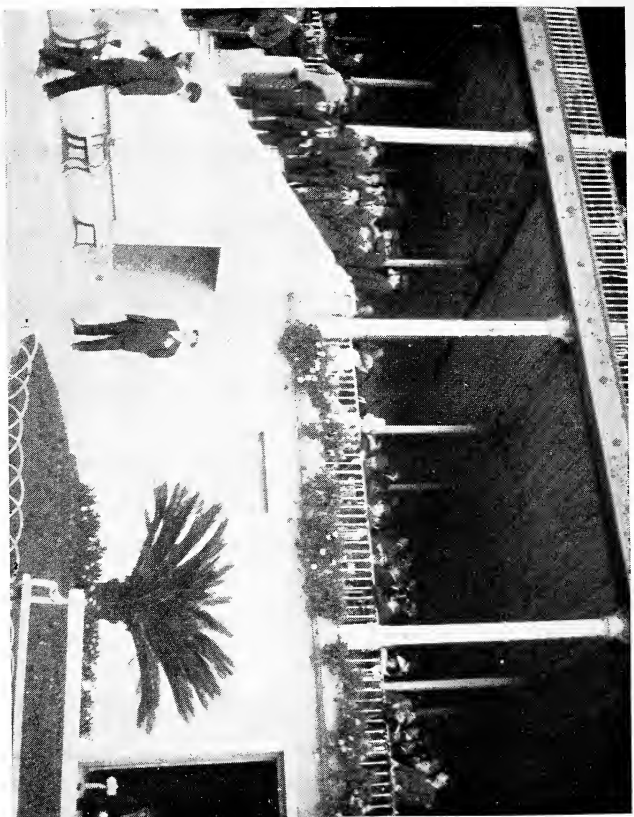
The "Orissa" was glad to get away from this cemetery coast. We saw her sister "Oravia" half buried in a watery grave with the black "Billy" rock as her tombstone. Her masts were outstretched like skeleton hands to her sister who dropped a briny tear or two and hurried from the sad scene enveloped in a cloud of smoke like a mourner's veil. Casting a lingering glance behind through my binoculars I saw the fast receding shores crowded with penguins that had come down to see the ship off. They flapped us a fond farewell with their black wings as we slipped away from these islands of wind, wool, whales and wrecks and steered Northwest for the East coast of South America.

MONTEVIDEO



FOR days we rode the galloping ship over green, watery hills to far away Uruguay. It was cold and nasty on deck and stuffy inside. Before leaving home I made a rash promise to my publisher, "Billy" Donohue, M. A., that I would give him the complete manuscript of my "Golightly 'Round the Globe." Months had gone, I was now on the home stretch and every turn of the screw was pushing me towards Chicago, where I would have to stand up and deliver. I took up the narrative, opened the porthole for fresh air and Neptune dashed in and baptized my literary offspring so thoroughly that if it was dry and no good it wasn't his fault. One day my wife came in when we were pitching and rolling and asked me if I wasn't sea-sick. I told her "no," and that I had proved her pet theory that mal de mer was a condition of the mind, and not the stomach, for I was writing with one hand and hanging on to the bunk with the other to keep from being thrown on the floor. It may be that anyone, with or without brains, who takes the West Coast trip, crosses the Andes and is inoculated with the soroche, is immune to sea-sickness.





A FAST RACE

URUGUAY

So my manuscript progressed with the ship until we reached Montevideo one midnight when I punctuated it with a period of rest. It looked as if there was a patriotic celebration. The town twinkled with electric lights, the sky shot star rockets and we fired sky rockets for the practical purpose of signalling until we entered the harbor, where coal barges surrounded us like so many pirate ships. Instead of coaling below decks on the side, or in a front hatchway, the fuel was hoisted and dumped the length of the promenade decks and then shoved down a coal-hole chute. The dust painted the boat black and even the officers were like black-face men in this sooty sport. When it came to a good-bye we could scarcely tell who was who, they looked so like the native roustabouts, yet we knew who and what they were—a splendid set of British sailors whose praises I want to sing in any public or private meeting of globe-trotters.

From its name I saw Montevideo was called after a mountain and I rose with the sun to see it. I could see the town on the low ground between the big ocean and the small bay, but not the mountain and supposed it was hid in mist. There was a mound five hundred feet high, topped by a lighthouse and old fort, and when I learned this was the mountain I saw how necessary the lighthouse was to show where it was, and the fort to call attention to it.

Montevideo was first settled about 1726, then upset in 1806, when the British bungler Whitlock and his men were made prisoners by Liniers and only freed when they left town. This is an interesting bit of history which only occupies a small footnote space in English text-books. James Bryce devotes hundreds of pages to the ancient and modern history of South America, but makes no "observations and impressions" of this coup by which Montevideo was taken from the English and given back to Spain. What gladdest words might have been written if Britannia had ruled here and made impossible the dark and degraded condition that followed.

Ashore Sunday morning. It was not our Lord's Day but the Devil's Day. His children crowded the streets, exchanged their money in the tobacco stores and cafes, while I got rid of mine at the money changer's, where America's almighty dollar is three cents less than Uruguay's.

SWEET SAINTS



WE walked and trolleyed from wharf and warehouse through the town, led on by the cathedral towers and dome which looked down on Plaza Constitution, one of the city's squares of attraction. Just in time to miss the service we stood in line with a profane crowd of well-dressed young men who watched the beautiful well-dressed women come out and trip down the church steps as if it were a grand opera at the Solis Theatre Saturday night. As in the rest of South America most of the worshippers inside the church are women. The men go to church to stand outside and pay adoration to the high-heeled feet of virgins who dress from top to bottom in the latest Parisian fashions.

The religious atmosphere was contagious. I was easily converted to this form of sight, not faith, and stood transported with the rest at the foot of this stone ladder as these very beautiful human angels descended. They were a dream, and if I lived and preached in Montevideo I would proselyte them into my congregation or pronounce the benediction in time to be at the cathedral door as they filed out. Seeing is believing. These women sustained their reputation for being the handsomest in the world. They are the leading attraction to men who follow religion as far as the church door. Spiritually considered this is a low motive and I could not help reflect how much higher our reasons were at home that urged us to go to church:

To get an early bath and clean clothes.

To walk out doors and see Nature's illuminated Gospel.

To get away from the Sunday newspaper, the Devil's Bible.

To show the world you have a wife as well as a stenographer.

To visit with your children once a week.

To meet a neighbor and transact some business.

To find a sweetheart you may marry.

To learn the latest styles in hats and wraps.

To be introduced into society.

To see the edifice you subscribed for.

To hear some music besides rag time.

To listen to the long-forgotten Ten Commandments and Mountain sermon.

To loosen up and drop a quarter in the plate.

To bow in prayer and thank God you are out of the hospital and hell.

To hear a sermon that proves you love God if you help man.

To take a good nap you couldn't find anywhere else.

To wake up to the conclusion that this is a good world but will be a good deal better when you help make it so.

To discover the church stands for civil and religious liberty; that she lessens vice more than the police and reforms more than the prison; and that in public and private life, socially, intellectually, morally and spiritually the church should be encouraged by the presence and supported by the prayers and purses of all.

A HORSE RACE



AFTER a cafe lunch of sweet music, cake and chocolate we rode out to Pocitos, a resort for ocean and city swells. As the season was over the only pebbles we found were on the beach. The big hotel was empty as must have been the pocketbooks of those who spend a summer there. We drank in the sea air, feasted our eyes on the gingerbread houses facing the beach, then raced for a car that took us out to the race track.

Grand stand and bleachers were packed, and naturally, because all the women were admitted free and the men, who had not attended church and paid their dues in the morning, had money enough to buy an admission ticket and a library of bets with the bookies. I enjoyed the horse-race, for I had lived long enough in Kentucky to appreciate one, but of more interest than the fast horse was the human race of merry men, gay girls and betting boys who were spending time, money and energy in a national sport that improved the breed of horses and degenerated the race of men.

FLAG AND FRIEND



NOT to double on our track we returned another way and got off at Plaza Libertad. Everybody was having a free and easy time except two old rams hitched up to a cart full of children which they dragged through the flower embroidered walks and around the Liberty column. Like the Athenians who always wanted to see and hear some new thing we rambled through the halls and library of the Athe-

naeum. Strolling on the Eighteenth of July I saw something that suggested our Fourth of July, our glorious Stars and Stripes floating from the American Legation. With a cheer we charged across the street, burst into the building and I thrust my card and an American stick pin flag into the hands of the frightened elevator boy. We jumped in the elevator, shot up, landed and were left in a waiting room. He soon returned, bowed and ushered us into the reception room where the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Uruguay and Paraguay came, slapped me on the shoulder and said, "Hello, Golightly, what are you doing here?" It was Nicolay Grevstad, my old newspaper friend from Minneapolis who wrote such hot editorials that he set the Tribune Building on fire, but was cool-headed enough to come down the fire-escape while others plunged into death. He was always a tribune of the people and the light and warmth of his influence have been sadly missed since he removed his candle stick from Minneapolis.

When he learned we were to leave that night and had not visited the Prado, he called a taxi and introduced us to the S. A. speed limit of 60 miles an hour down the leading streets and avenues. We sped by public buildings and private residences, past exposition grounds and under a triumphal arch of eucalyptus trees to the Prado, the show park of the town with its lake, drives, trees and gardens. Supper was ordered on the big cafe porch and while we ate, drank and heard the music Nicolay told us in a scholarly, friendly way a volume about Uruguay. Back to the Legation in the dark, about 70 miles an hour, we said au revoir with the feeling of a fine and friendly visit, and started leisurely for the boat, taking in as many sights on the way as possible.

BLACK ART



ENTERING a news-stand on Plaza Independencia I picked up some sample illustrated magazines and papers for my reverend and reporter friends at home. They were full of coarse caricatures of full-dressed men and half-dressed women in questionable places and suggestive positions. It wasn't necessary to go back in the dark and ask for something shady. They were out on the street in full blaze of electric light where boys and girls of tender years could cultivate tough, adul-

terous imagination through low artistic ideals. Children not only looked at the pictures, but lingered over their descriptions, and as I read their faces I was sorry I didn't know Spanish. I determined to learn it before I got home in order to appreciate the literary legacy the kind and thoughtful mother Spain has left her children.

This smut was a preparation for what I saw here a week later, after I had left Buenos Aires. Returning from a wrestling match, I fell in with a crowd that promenaded up and down a street of houses behind whose glass front doors and windows nude and half-clad women posed for the picture painted by Solomon in the Gallery of Proverbs: "She sitteth at the door of her house, on a seat in the high places of the city, to call passengers who go right on their ways; she saith to him, stolen waters are sweet and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell."

MODEL URUGUAY



EVERTHELESS Uruguay says she is the most model, modern and moral country of South America. Only 33 per cent of her children are born in bastardy as compared with 60 and 75 per cent in some of the other countries; her laws are even more up-to-date than ours because a woman may sue for divorce if her husband has a bald head, a red nose, a wart on his chin, a soiled vest, pants that bag at the knees or unshined shoes. To show her superiority to backward Peru and progressive Argentina, she has a bull-ring at Colonia where the B. A.'s, tired of horse races, can come across the river and have a "bully" time. Moreover she leads in education, for she boasts that one in every five can read and write. In religious matters to show her toleration she has gone her brothers and sisters one better, not only separating church and state, but trying to eliminate the Bible from her libraries, Christ from the calendar and heaven from her hope. Lastly, all these choice fruits of civilization grow in the Socialistic soil of her government, which she is justly proud of.

KISSERS



HERE and all over South America this is the polite and proper thing to do when you meet a friend or acquaintance in the store or street; rush up to him, throw your head over his shoulder, pound him on the back, kiss him, rub your whiskery face against his as a horse does against a hitching post and repeat this performance as long as he will stand for it, while the victim retaliates in the same manner. After this center-rush, tackle, scrimmage and "touch down" you rest, get your breath, smile and say "Good morning, how are you?"

Everybody does it. Men and women, boys and girls in low or high walks of life. With our ideas of kiss and hand-clasp it seems a waste of time and energy. I wouldn't object if I could choose my friends, refusing the man with cigaret breath and restaurant bill of fare on his moustache, and the woman who approaches with powdered face, painted lips and putrid teeth. It must be awful to have a lot of friends and acquaintances. Instinctively one recalls Martial's epigram to Flaccus in Rome:

"It is impossible, Flaccus, to avoid the kissers. They press upon you, they delay you, they pursue you, they run against you, on all sides, from every direction, and in every place. No malignant ulcer will protect you from them, no inflamed pimples, or diseased chin, or ugly tetter, or lips smeared with oily cerate, or drop at the cold nose. They kiss you when you are hot and when you are cold; they kiss you when you are reserving your kiss for your wife. They will kiss you in a fever or in tears; they will kiss you while you are yawning and swimming; they will kiss you though you be sitting on the lofty tribunal or when you are sitting on . . ."

In good old U. S. A. this social osculation and strangulation would be regarded as a medical and moral misdemeanor and come under the head of assault and battery.

Montevideo, M. V. for short, stands not only for many vices and virtues, but macaroni and vermicelli. It is daily manna to thousands of Italians who have swarmed and settled here since Garibaldi came over in a red shirt with a red hand to murder Argentina's president.

We left on the "Londres," pronounced "Laundry." She washed us up and down and across the La Plata, Silver Plate river eighty miles to Buenos Aires. There is no bigger, bum-

built boat than this side-wheeler that struck every buoy in the bay to the outer harbor. Mrs. "M," believing it would sink, rose up and dressed that she might not be ashamed when washed up on the shore.

BUENOS AIRES



T seven in the morning we were out in the harbor, where we got a sight and smell of the city of good airs, Buenos Aires. Of more interest than the baby ship leviathans and greyhounds were the sea-horses a mile from shore. I was making a scientific note of this unnatural fact in natural history when the boat came near enough to show me they were ordinary horses out either for a morning walk or bath or to pull in the lighters of the heavy ships that can't dock at low tide. We took the channel through a labyrinth of ships and docks lined with cattle pens, cold storage plants and grain elevators, till our rocky boat found a berth in which to sleep during the day.

A "Majestic" man offered to take us to his hotel. While a white-slaver, who had just come in on a French boat, was being held up on the wharf, and checked for his excess baggage of feminine finery, we hurried to the Customs. But before we could get through, the dry season ended with a deluge. There were no street cars and for half an hour we ducked around in the water trying to get a carriage. The only way to secure one was to bribe a boy who ran ahead and brought one back. Not knowing the game I stood waiting and wet. Finally after everybody had gone I hailed a carriage and as we were about to climb in a boy came up, opened the door, holding it and his hand open. I motioned the driver to go ahead and gave the boy a small tip, but he demanded more and the driver, who was in the holdup conspiracy with him, wouldn't start. I yelled "Caramba," pushed the boy, slammed the door and scared the driver and horses so that we dashed off before a policeman who had heard our conversation could come over and arrest me for disregarding the customs of the country.

The hotel was on the Avenida de Mayo and our room had a balcony where we could look out on this big, beautiful, busy street of the town. At the custom house I paid to have my baggage brought to the hotel, but when it came I was asked to pay

again. I called the interpreter and pointed to the mark on the trunk, saying it meant "Paid." He told me it meant "Collect." I said that might do for an Episcopalian, but not a Baptist minister. I refused to pay and sent the man away. I might have avoided this trouble if I had only remembered I was in Argentina; that it means silver; that its inhabitants are 16 to one foreigner; that they go out in the morning with the perverted scripture, "Thou shalt hate thy neighbor, love his money and get much of it, giving little in return." The bags were soaked through except mine, which had the kodak and films. I said the Lord took care of it. Mrs. "M" asked me why He didn't take care of hers, which stood beside it. "The Lord takes care of His own," I replied.

B. A. was founded in 1535 and twice dumfounded and destroyed by the Indians. In 1810 she placed her thumb to her nose and told the Spanish rulers to go to Hispania. Let alone, the city has multiplied and replenished itself in various ways until there are more than a million Spaniards, Italians, English and Germans breathing the good air.

An afternoon walk shows a city very much like Paris in its architecture, fashionable stores, cafes and sidewalks filled with little tables where males and females flirt and gossip. There are newspaper kiosks and flower girls selling violets on the corners. The side streets are crowded with cars and carts and the main avenues with taxis which rest in the center or rush up and down either side. At night it is a big white way with electric lights blazing a trail to the light-hearted cafes and theatres.

CASINO AND CEMETERY



AUGHT by the glare we left the wide avenue for the narrow streets with their three foot sidewalks which make it necessary to put your two feet on some projecting door step to keep the street-car fenders from brushing your shoes or tearing your pants. The Colon, the biggest and best theatre in S. A., was shut and we followed the crowd to the Casino. I bought three two-gold-dollar parquet seats and waited the high class performance. It was a man-show and Mrs. "M" was the only lady in the place, although the encircling boxes that climbed to the ceiling were filled with women who turned their backs to the stage, entertained their gentlemen

friends behind the curtains, or if alone cast captivating glances on the bachelor pit with the hope of catching some companion. It was good twenty-five cent vaudeville, the jokes were better or worse considering the kind of people who most applauded them, but best of all was the intermission when the whole house rose up to get its money's worth of admission, by smoking, eating, drinking, mashing and making dates in the foyer galleries. Of course good Americans make a bad mistake in coming here—with their wives, and Mrs. "M" would have been furious if it hadn't been funny. Thereafter, to be perfectly safe, when "L" and I went out for amusement we left her at the hotel to get a good rest for the next day's sight-seeing. There are many things to see, but you must take an auto.

First we drove out to the cemetery to arrange for graves in case we were killed by the chauffeur's reckless driving. The people live so fast they soon finish their earthly course and several large cemeteries are necessary to accommodate the remains. I recollect the Recoleta. With fond memories the surviving relatives come every day, but especially on All Saint's day, to visit the graves of the dead sinners and light a candle for those who went out in darkness, praying they may be pardoned with a short imprisonment in purgatory. I never saw so many splendid granite and marble statues, and expensive vaults and tombs so poorly placed and piled against each other. There are no churchyard burials and no green turf to wrap their clay so we raced out to the Jockey turf where human thoroughbreds bury their fortunes.

BETTING



THE race horse is king of animals here. Men act like centaurs and there is so much horse talk on the part of women one recalls the estimate of the Neapolitan prince, "Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse—I am much afeard my lady his mother, played false with a smith." The race course is to B. A. what the Coliseum was to Rome. About 20,000 people, rich and poor, steal and starve all week in order to play the races Sunday and fast women ride to hell with golden bits. The races around the track are said to be on the square and as might be expected, where people think more of money than mind, the betting is un-

literary for there are no "bookies," the plan being the Paris Mutual one. "Who steals my purse steals trash" depends on whether he has won or lost on the race. Often the winning purse is up in the thousands and I learned the generous government only takes ten per cent of the bets, allowing the other ninety to the winners.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND



S children we enjoyed the Zoo, and wondered what the animals thought of us as northern fauna. Like Adam we walked through the Botanical garden but felt it would be more delightful when Eve came. Here and there were groups of stiffes who gave me the marble stare. I didn't know why the quarries had been robbed for their sake, when lo a turn in the road brought me face to face with the "First American" I had seen in B. A. It was my old Revolutionary friend George Washington whose spirit had inspired Martin and Mitre, Argentina's heroes. I took off my hat, said "Hello George," went up to him, slapped him on the back and stuck an American flag in the lapel of his bronze coat. Our little visit was interrupted by a guard who, knowing I was a tourist, feared I was trying to take a chip off the block or kidnap him bodily as a souvenir. I pointed to the flag, said "America," made him believe G. L. and G. W. were brothers so that he allowed us to finish our little visit without further molest or arrest. This was an unexpected pleasure. I was as dee-lighted as when I later met my other American friend T. R. at R. J. (Rio Janeiro). I told George I must go but would leave him to take care of the Americans down here, that there might be peace and not war in the hearts of his countrymen.

IN CONGRESS



YOUNG Argentina is as proud of the new Capitol she is building at B. A., from blocks of native marble and red porphyry fine as Egypt's, as a youngster is with his A B C building blocks. I wanted to compare its interior as well as its dome and wings with ours on the Potomac and cautiously climbed over the board scaffolding at the entrance. I was thinking to what foolish lengths a tourist's curiosity would lead him when a guard came up. Satisfied we were transient

gringos and not natives who wanted to see where their money had been sunk, he made a grandiose genuflection, patted his badge, and pointing above and around, beckoned us to follow. We went from crypt to dome, through private reception and public assembly halls and interrupted committees and legislative bodies in session that started, paused, smiled and proceeded. He was a con amore man and waxed eloquent on everything from blue ceilings to red carpet floors, and from glass chandeliers to brass cuspidors. We looked, listened, Ohed and Ahed, touched the different furnishings to see if they were real, and after walking and running a Marathon around the building ended where we began. This time I bowed, thanked him and offered a tip. Whether it was too big or small he refused to accept it until I stuck a flag through it saying "cigarettes." Presto, he smiled, and took it with both hands. A threefold cord is not easily broken and I think each strand of flag, money and tobacco was a blessed tie to bind him to me.

Sightseeing is the strenuous life but that was our business. We were compelled to get a "move on" on sea and land, like that famous globe-trotter, the Wandering Jew. An amateur art exhibit back of the Exposition hall invited us; we devoted a few minutes in the San Marco Cathedral seeking rest, not religion, and spent half an hour at the Plaza Hotel which was all the time we could afford because the rates are from \$10 to \$50 gold a day.

Not only did we have to dodge autos, to isles of safety, but showers that almost drowned us out of collar, shirt and shoes. During a brief rainbow interval we paddled through the torrent streets to pay our respects to the American minister. His warm welcome made us feel dry. Most of our misrepresentatives are poorly salaried and housed and might be excused if they paid little attention to their fellow citizens. As a rule they are big hearted and brainy though their bank-account is small. Telling us it was rainy weather but he would try and bail us out of jail, if necessary, he bade us good-bye and said that among all the statuary in the city none was more striking than "Doubt" across the street. I saw it and there is no doubt of his judgment.

A DELUGE



THE next thing we observed was a rapidly approaching storm. It was not the "pamperos" or dust kind but the deluge variety that made us rush for a street car as to an ark of safety. Wading across gutters knee-deep in water we waited on a corner; a car stopped; we got on; the car started; the conductor came back; I offered him the fare; he rang the bell and pointed to a little word; I thought it meant he would do his duty and register the money for the company; I nodded and smiled; he shook his head and scowled; the car stopped and he gently assisted us off the platform into the raging storm; the water was deep enough for me to administer the ordinance of baptism to my son according to the original New Testament form of immersion. Alas, I later learned the car seats were full and he couldn't carry us on the platform, yet when we stepped off he let another fellow on who was big enough to take the space we two had occupied. However I was becoming accustomed to the polite "good airs" of this town that prints literature and furnishes lectures mad with Yankeeophobia to snarl and bite all over S. A. against North America whose Monroe Doctrine, money, mentality and morality have been Argentina's help in the past and is her only hope in the future.

THE "COLON"



THE people of B. A. are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. There are many theatres of which the Colon is the greatest, occupying a whole square. The city owns it and furnishes Grand Opera for the Divas on the stage and the Dives in the box who tells his poor Lazarus brother he can go to the dogs and pick up a few crumbs of comfort at the movies. The theatre was closed but the back door was open. We went in and saw a performance I hadn't enjoyed even in the Grand Opera at Paris. An attendant ushered us through the fine foyer and corridor down the main aisle to a front seat. I heard the carpenter's anvil chorus, looked at Nobody in the boxes, who is always there, and went down into the bare dressing rooms. Then happened something that never happened before in any theatre. I could scarcely believe my eyes, my voice stuck in my throat and my hand grew palsied. The polite usher utterly refused a bill of good dimension I offered

him. Thinking he wanted silver instead of paper money I proffered that. It was no use, the more I insisted, the more he desisted. Here was an act absolutely unique in dramatic art teaching a great lesson that would never become popular but be censored as vicious and demoralizing in any other theatre of the world.

PUBLIC SCHOOL



ARGENTINA doesn't brag of her army and navy very much but duelling is popular and its survivors could form quite a land defense. When it comes to dreadnaughts she thinks more of the Ship of State and of teaching the young idea how to shoot than investing her needed cash in super or submarines. Entering an open court of what resembled a government building I found a school. The schoolmaster had evidently been abroad in the land for he welcomed us in English and seemed as proud of his bright scholars as Cornelia was of her Gracchi jewels. The floor was a blackboard on which the children were sitting making maps of darkest Africa and America. He said they needed more room; I suggested more light, for the room was very dark. He mentioned Sarmiento, the great educator, and I told him I had recently seen his 6,000 foot double-pyramid mountain monument off the Straits, but the professor replied there was a bigger and more enduring one in the city, his system of public school education. General Sarmiento was minister to the United States, returned to B. A., and as president of the Republic set up U. S. educational ideals, employed our teachers and made Argentina lead in education.

He said, "Found schools and you will do away with revolutions." And when he said schools he did not refer to the colonial kind, ecclesiastical and aristocratic, but those of popular, historic and scientific freedom.

The city has more private than public schools though there is a national university which is trying to elevate the mind and offset the inadequate if not immoral influence of the so-called "religious" education. No doubt Argentina has a fine system of public education, and when it becomes more general she will have more generalissimos capable of leading her in advance lines of mental, moral and material prosperity. The public school is

what has made and maintained North America, it is the only thing that can maintain and make South America.

It is easier to beget children than to get them educated, so our Pilgrim and Puritan fathers taxed themselves to support public schools and teachers who should educate the youth in the facts of nature, history, government and religion.

Monarchy educates a few, Democracy the many. Beyond any country has our soil produced a manhood of civic and patriotic character.

The public school as no other agency can touch, teach, equalize and harmonize all classes.

It offers the priceless liberty of body, mind and soul for us and our children.

It fuses our immigrants into a composite citizenship, fitting them for freedom and making them free.

American working men are superior to the Old World because of our public school education which is definite, practical and can fit for private life or presidential station.

The government has the right to preserve and perpetuate itself and knowing that ignorance is danger, defends itself by the education of its youth in the public school, adapting them and making them equal to all occasions.

The Public is no more like a Private school than light is darkness. The one produces independence; the other submission; one a leader, the other a follower; one freedom and toleration, the other slavery and superstition.

The public school makes good citizens, the private school makes good bigots.

The difference between North and South America is the difference between public and private schools.

The public school assimilates and Americanizes the rich and poor, of every race and religion; the private school not only robs its children but injures the government.

Many denominational schools crouch like spiders in a web to spring out and seize everybody and thing from the babe in the cradle with a rattle in its hand to the old man in the coffin with the gold ring on his finger.

This counter American system of private schools often misinforms its youth who are to vote, and are nurseries of treason.

We sue doctors for malpractice who wrongly set a broken

bone. Jail sentences are none too good for teachers who misinform and deform children's minds.

The church best teaches religion when separated from the state, and greatest temporal and spiritual blessings have always been found in civic and clerical separation.

The American idea is separation of church and state and any union of the two is un-American.

The greatest force which makes and holds our national unity is not language, press or politics but the public school.

The public schools of Minneapolis outweigh in moral value our libraries, art galleries, orchestras, stores and mills.

We could sooner do without our private churches than our public schools. If there was nothing but a church there would be no school. Give us the schools and we will have the churches.

Teacher and book are greater than army and navy. Wisdom is worth. Our schools measure the progress between the Old and New World. It is for us to cherish and support them not only as objects of the defense of our government, but as institutions of love and approval by Him who declares that man without knowledge is not good.

The public school is neither atheistic nor sectarian but represents what Webster called the great and necessary ideas of God, immortality and personal accountability.

The people who kicked the Bible out of the public schools now call them "godless." Schools that produce character and citizenship are not godless and never will be so long as the children who attend come from pious and patriotic homes in the morning and return to them at night.

There is more of moral as well as physical and mental culture in the public school than in any denominational school that ever has been or can be founded.

The man who will not support the public school with his money, prayers and patriotism is un-American, no matter what he says. He should go to ignorant, superstitious, lazy and licentious South America or Southern Europe where the public school is not.

Paralyzed be the tongue and palsied be the hand that asks and takes state support for private schools.

He is a blind fool or cowardly traitor who fears to face and fight whoever and whatever would weaken and destroy the public

school system, the basis and bulwark which has made our country what it is and has received the approval of Almighty God.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." In proportion to their numbers it is the private and not the public schools whose graduates fill our jails, burn cities and murder presidents.

The temple of American liberty is the Public School where a congregation of all colors and creeds reads the bible of History, studies the Catechism of the Constitution, practices the Declaration of Independence and sings "America."

"Let us have peace" and say with its great apostle General Grant, "Encourage free schools and resolve that not one dollar appropriated to them shall be applied to the support of any sectarian school."

EMPTY ALTARS



WHEN it comes to religion B. A. is big on show and little on substance. Rivaling the Colon theatre is the Madeleine Cathedral as a show place. It is modeled after the one in Paris. Its columns are wreathed with electric lights which were dark every night of my stay. It could hold 9,000 of the local madeleine class but neither the vicious nor their virtuous sisters came here to pray for the door was shut. In Paris Napoleon declared the Madeleine should be a temple of glory where the praises of the heroes of Austerlitz should be sung, but his plan was Waterloosed and it became a place of worship. Here the plan has been reversed for the chief shrine is the tomb of San Martin. After devoting himself to his country's freedom he was driven out in disgrace, because he wouldn't become a member of the political gang that believed the treasury was a public crib where the animals in the government stalls could feed and fatten at leisure. Asking for bread while living they gave him this stone when dead.

So far away from civilization I wanted to know the news of the world and here among many newspapers, were two printed in English. One Heralded general information, and the other gave a Standard report in which the most interesting item was that Philadelphia had won the world's baseball championship from New York in the last game, "three goals to one," in the words of the English sporting editor. The every day Bible is the newspaper. The reading of "Prensa" and "Nacion" is all they think necessary to enter good society here and heaven hereafter.

LA PLATA



A PLATA is a large, lovely, lonely city 35 miles from B. A. and reminds me that a side-dish is often more attractive than the regular course. Tired of B. A. beef we tried this river town which furnishes fish for the inland cities. Fish must be good brain food for La Plata has a university, observatory and museum well manned. It was one of these men, a professor of chemistry, I met on the way there. His language was broken but he was whole-hearted. He pointed out the factories, tanneries and storage plants of B. A.'s suburbs, then the estancias or farms full of the biggest, sleekest cattle I ever saw, waiting to be butchered and cold-stored and sent away. As usual when you visit the far away lands of teas, coffees, fruits, rare flesh and flowl the best is exported and the rest is left for home-consumption. I got some good steaks down here, good for nothing but the dentist, for the first thing I did on my return was to have him repair the ravages which the dry, tough Argentina leather goods had made on my teeth.

We entered a railway station beautiful enough to be an art gallery. All the buildings are architecturally fine, whether the government palace or police headquarters. At one time La Plata planned to be the biggest city in Argentina. Nothing was too good for the provincial capital and she blew herself for buildings, parks and avenues. The bubble burst, the crowds pell-melled to B. A. and left it a deserted city, preferring high life to literature, commerce to culture and carousing to quiet. As we rode through and around these empty streets the town suggested some giant architect's plaster model of a city—something to look at but not live in. My H-2-O friend had a class and left us in care of the anthropological professor who showed us some of the finest paleontological specimens in the world.

JAWBREAKERS



THE Museo de La Plata is Mother Earth's big family vault where the remains of some of her first and dearest children lie. I am afraid she would never know her darlings if she saw them now, with the founding names discovering scientists have given them. Glyptodon Clavites, Balaeoptera Miramaris, Mylodon Robustus, Macrauchenia Patachonica, and Priodontes Giganteus. For two hours the professor

gave this roll call of the dead and did his best to explain what we were seeing. His interpreting talk in broken Spanish and English was harder to understand than the names of long length and thundering sound. As we grew weary he grew enthusiastic and pointing to an immense fossil deposit, which had been the digested dinner of a dinosaur, exclaimed, "The latest." As a final thriller we paused before a long line of armadillos, headed by the gigantic "dill" Priodontes that Time had for unnumbered ages preserved. All these critters and many more petrified us with astonishment until we might have been added to the collection. These antediluvian animal exhibits, in the two big circular halls at the right and left of the main entrance, were more than a circus of live animals to the Prof. and he took us around like little children. I wondered whether the sight of these frightful monsters had driven away the timid inhabitants of the city and whether at night kind fathers and mothers talked and prayed with their naughty children, telling them if they did not stop crying, go to sleep and be good tomorrow, the jabbawock Scelidothorium Leptocephalum would walk out of the Museum and give them a jab.

These were not the only fossils. In another hall I was introduced to one, S. A. Lafone Quevedo, the English-speaking director of the Museum. He showed me a gallery of curious shaped and colored cracked pottery, and rows of "dead-heads" just as curiously shaped and cracked.

A LIFE SAVER



HE last night in B. A. I left my wife at the hotel, to pack up, telling her I believed in the "father and son" movement and would take "L" to some mission services. We visited the M. E. church that stands like a Rock of Ages 'mid the mad whirl of vice and pleasure. In addition to Sunday services it held midweek attractions of music, lectures and movies to lure and lead to a better life the crowds surging to death through the Broadway of cafe, saloon, dive and low theatre. Dr. McLaughlin, Christian, cultured, consecrated, and respected by all creeds and classes of society for his good Samaritan life, met us at the church door, took us into his study, told us of his work, pointed to the crowd and moving pictures in the lecture room and served us with lemonade. I drank to

the health, long life and prosperity of this mission and man who with the Y. M. C. A. is doing more for God and man than all the pompous prelates in the city.

SEEN AND OBSCENE



T was now nine o'clock, the time for church to let out and the Devil's mission to begin. We followed some of his congregation to the Royal theatre, paid \$1.50 gold apiece to stand up in the back behind a rail and look at some silly French films for half an hour. They were followed by the real entertainment which was opened by an American chorus whose flat voices would have been high priced at twenty-five cents admission. I endured it in shameful silence but the audience was "cynical," and by barks and obscene sounds, instead of hisses, showed its dissatisfaction. So far all this was but a prelude to the interlude intermission when everybody adjourned to an upper and lower foyer, where the band played, the men and women marched and countermarched, flirted, paired off and sat at the tables eating and drinking.

The "ladies" were especially friendly to "L" and me, alone and idly looking on. They spotted us as tourists and in French, German, Spanish, Italian and English said Good evening, asking us if we would not have a drink or go out with them for a little walk. One admired L's gold watch charm and wanted it for a souvenir; another coveted my scarab thinking it would make a nice breast-pin. I compromised with her on an American flag, which she proudly bore aloft. Another as unmindful of my calling, as I was of "not standing in the way of the ungodly," chucked me under the chin and said, "Hello, Kiddo, how's New York?"

This was the life, or death I didn't care to cultivate. I told them I had no time or money to waste and that my wife was waiting for me to help pack the trunk as we were to sail in the morning. We returned to our standing place to get our money's worth of torture. It was over at twelve when we left. Hurrying to the hotel I met the hotel runner who had first befriended me at the dock. He asked where we had been. Everywhere I said and told him. He laughingly replied we were in the wickedest city in the world and hadn't seen anything. Then he proceeded

to introduce us to the Red Lamp district across the river where the sailors are searched and relieved of their arms, where the arms of the frail denizens relieve them of their money by charging dollars for dime drinks; where blistering curses and kisses echo through the darkened room; and where colored movies of human and animal life are shown that would make the pornographic pictures of Paris and Havana look like a Pilgrim's Progress film.

TANGO TIMES



HERE we saw the real tango, for Argentina is its birthplace, but it is a modest minuet compared with the way we rush it. The man from Buenos Aires would not know it with our pernicious variations.

The natives wore more clothes and danced more decently than the low-waisted, high-skirted, diaphanous tangoists of our so-called high society.

Sexes move and mingle within each other's arms and legs in a satyr's saturnalia that sacrifices mind, manners, modesty and morals.

To tango or not to tango is the burning question of the day followed by tango teas and suppers which give moral indigestion at night.

The Unholy Trinity of modern society's religion is Terpsichore, Cupid and Bacchus.

The rising generation would rather hear a fiddle than a sermon, sing a "rag" than a hymn and profligately dance than devoutly pray.

Their idea of Heaven is a large lighted hall where angels harp ragtime music, Gabriel leads the tango and they dance forever.

Dancing is no longer "silent poetry" but loud actions which suggest things words dare not describe.

The tango is licentiousness set to music and is popular because depraved.

The dance has degenerated from devotion and diversion to dissipation and debauchery. It is the "Dance of Death," and its step in due time slides to hell.

We reached the hotel in time to eat breakfast, pay the bill and make the boat. If I could become a robber-baron hotel keeper

down here in B. A. a few months, I could make enough to build a fleet of boats and accommodate my stranded friends, lured here under false promises, crying and dying to get back home but who haven't the price of a ticket.

A stands for Argentina the leader of the South American republics in progress, prosperity and profligacy. Her 7,000,000 population are mostly foreigners who farm the Pampas prairie land making possible the vast exports of corn, cattle and frozen meat. Though the British were once driven out they have been gladly received again for they have raised the dough for B. A.'s commercial banquets, investing millions of pounds for city, county and railway improvements.

At the docks we saw ship-loads of Spanish and Italian immigrants coming here to work, or having worked, carrying their wealth of wages back to Europe to remain until it had run out when they would swarm back. The masts and ropes blossomed with flags while the natives in their many-colored garbs looked like bunting. From bow to stern they were singing and having a heavenly time. They come from European surroundings, which have done little for their personal progress or morality, and as a result we find them in the city, ignorant, superstitious, vicious, prone to gambling and drunkenness and filled with labor unrest.

BAD ALWAYS



BUENOS AIRES is about the size of Philadelphia and while it is more wide awake, it lacks its brotherly love; it has all the smut, style and salacious spirit of Paris without its art and literary life; it rivals Berlin in its drink, but lacks the German's musical and philosophic atmosphere; it exports more chilled meat and wheat than New York and imports more white slaves than all of our coast cities; it hasn't so many divorces as Chicago because there are more people living together as husband and wife without the marriage ceremony; it publishes more statistics and pamphlets than Boston without possessing its education and culture; it has the horse-racing of Kentucky without its chivalry; it has the contented arrogance of London without its books and banks.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks B. A. unites with M. V. in sustaining the dual reputation of being the Sodom and Gomor-


rah of South America. The Devil's calling cards he gives to visitors here, have B. A. after his name, and it does not stand for Bachelor of Arts although he has that degree from several European and American universities.

Last impressions are first in mind. I had hoped B. A. would stand for "Better Afterwards" but just before the boat pulled out I found it meant "Bad Always." A well-dressed man sold my wife some pretty post-cards of the city and while she was looking at them he took me to one side, whispered "dirty book" in my ear and offered me something "nice" to read on the trip. I read the title, "The Lustful Experiences of a Physician" and refused him saying I was no doctor, didn't intend to study for the profession or do anything that would make it necessary to contract for his medical services in advance. As the ship sailed out of the harbor, I gazed ruefully at this roué paradise of a city, repeating the lines of the poet,

"Farewell, dear, damned, distracted town;
Ye harlots live at ease."

I have forgotten the rest of the lines, dear reader, but don't you think this is enough?

THE COCK'S MASS


HAT night at eight we again touched Montevideo. "L" and I went ashore to pick up some driftwood literature that we wouldn't have to sneak away to read, or smuggle through the customs at New York. Unlike B. A., the town was poorly lighted, but we had been here before and easily found the straight and narrow way because it was empty. Soon again we were in the shadow of the Cathedral.

I had seen the worshippers the previous Sunday and wished now it was midnight of December 24th and that I had a special invitation to the celebration of the Cock's Mass, "La misa del gallo." All through S. A. I saw this sacred bird perched on church vanes and houses and painted on shrines. Christmas Eve they have a kind of religious rough house service in honor of the cock that crew when the cowardly Peter profanely denied his Lord. This celebration was so scandalous in B. A. that the archbishop cut the rooster's comb, pared his spurs, took the crow out of his throat and forbade the mass.

Who can doubt Professor Monte Verde of the University

of Uruguay when he said, "The Roman church here is in no respect the same as that church in the United States; the church has given its people no true knowledge of religion; it forbids the Bible to the people; its moral influence is not good; the great mass of the leading people in Uruguay, in government, in society, in the intellectual life of the community, despise it; it hates inquiry and intellectual progress. It would prefer clubs of infidels to Protestant churches. I speak strongly but soberly, with a full knowledge of facts."

A WRESTLING FARCE

O matter, I was in time to see a wrestling match between a French and German champion, and by the mass, it was the funniest fake ever staged. Gotch and Hackenschmidt are my personal friends. I had introduced them at various matches and after Gotch had won the championship in Chicago I stood on the veranda of the hotel with him and his wife, made a speech to the crowd for him, and was regarded with a waist hold on her and a kiss. I wish they had been here with us to enjoy something that was a combination of boxing, fighting and wrestling. A crowded theater looked down on two slob-shaped men in tights who were struggling for the glorious championship of absinthe and beer. Not only was the toe-hold barred, but any legitimate hold on the neck, body, arms and legs. All the referee allowed them to do, to the great disgust of a crowd which hooted and howled, was to pinch each other's ear, tweak the nose, pull the hair, gouge the eye, roll over on their stomachs, get up and run around each other, shake their fists and wag their tongues. The referee told the disgusted audience to go home or somewhere else if they didn't like their wrestling.

Too bad these foreign fakers disgraced the manly art of wrestling, an art favorable to man's highest development. Physically it does more to take the bile from the liver and blood from the brain than all the doctor's dope. Mentally it requires more of brain skill than of brute strength. Spiritually it makes man his self-master and enforces chastity, temperance and self-control.

Jacob was the world's first wrestler. He got a foothold on his twin brother Esau at birth, and later by a stranglehold de-

prived him of his birthright. A second time Jacob wrestled with an angel who put his thigh out of joint and called him "Israel" because as a prince he had prevailed in his petition for a blessing:


The apostle Paul attended the Olympian race-course and Isthmian prize-ring and declared that while he did not wrestle with flesh and blood there were the greater adversaries of "principalities and powers."

All sport has its danger line when it subordinates the intellectual and spiritual to the physical and is led into brutality and gambling. But wrong abuse was never good argument against rightful use.

The world is a mat where we engage in a life-long struggle with the Devil, who tries the toe and strangle hold on us. Angels and saints are the spectators and God waits to crown us victors.

We made the last car for the boat and could find no Uruguay money to pay our fare. When the conductor looked as if we would have to get off and walk, a kind citizen paid. This was an object lesson for some of us in America who calmly watch or applaud a conductor put a stranger off the car because he has foreign money. Walking to the boat, we came across a surging crowd. Strange for 1 A. M.? No, it was the usual midnight parade in front of the houses of the "strange woman" who takes the stranger in.

CUPID AND BACCHUS

ERE and there were the painted women whose keen eyes stab, whose vampire lips suck life-blood, whose tresses are winding sheets and bodies graves in which honor and purity are buried. Happy for them had they dressed in a shroud, clasped hands with a leper and kissed a red-hot stove than to have dressed, drunk and debauched as they did.

These midnight marauders seem to think the stars were lit to lead them on from shame to shame, while the truth is they sadly look down on souls whose beating pulses live for a pleasure that murders time, health, wealth, character and reputation.

They follow Satan as guide, hypocrisy as lawyer, impudence as an art, pleasure as an object and damnation as their end.

If their minds were like matter and could show decay they would smell like carrion. They wear fine clothes and live in beautiful houses, but their minds are empty and their souls in rags.

Religion has pleasure, but their pleasure was religion and Cupid and Bacchus their saints.

The fabled Greek temple of pleasure had a big doorway for entrance, lights, music and beautiful women within and back of it all a wicket-gate which opened into a pig-pen.

Thus the end of vice is not satisfaction, but satiety, and the bacchanal worshipper of what appeals only to his physical senses is thrust out naked, ashamed and alone. Satan smiles and hell is happy.

A dying king dreamed he would be met on the other shore by a beautiful woman and led to a throne. Instead he was welcomed by a horrible hag who leered and laughed at him. When he recoiled and asked who she was, she replied, "I am your sins and have come to live with you forever."

Leaving this bare-breasted, forbidden fruit untasted, we bought some navel oranges on the wharf, crossed the gang, went to our cabin and fell on our knees thankful that if we had been led into temptation we had been delivered from evil.

JESUITS IN PARAGUAY



PARAGUAY deserves a passing paragraph. I didn't go there because I had sampled S. A. and found it was no place for a minister's son. Unlike Uruguay, Paraguay is a back number, though it isn't Nature's fault. She blessed it with a splendid climate, rich soil and grazing lands, whose cattle, horses and sheep would have delighted Job; with forests of hard wood, India rubber and quebracho for tanning; with fertile fields that can raise corn, sugar-cane, rice, coffee and cocoa; with Hesperides gardens of oranges to suck, bananas to bite, tobacco to chew and smoke, yerba mate to drink; and with the great Parana river to carry all this in its arms down to the Plata, which takes it to the sea for export.

Murderous man came along and cursed it. Of course Spain sent over her avaricious and adulterous evangels to corrupt the natives, fill their cradles with creole half-breeds and her own church coffers with gold. Reverend Mr. Jesuit, D. D.—Devil's

disciple—took charge of the Indians and all they had; fought the Paulists; kicked out the Spanish governor; told the church to mind its own business and proceeded to rule for himself. Their Jesuitical intermeddling intrigue made the King of Spain sore and with their Judas brothers they were all driven out of S. A. in 1769.

The Jesuits came more for plunder than piety, took little interest in evangelical work and were often as fiercely cruel to the Indians as the soldiers themselves. The sweetest verse in the Devil's bible, "the end justifies the means," they adopted as their motto. As a result they fastened fetters on the mind; hated public education with the same hatred they expressed toward the learning of Galileo, Pascal and Bacon; were guilty of political intrigue; revived the gentle Inquisition, blessed massacres and encouraged other political crimes.

It is the Christian's duty to love, stand by and work with a Jesuit or any one else who is willing to be guided by an open Bible, the Declaration of Independence and Constitution. Whenever piety turns to politics, and clericalism to conspiracy, the state, which has a right to exist, has a right to perpetuate its existence by enforcing the idea of freedom on which it rests.

HELL'S QUEEN




ALL'S bad that begins bad. In Paraguay license was called liberty and in its name Revolution became ruler. The sceptre was a soldier's sword; generals built their thrones on skulls; dictators wrote their messages with swords dipped in blood; Lopez I. died and his son Francisco stepped into his father's shoes, mounted the dictator's throne accompanied by a prostitute he met and maintained in Paris.


She was the power behind the throne. Decent people who avoided her company were imprisoned or put out of the way. She got drunk, gambled, engaged in low debauch, made her husband plunge the nation in war with Brazil and Argentina to satisfy a greed and ambition that killed off most of his men. She inspired her husband to deeds without a name till his Satanic Majesty must have become jealous, either because Lopez was pulling off some exhibitions on earth which made his below look tame, or because he wanted this mistress, the lascivious lady Lynch for himself as Queen of Hell. Dear Messalina, who

elevated her favorites, turned her nose up at the courts, sold war secrets, killed high citizens who criticised her, gay and silly violated the Seventh Commandment with Caius Silius, and converted her husband Claudius I. to the error of her ways, would bite her ghostly lips with envy if she read Clío's page on Paraguay concerning her French rival, Madam Lynch, who spent her last years in poverty and obscurity and died forsaken of God and man.

THE LIMIT

 AD as things were, I am surprised things are as good as they are under the nominal form of republican government at the unsanitary capital Asuncion. Paraguay's religion is Roman Catholic, but the people are not working much at it. The mixed population is lazy; its compulsory education is found on paper; the press is muzzled; free speech is gagged; illegitimacy is the chief occupation. But to the bashful man or bachelor, who hasn't been able to mate and marry, Paraguay is an inviting paradise of would-be-Mother Eves. The statistical ratio of women to men is three to one, while the practical relation was foretold by the prophet Isaiah, "In that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach." Among the dozen Americans here some are like the heathen, a law unto themselves, their excusing consciences permitting them to receive the attention of three times seven women.

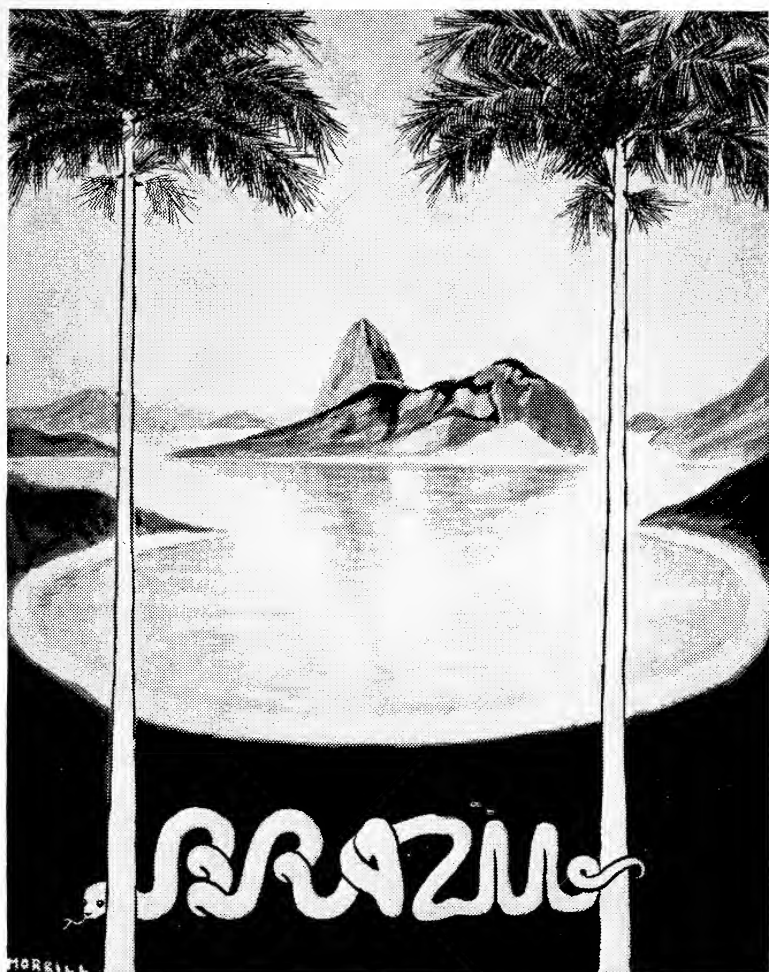
ON THE AMAZON

 OES the reader envy the writer who sailed on the "Amazon" for five days and nights? Well, "Amazon" was the name of our boat and from here to Rio Janeiro there were many points of similarity between it and the river. Exploring this "Amazon" I had many adventures and hair-breadth escapes among the different animals and tribes, and made notes of many of their customs, pastimes and pleasures. I saw head-hunters at the head-water, or bow of the boat, hunting in their hair the animal Burns has immortalized in heroic verse; savages who ate with knives; a man-eating fish such as T. R. no doubt discovered in Para-

guay; gay plumaged birds of many feathers that chattered and fluttered all around; turtles that sat solid all day and snapped at anyone who came near; alligator pairs sunning themselves on hatchways; serpents crawling between a jungle of interlaced hands and feet to twist themselves around the confidence of the unsuspecting; wild game day and night that couldn't be smoked out of the room, but remained to drink and prey on each other's pocketbook. But of greatest interest were the tribes which I noted and "L" sketched. Amazons not only breastless but heartless; a wild Russian ballet troupe that sang, danced, hugged, kissed, played hands and made love in broad daylight and narrow moonlight and so naturally leaned on shoulders and sat in laps I thought they must be "naturalists" making investigations.

Sunday came and went with no religious service to thank Him who holds the sea in the hollow of his hand, for it might have offended some atheist skipper. There was no objection to a crowded and continued all day and night service of gambling and drinking, because every one was supposed to approve of these naughtical pastimes. I managed to work in a few sacred hymns on the piano between some low rags and upper attic melody, but spent most of the time in watching the practical illustration of the text, "Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished." I don't know what fish there were under the keel of the boat, but I saw some card-sharks attack some suckers and almost skin them alive. They played silver and lost, staked up gold pieces and had them swept away and only stopped this side of their boat ticket and hand-bag. I looked in through the window and after the game saw the two sharpers, who pretended to be strangers, come out in the shadow of the life-boat and divide their gains. One of them half-blind, but with a good eye for business, asked me if I wouldn't take a hand in the game. I told him I didn't want to play on Sunday and my wife was unwilling for me to play on week days. While the passengers killed time, the boat made time, and after three days ploughing up 1,000 miles of Atlantic water, steamed by hills and headlands into a little river fringed by palms and native huts, entered Santos harbor and docked near a coffee warehouse.

It deluged for an hour, and if the water had been hot and the sacks of coffee roasted, we might have had some real good





CHURCH ADVERTISING IN RIO

BRAZIL

coffee instead of the make-believe that was offered at the table.

SANTOS



THE rain stopped and we walked one of the three miles of docks lined with ships on one hand and coffee warehouses on the other. There was an endless chain of barefooted, coffee-colored natives from wharf to ship carrying on their heads and shoulders the world's morning cup of coffee. We trolleyed through busy streets to the Square with its little church, theatre and stores, then to the American consul. His obliging secretary told us if we hurried we could catch a boat that would take up across the river to a train for Guaruja, a fashionable seaside resort for Santos' 400.

A SWELL RESORT



HOT-FOOTED race brought us to the ferry and we were soon on the other side. The little train whisked us by banana plantations and ten miles of a miniature Amazon jungle on either side of the road bed. It was low, thick with twisted trees, tangled with vines and impenetrable as a wall. There was only a path of split tree trunks here and there which the native must follow or leave at the peril of being lost. Our train crawled like a snake through the jungle and came out to the sandy shore with its blue sea, bath-houses, rock-girt islands, gardens with walks and flowers and a hotel where money ebbed and flowed with the tide. Death always shadows brightest joy and round the rocky point of the shore a ship had just struck and gone down. Spying through my glass I could see Charon, who is always looking for business, paddling in his death-boat and picking up the ill-fated passengers. There was an aeroplane on the sandy beach for the high-flying tourists, but my friend Beachey wasn't here to sail it, and there were enough risks for me to run on land and sea before I got home without taking another chance.

THE WORLD'S COFFEE-POT



OUR Lady of Montserrat, sitting on the hill above the town, beckoned us back to Santos. It might as well be called Coffeeville, for its smell was in the air and at a distance the smoking funnels of the steamers and the puffing chimneys of the city looked like so many spouts and snouts of gigantic coffee-pots.

There is coffee here to burn, though most of it is roasted abroad or at the breakfast table. I wasn't able to visit the coffee plantations in Sao Paulo county, but my Portuguese letter to the President of Brazil served as an introduction to the president of the biggest coffee magazine in the world.

At the door we climbed over Portuguese roustabouts asleep on coffee sacks like negroes on bales of cotton at New Orleans. Once in, we walked through aisles and miles of sacks of green graded coffee, piled from floor to ceiling. There was enough to build another Eiffel tower, a Chinese wall or to throw up a defense around the city against invasion. In one place rose a pyramid of coffee which would have taken Napoleon's army a long time to reduce. I started to walk around it, and just as the guide helped me up Cheops, so the president pulled me up. I sank in coffee filling my shoes and pockets until I was almost buried. Dragging me out he took a key from his pocket, pointing to a room and proceeded to unlock the door. There in almost harem-like seclusion were scores of girls sorting the coffee berries according to size and color. I was tired and thirsty and this "coffee, coffee everywhere and not a cup to drink" was aggravating. I pointed to my mouth and sucked my lips. He understood and beckoned me across the street to a little cafe.

He gave the order to the waiter and we took it in a little white cup about the size and shape of a hen's egg. It was half full of coffee. Instead of filling it with cream and putting in a lump of sugar, my host put in about five spoonfuls of light-brown sugar. I raised my hand to say "Hold, enough." He shook his head and said, "mucho sucre," and put in some more till the cup was filled with a thick liquid. It was made according to the proverbial recipe, "black as night, bitter as death and hot as Sheol." I drank it and seemed so pleased I was offered another cup. My host used cognac with his and tried to give me some, but I let well enough alone. It was stimulating enough without it.

Some use coffee as a stimulant, others as a kind of quinine drug. Originally, to quote the poet, "It was in Abyssinia made," later it was mixed in a pasty form and eaten as a kind of confection. The Cairo cafes furnish it so thick you need a toothpick after each cup. Here, instead of treating your girl to gum,

soda or candy, you give her a cup of coffee. If you want to make a business or a card deal, write a poem or pick a pocket, preach a sermon or sing a song, you nerve yourself not with Bourbon or Helicon, but with copious cups of Brazil coffee. It makes you wise to see through all things with half-shut eyes. Dreading lest I might contract an habitual liking for good coffee, I left my host who further pressed his kindness on me in the form of several sample tin cans of big and little beans, and made post-haste to the ship that was to carry me to the blessed land where they serve the unreasonable drink of drowned bread-crusts, chicory, burned beans, wheat and rye.

RIO DE JANEIRO



KIPLING wanted to roll down to Rio, but we rolled up, and the next morning rolled out of our bunks and waited with Maggie for the clouds to roll by. They did, and we sailed to Rio by bald and frowsy headed islands, broken-backed Corcovada peak and Sugar Loaf Hill too sweet for anything. Poets, painters, peregrinators and photographers have nearly killed themselves and others trying to describe Rio's harbor, saying there was nothing like it anywhere but here, and then comparing it to everything everywhere else. But pshaw! there was nothing new. I had seen it many times in my nightmare travels through Dreamland. Instead of tiring the already weary Willy reader with two pages of description, I will sum it up in two words I gave my proud and excited Portuguese friend, "Mucho fino."

Landed in this city of Arabian nights and Jupiter Pluvius days we taxied down the Avenida to the hotel of the same name. The street cars come to this hotel like the travelers and go through it as the hotel clerk goes through your pocketbook. We were assigned the "third floor back" to a room big enough for a duplex and a ceiling high enough to mow away tons of hay. Best of all was the balcony where we could see the endless procession of people and autos, house-tops, public buildings and church spires and listen to the band of street musicians that played the same limited number of selections every night for eight days.

A BAD CUSTOM

RIO is such a fashionable city, we felt we must wear some of the glad rags we had carried over and around S. A. I went with the hotel runner to the custom house for my trunks. I offered the checks and the officer shook his head. I pointed out the trunks and he shook his head. I looked at my watch and he shook his head. By that time I wished I was a bull-dog and could shake him from head to foot.

I should have known from previous S. A. experiences that to get a thing done well and quickly you must give a base bribe. This is the custom of the country. So I dug up a small silver mine of several thousand reis. The runner swore I was in a hurry to make arrangements for Mr. Roosevelt's reception, and without opening the trunks to see whether I was a smuggler they were O. K.'d and sent to the Avenida. The custom officer took the money, smiled and thanked me. As he turned I was tempted to use my foot in illustration of the proverb, "A custom more honored in the breech than the observance."

RUBBER ATROCITIES

ALL day we rubbered around and at night visited a Brazil rubber exhibit in the Monroe Palace named in honor of the Monroe Doctrine. Our U. S. secretary, Elihu Root, was here in 1906 at the meeting of the Pan-American Congress. I hope he made it plain we were rooted and founded on the Monroe Doctrine idea, an idea not elastic, as it would seem from the rubber show, but granitic as our White Mountains. There were photos of rubber camps, movies of tapping the trees, canning the "milk," smoking the hams and loading and shipping them down the Amazon to Para, which is piled up with rubber as Santos with coffee. I had heard and read of rubber atrocities and they were corroborated by an American I met here, who told me his two years' experience in rubber camps. There were exhibits of rubber in all shapes and sizes, and manufactured articles from a baby's teething rattle to an auto tire, yet if there were moving pictures of the rubber camp hells on earth and of their Soares devil family of owners and drivers, the infant would sicken as he

nursed his bottle and the auto joy-riders would pause in their mad career and take a street car. The story of the discovery and use of rubber would stretch itself over many pages, but it is enough to remember that about half of all the rubber the world uses, not including the rubberneck wagon, is from Brazil.

THE AUTO JUGGERNAUT



RJ. STANDS for real joy when you auto ride through the Avenida with its stores and public buildings, on the Beira Mar by the sea, over avenues lined with towering palms, along sandy beaches, by villas with beautiful gardens and up and around hills through jungle luxuriance to the near summits of Tijuca and Corcovada.

My friend Corson of Minneapolis lives here and offered to be the auto guide. Each car has two drivers in front, one to go like Barney Oldfield while the other holds out his hand to signal. They rush down the streets fifty miles an hour with an ambulance following close behind to pick up the people hit. Years ago in Paris I tried to cross the boulevard and raised an umbrella to keep a horse from knocking me down. This made me liable to arrest. In excuse I said I might have been run over. I was told that would have been much worse, for they would fine me for being in the way. But Paris is a funeral procession compared with the reckless driving here. They realize Nahum's prophetic declaration, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings." For fear our auto would become a modern Juggernaut and sacrifice every man and animal that tried to cross the street we forced our disgusted drivers to slow down to thirty miles an hour.

SUGAR LOAFERS



THE ride was an appetizer and after a good dinner we took in Sugar Loaf for desert. It rises over 2,000 feet above the bay. The only way to reach the top is to swing from the mainland in a little car on a cable like a spider on its web. A baby hurricane was squalling at sea, the wind blowing great guns on land and what is usually a dangerous trip would have been impossible if there

hadn't been six of us fools as anxious to spend our money as the company was to get it.

We left Mother Earth at the exposition building and swung by cable over houses and gardens to a hill top 1,000 feet high. Here we took another cable car and swung across a ravine to the summit of Sugar Loaf, 2,200 feet above the sea. First we sailed out like a bird, quietly between earth and sky, but the storm-wind struck us, the cables creaked, the car careened, the passengers grew sick and pale and clung to the wire-window netting like monkeys in a cage. "L" and I were having a second edition of our St. Louis experience in a captive balloon, when the winds kicked us around like a football. At the end of the first cable stretch it was all we could do to stand up and walk over to the second cable car. By the time we mounted Sugar Loaf's bald head and crawled to the steel lookout, we found we were in as dangerous a position as a fly trying to walk on the head of a bald-headed man leaning back in his summer chair in the stiff breeze of an electric fan. My hat blew off, and if I hadn't buttoned up my pongee coat it would have followed suit.

I am Holland descent and weigh 200 pounds and for fear I might become a Flying Dutchman and descend on the terrified inhabitants beneath I followed the Creator's command to Satan, "upon thy belly shalt thou go." It was every man for himself and the devil for us all. I cast a glance behind and saw a witch-like figure with disheveled hair, and floating skirts riding on a broomstick. Was this a Walpurgis scene? No, it was my wife bestride an umbrella holding her hat and hair with one hand and with death grip clutching the hand-bag in the other, which held all our return tickets. Like a grinning gargoyle "L" stood with his legs twined in the iron railing taking our pictures. From this ridiculous view I looked on a sublime one in the distance. The lightning was playing leap-frog over Corcovada's broken back, the thunder was rolling down the green slopes of Tijuca, the driving wind was whipping the waves before it until they were covered with a lather of foam. Then the rain with its wet sponge wiped out the pretty picture of Rio, and her suburbs nestling between hill and shore, the bay and islands, liberty cap and thimble peaks. Just as we were beginning to endure this with some enjoyment the guard

insisted we should return. Entering the car, we took a headfirst dive through space and landed safe and sound with a prayer of thanks to Him who takes careful watch of children, women and fools. After our strenuous sport we looked in on a football game, but it was such a ping-pong affair that we made the hotel our goal.

BALLET BEAUTIES



OUR Russian ballet friends were stopping in this hotel and as we had seen them in private action on the boat we thought it would be nice to witness their public performance that night at the Municipal Theater, and see whether it was as "natural" and interesting. At the front entrance the prices were sky-high, but at the stage door I presented the card of the troupe manager, whose name ended in "sky," and got in. On the boat "L" had sketched him looking so handsome and intelligent that he was pleased to give us his card and invite us to look in. From the wings we stared at the big theater filled with Rio's rich men and beautiful women. After the first act they made the dancers feel that the only thing brilliant in the audience were the electric lights, because the people were so unresponsive and stingy with their applause. Mrs. "M" had had all the ballet scenes she cared for on the mountain, and we left her asleep at the hotel. The ballet was "Scheherazade," and standing with the odalisques in the wings or mixing with the dark-eyed houris of the harem on the stage, we enjoyed it as much as the sultan himself. The troupe proved it was admirably fitted for the parts it had rehearsed on the boat. The whole atmosphere was of "Araby the blest," with its soft lights, sweet music, stealing perfume, suggestive dress and sensual motion. Really it was no place for a minister's son, and so I told "L" to go. He was either afraid to leave me alone or had promised his mother not to come home without me, so we stood by each other till the last curtain was rung down and the light fantastic toe-dancers had redressed and retired.

AROUND RIO



FULL day requires a full stomach, but there was no breakfast till noon. So we ate a little fruit, some eggs, bread and butter and drank some black coffee. The cups were small, the coffee strong and required so much sugar that I acquired the habit of having the waiter give me the coffee-pot, which I proceeded to empty into the sugar-bowl. This made the quality and quantity just right.

Stepping from the hall into the elevator and from the elevator into the open street-car I tackled a man on the end seat, made a rush to the center and settled myself as uncomfortably as possible by balancing on the narrow seat and propping my knees under my chin. There are plenty of cars, they are open and the fares are cheap, but the seats were not made to fit men of my build. The Brazilian is usually small and sallow because he is soaked with coffee, choked with cigarets and shrunk with fever and vice. The car passed by the president's palace, bathing beaches and villas to the Botanical Garden.

It isn't the Eden garden of Java, Ceylon or India, but is "it" in this part of the world. We walked a long distance through an avenue of palms that looked like sky-ceiling dusters or tall telephone poles in blossom, and came to the arbor home of Dea Palma, the goddess of palms. Without placing her palm in ours she welcomed us to roam through scenes of floral and embowered beauty, cascades and fountains. There was a little lake fringed with ferns, flowers and tropic trees. Two storks standing in the water I approached, but they did not move, and I decided there had been so little legitimate work in their profession in the city that they had come out here to die of grief and stand a petrified warning to those who substituted the word "mistress" for "mother."

There was only one Dom Pedro just as there was but one real Napoleon and Brazil is largely what Dom made it in independence, separation of church and state, religious toleration and education. His old palace is now a national museum. After wandering around the large and lovely grounds we came to the door and found it shut because they were getting ready to entertain T. R. Once again my Portuguese letter of introduction passed

me. The walls that echoed to Dom's tread were hung with spears, blankets, utensils of the savage Indian tribes of Brazil, and the many specimens of colored fauna and flora. There have been political meteorites that fleshed through the South American skies and fell, but the biggest and brightest was Dom Pedro. It is significant that the largest meteorite in the world, weighing five tons, stands in the doorway of his palace.

Saturday afternoon we went to a ball game with teams made up of Americans. They were business men, but not so fond of their position that they wouldn't slip home if their employers failed to let them off Saturday to play ball. One firm even furnishes autos to some of its help, thus combining business with pleasure. I sat in the little grandstand with the wives of the players and we were the only spectators with the exception of an Englishman here and there who came to return the compliment the baseball nine had shown in watching them at cricket.

ART NUDE AND LEWD



RJ. HAS a library and art gallery. We were not allowed to enter the former because we looked like illiterate gringos who would wear out the floor without improving our understanding. The art gallery made us welcome. Its closed doors swung to my Sesame letter. Rooms of modern French and Spanish pictures attracted us. Recent exhibitors were removing their canvas and when we thought we had seen everything beautiful, the guard led us behind a curtain, through a side-door into a gallery of nudely beautiful pictures. It was an Adamless Eden, but the fair daughters of Mother Eve seemed neither startled nor ashamed, but rather pleased with our appearance, though their painted lips plainly told Mrs. "M" there were enough of them without her.

Isn't it shocking that everything is naked but hypocrisy? Truth is naked, lies are clothed. Earth's children could be as naked as Mother Eve before she ate the apple and as innocent. Adam did not know he was naked until he had sinned. Guilt made fig-leaf aprons necessary for our primal parents.

It has been so ever since. Innocent babes, boys and girls

live nude in tropic lands, only wearing clouts or clothes as a convenience or comfort.

In Old World galleries I have seen parents and children blush and oggle and run away from statuary and painting, nude and strong, sweet and pure, because of lack of training.

Innocence is not born of ignorance but of information. Parents should teach their children personal sex identity and relation to the opposite sex and that the great and good God has adopted male and female in plant, animal and human life.

The nude is not necessarily the lewd. Above nature is human nature. The body is God's crowning work. Human anatomy argues divinity of creation. The artist need not be impure who studies a model and seeks to put on canvass what existed in the mind of the Creator of the all beautiful.

We do not need more fig-leaves on the body, but more gray matter in the brain to see and censure immoral walking nudes on our leading streets and avenues. Their undress dress, foul fitting finery, salacious suggestiveness, and devilish drapery are more tempting and degrading to those who wear and behold them than all the life-models, nude statues and paintings found in public galleries or private collections.

Virtue may sit, stand or ride naked as Godiva clad in purity while prude and Puritanical objecting critics may wear a window full of clothes and be morally abominably worse.

A satyr has always good reasons for donning pants and persuading Apollo to do the same. He is called moral, unmindful that his smiles are more repulsive than a nude Apollo.

The body is the organ of the mind and the palace of the soul. The wise and virtuous Queen Anne was accustomed to ascend the staircase of her chateau at Blois without offense, though she saw at the foot of a bracket an indecent carving of a monk and nun. Evil to him who evil thinks.

It is not the great art master, whose beautiful models lead him to wander in the forbidden land of impure imagination, but the dull, cowardly critic who cannot see soul beneath body and so dallies with thoughts of sin he dare not commit.

When the artist by word, brush, chisel or tone seeks to represent the God-given ideal of his genius, the question is not whether that ideal is manifestly nude or draped, but whether it refines or carries an intellectual and moral ideal.

The love of art-beauty is as wide as the race and as deep as the instinct of religion. Ideals seek to harmonize subjective man and objective truth. Right expression of beauty brings pleasure and culture. There is no beauty in beastliness. The greatest artists have been decent and devout. It is hard to imagine a rakish Raphael or adulterous Angelo.

Art has led from God as well as to him. The brazen serpent, symbol of God's mercy, became linked with idolatry and was destroyed by the prophet. A later iconoclasm had its basis in the fact that in thousands of instances church images and paintings of Jesus, Mary and the Apostles had become an end instead of a means of worship.

Art should be simply nature made by man to man the interpreter of God. To seek artistic or animal pleasure against God's law, and unchastened by Bible love, is to turn heaven's joy into hell's pain and be driven out, wicked, wretched and wandering by the angel of Paradise.

O YOU OUVIDOR!



NE can get dizzy or drunk on the Avenida dodging autos, looking at the passing beauty show, or walking the mosaic sidewalks with their fantastic figures of bird and beast. The street the people like best is the Ouvidor. The city cut down hundreds of houses and stores to widen the Avenida, but no profane hand was ever outstretched to widen Rua Ouvidor. It is an old straight, narrow, dingy and delightful street, which is always crowded by those who want to look or be looked at or to buy and sell something very choice. Shop windows are filled with Brazilian diamonds and precious stones outrivaling New York and Paris; dried beetles green as emeralds; humming-bird feather pictures; floral designs made of fish-scales; religious regalia to illustrate the simplicity of the gospel and pretty coral charms of big and little hands with thumbs shut in.

The windows display interesting things, but the most attractive display, judged by the crowd in front of it, was a wax model of a shapely woman with open-work abbreviated undergarments, laced and unlaced lingerie and other seductive baits of femininity that made me put my hands to my blushing face, while I looked through my open fingers. It was the limit, or

rather without limit, a true to life advertisement that caught the would-be purchaser's eye. It offered a fair bargain without concealing many of the facts connected with it.

But I was looking for something else. Entering a gents' furnishing store I found the prices as high as the model's dress. The proverb, "It's a shame to take the money" has no currency here, for they try to take more of it than any city of South America. The luxury of diamond gem, gold and silver ornament is often cheap compared with the price of clothing necessity. You can get a good diamond for what it costs to put a hat on your head, a shirt on your back, a pair of pants on your legs and shoes on your feet. As to collar, tie and gloves, that's out of the question. Why is the buyer thus robbed? Because the merchandise has been brought so far across the Atlantic? Partly, but mostly because the government needs the money and is out with the big mitt to get it.

A REGATTA



J. is a modern Babylon and we went to its hanging gardens on Mount Tijuca overlooking sea and city. It is a tropical jungle, but the only wild and dangerous thing one meets is the auto, with frightful shriek and smell, rushing up and down the steep hillside seeking whom it may devour.

Sunday came with no rest and with the rest of the profane crowd we went to the regatta on beautiful Botafogo bay. The grandstand was bright with flags, the band played lively airs, while a mob of merrymakers yelled their heads off as the sculls darted by like dragon flies. The hoi polloi were on the Beira Mar, that six-mile horseshoe curve, wishing and waving good luck to the boys tugging at their oars. The people on the tugs were firing pistols and leaning over the side to watch the race until it seemed we could see their finish. It was a glad regatta, but I had sad regrets when I thought of what had happened here years ago. The simple native children, who would not receive spiritual nourishment and care from the Mother Church, were used as kindling wood for holy fires, a warning beacon lest others make shipwreck of their faith. Botafogo means "thrown into the fire" and not "boat in a fog," as I thought when I first heard the word.

CHURCH ADVERTISING



FEELING I should attend some religious service, I went to the church that advertises the most. The following ads were published not only on the housetops but on the church steeple: "Scott's Emulsion" for consumption, and "Tayuya," a "licor" largely used by people who are being consumed by the prevailing South American disease of syphilis. You see it pays to advertise. The church needed the money for repairs and completion and I was surprised that the big gilt figure on the spire above these ads wasn't Lydia Pinkham instead of Mary. I hope the sinner sick in body and soul can be helped, but there are so many religious and medical D. D. dope doctors here that I feel with the prophet Nahum, "there is no healing of thy bruise; thy wound is grievous."

T. R. AT R. J.



RIO is entertaining and for a week she had been preparing to receive and entertain Theodore Roosevelt, that representative American, even here familiarly called "Teddy." His picture was in the windows, his name in the papers. The next morning when he landed I broke through the guard and official reception committee, gave him the glad hand, pinned an American flag on him and marched up the street to the reception room, where he was formally received. He seemed dee-lighted to meet me, as on former occasions, and when he said he was surprised to find me there I told him I had beaten him by six weeks to South America, that all the cities wanted to see and hear him, and I believed he could do more to make the country understand and appreciate the United States than all the distinguished American representatives who had preceded me or would follow him.

If the reader is a doubting Thomas and sceptical of this interview I can refer him to the secretary of Rio's Y. M. C. A., Arthur W. Manuel. He later wrote me, "You will be interested to know that the day after you sailed I saw you shaking your fist at Roosevelt in a moving picture show. At the landing, when we were following Roosevelt, we were included in the moving picture man's machine. It is very clear, especially of you with your hat in one hand and your little American flag in the other hand waving at Roosevelt."

He further wrote that the Y. M. C. A. was fortunate enough to have Mr. Roosevelt make the only speech open to the public during his stay in Rio, from their platform, and that he gave them "the strongest gospel message they had ever heard." The speech was published in English by the *Journal de Commercio*, Rio's leading daily. He so thoroughly captured the hearts of the people that a business man said, "If this government would only give a man like Roosevelt a hundred thousand dollars to sit in the Brazilian presidential chair for six months it would be the greatest blessing the country ever had."

T. R.'s visit to Brazil was "nuts" to the cartoonist. I remember one picture where he was giving moral instruction to some of Rio's political leaders, telling them that if a nation or an individual wished to be great it must practice the common place and homely virtues without thought of the heroic crises that so seldom come.

DIVES



THAT last night in Rio! The city was brilliantly lighted, but we saw some shady places to make the picture complete. From the bright lighted movie foyers, where the waiting crowd is furnished with seats and music instead of being log-jammed as they are in U. S., "L" and I went down the Avenida, through a public park. Its main gate opened into a street, not filled with churches, libraries and museums, but of aristocratic maisons de joie. There was a corner cafe, with a score of well-dressed women sitting at the tables, but no men. They seemed social as we passed by and beckoned us in. When we went on they followed with a loose collection of Spanish, French, German and English oaths. That was the only way they could follow us, for there was a man on horseback at the street corner prepared to run them in if they ventured out. It was eight o'clock and we were the only ones on the street and must have looked lorn and lonely, for in every doorway stood a besilked, bediamonded, benighted beauty who looked compassionately on us and invited us to come in and make ourselves at home.

A long walk brought us to a kind of Leicester square of many theaters. Believing they were all either good or bad, we entered one and saw and heard a Portuguese comic opera. It

was comical to see some of the red light scenes we had just escaped enacted on the stage. Again we went out of the light into the night, passing through narrow streets of dives brighter and blacker than any we had yet seen. This was the busiest place in Rio. Although it was midnight, an unending stream of humanity poured up and down the walks, the patrolling police charging the crowds time and again.

I was sorry I had not seen Brazil's men of war, because it was foggy when we entered the harbor, but I was sorry to see most of them gambling, drinking, going in and out of the dives along these streets. Here vice was wholly evil and had lost none of its grossness. It was dirty, dowdy and depraved. Jack Falstaff would have hurried away as fast as his fat legs could carry him and not paused to pity, endure or embrace the poor, half-dressed, painted, powdered prostitutes weaving shrouds for souls and making their bed in hell. Rio may believe with Tokio that the social sin is a necessary evil that cannot be exterminated, and therefore should be segregated, but the Jap has the sense and decency to quarantine a moral pest-house on the outskirts of a city and not locate it by public parks and buildings.

By nature Rio is one of the most beautifully situated cities of the world. By human nature it is so wicked that it illustrates the idea old as Methusela, "every prospect pleases, and man alone, or woman alone, or together are vile."

THE HUNCHBACK



HEY say it's lucky to touch a hunchback so the last morning we ascended Corcovada, the hunchback, and touched his bare rocky shoulder which stooped more than 2,000 feet above Botafogo bay. We started with a drink from the snake-headed fountains back of the Avenida hotel; tramped up the stairs to the station; tramped on the many-arched aqueduct over the city; wound up woody slopes where perch rich men's villas; went through feathery forests of flowers, foliage and ferns; stopped at the fountain source where Adam's ale is brewed, collected and piped down to the city, and arrived at the station where the cog catches you and carries you to the top. Here we saw the eighth scenic wonder of the world. Above, beneath and around was a paradise of a panorama. It would have

diverted the attention of Adam and his young wife from the forbidden green apple whose mortal taste gave the world a stomach and heart-ache. 'Twas a joy symphony. The sun smiled, the sea laughed, the palms clapped their hands, flowers sweetened the air while green bugs and blue butterflies tangoed in the tangled thicket. This was a sort of Transfiguration Mount where I wanted to tabernacle but our ship sailed in a few hours and we flew down on the tram from our paradise perch.

In town I noticed some curiosities I had not seen in the museum. Flower women on the curb, black, bare-footed, red-turbaned and rakishly dressed, descended from Pharaoh's fat kine; a bilious bunch of bones leaning on its elbow on the street corner, wearing a garter-like badge to show it was a policeman on duty, and stylish carriages of ladies and long-headed diplomats drawn by teams of long-eared mules.

We told the hotel clerk we were going. I think he passed the word along for at our door we met the servants who had smiled at us for a week and done little else. Virtue is its own reward and if they didn't possess that they got left. I made short work of a long bill. It was paid in milreis, well-named, for here money runs faster through your pocket than a backwoods millrace.

I was sorry to leave Rio—so much money—for away from home it is your best friend and the only one that can bring you back again. \$ had made arrangements with the big new steamer "Vestris" to take us to New York but when the hour came for sailing we didn't. There was a hitch in the proceedings and we were held, not by a Manila rope, but by the fair tresses of two damsels who were booked to go with us but had not yet come. While the captain was looking at his watch the American Consul dashed aboard and asked if the ladies had arrived. The perplexed answer was "No." I was wondering what the trouble might be, when a Rio police boat bumped our port gang and two American girls rushed up crying, "We're safe." "Thank God" cried the American consul as he stepped ashore. "Let her go," yelled the captain and the "Vestris" swung out from the city, ships, forts and delectable mountains for a 17 days' pilgrim's progress.

A WHITE SLAVE MARKET



SINCE I was one of the first to address the young ladies when they came aboard, and since they seemed quite as beautiful as the scenery, and were unaccompanied by any gentleman, I congratulated one of them in my ministerial capacity on her being "saved" and asked her what she meant for she had almost lost the boat. When we had found a lonesome spot on deck with no one around, and after the sun had set behind Sugar Loaf and could not see, she told me this tale of wicked woe.

Her name was Joan Shore and her companion's Gladys Waddel. Roy Chandler, a Buenos Aires agent for vaudeville, had come to New York and booked them through the Scott-Payne agency. He represented conditions better in South than in North America, said they could earn fifty dollars a week and have all expenses paid if they would "just sing American songs." They made the bargain and sailed. Before landing, they learned, from someone who knew this agent, that gambling and wine-rooms were run in connection with the theatres and that it would always be necessary to carry revolvers for protection. When they neared Rio and realized their danger they decided not to land but to board the "Vestris" for New York. But they were nabbed by the police, who work hand in hand with the white-slavers, and had it not been for Mr. Roosevelt, the American Consul, and some other interested friends, who raised enough money to pay their return passage and insisted that the contract of Chandler's false promises must be broken, she and her friend would have been placed in durance vile for two years according to Brazilian law.

Miss Shore told me every step of this infernal plan to entrap them, and hoped that as Chaplain of the Actor's Church Alliance and T. M. A., I would tell and publish it so that other young girls might be warned of engagements for amusement which is adultery, pleasure which is prostitution and a stage life which makes destruction please.

Babylon had a marriage market for her women. Rio has a girl's slave-pen over whose portals is written Dante's hell-motto.

"She has been in South America," is the living epitaph of many a poor girl dead in trespasses and sins.

The white-slaver is the Devil's missionary who lays nets which Lucretia cannot avoid and gives baits and bribes that move Penelope. South America is the white-slave market of the world. She has black slaves in gold mines and rubber camps of the interior, and white slaves on the coast who have been brought from every country of the world with false promises of marriage or respectable employment.

The story of soul-traffic is old as history; it includes all races and creeds and is found in every clime and country.

Procurers for what panders to lust and crime have led purity, beauty and youth to what seemed a palace of pleasure but turned out to be a Pandemonium of memories, regrets, remorse, fear, despair and death.

The baits and traps to catch and ensnare the ignorant and unwary are money, dress, society, pleasure, companionship and everything which dazzles but to destroy.

By Creation, Providence and Redemption we are members of one common family. We are our brothers' and sisters' keepers. If for coin or carnality we traffic in souls and believe with the Mohammedan that heaven here and hereafter is pleasure and so smile at debauchery and defy death, we will live to shed tears hotter than blood, dream dreams that reflect the flames of a literal hell and have a moral nature as hideous and deformed as our bodies, so twisted with disease that the undertaker will be compelled to change the shape of the coffin to fit our limbs.

BAY OF SAINTS AND SINNERS



HE farther North we went the warmer it grew and after a three days' sail of more than 700 miles we sinners anchored in All Saint's Bay.

Through a friend who talked Spanish and wanted to go ashore, "L" and I bargained for a sailboat to carry us three miles to Bahia, the former capital and oldest city of Brazil. At the bottom of the gang was a little boat filled with parrots and monkeys which a native wanted us to buy. We didn't need them for the men who were to take us ashore were already talking and acting as if they were members of that same green-feathered

and that long-tailed family. From the first it was plain they intended to charge us not by the mile but hour. They tacked and we attacked, they blamed the heavens and we blamed them—and if all the hot air between us had been centered on the sail it would have taken us but a short time to make fast to the landing.

Bahia has a down-town by the water and an up-town 300 feet above which you may reach by foot, horse, cable car or by hydraulic elevator.

We left the landing, where Portuguese, negroes, half-breeds and every other kind of colored roustabout were running about and handling coffee, cocoa, sugar, tobacco, hides and palm-fibre used for street-brooms. Passing through the main business street with its substantial stores where they sell diamonds and cigarets, giving a prayer and copper to the blind, lame, dirty beggars who for the love of Mike or Mary importuned us, we came to the "lift." It took us to a higher plane whence we could look down on the broad deep bosom of the bay, where the anchored ships rose and fell, or look up at the syphilitic signs that decorated the station, walls and roofs of public buildings, thus confirming my belief in the reputation of Bahia as the "religious centre of Brazil."

These signs of civilization were not only in big black letters but in colored picture posters representing semi-nude men and women in the various disgusting stages of the disease.

A recent deluge had floated away the sidewalks, undermined the houses and washed out the streets but left untouched whole rows of buildings consecrated to the worship of Venus. Purely by accident we strayed into this street and from what we saw and heard made as hasty a retreat as Joseph from Potiphar's wife, finding refuge in the Cathedral whose big dome shines like a gem in the hill's crown.

Bahia has 67 varieties of the same kind of church built by poor ignorant worshippers. They believed they served God by living in hovels, that by piling up palaces for Him they would enjoy a prominent place at heaven's banquet table, and be happy in proportion as they stinted and starved themselves to feed a lot of indolent, incontinent priests. As an illustration of poetic, practical justice it is pleasing to know that when the government waked up to a knowledge of the cause of its material, mental and

moral poverty it took possession of the monasteries and convents and turned them into free hospitals, libraries and schools.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS



It is often difficult here to see the Southern cross on land and sea, even when it is pointed out to you, but in Brazil you need not be an astronomer or look through spectacles or telescope to see it day and night. The true cross is not beheld in the sky or on a church spire but in the mixed population, black and white, native and European. Cupid is a pickaninny here. I would not be a fake fortune teller if I looked at the left hand of Brazil's 17 millions and predicted a "dark" future ahead for her. The proverb "Love is blind" has been revised to read "Love is color-blind." When you cross the Line the color line is lost and it doesn't matter if the blood in your veins is red, white, blue or black. If you are a negro, born free or liberated, you have social, religious and political equality and if qualified, can get into any private or public position of honor and trust. The Emancipation Act was more effectively carried out in Brazil than ours in the South or England's in her colonies.

One leads a horse to water but can't make him drink. I found a negro who hadn't drunk at the Pierian spring of Bahia's public library, normal school or university. He was cooking his dinner on the sidewalk and when he saw my kodak he bolted into his shanty door and no pleading or bribe could draw him out. As the food began to burn he shoved his wife out to tend it, proving she was much more afraid of him than of me. The smell of his dinner made us hungry and we retired to a little cafe in the Plaza. The word "chocolate" was printed over the door and windows. We ordered some but learned it was only served after dark and so compromised by each taking a big juicy pineapple, sliced and spread thick with sugar, and a dozen ripe, luscious bananas. My, it was delicious when we got it, but the wait was so long I am sure the servant was descended from the Brazilian sloth.

We settled our bill and our banquet with a ride around town. There were some autos of American make but the roads were such Brazilian mud-holes we took a car that was sure of its track in the middle of the street. I am inclined to think a

chauffeur felt slighted that we didn't hire his car for as we turned a corner he whizzed by, splashing the seats and passengers in the street car as if he were a mud geyser. Soon the narrow, dirty streets were exchanged for wide, green fields, suburb villas and gardens and we found how beautiful Bahia was, when you got away from it. With this last thought we returned to the Plaza, shot down the elevator shaft and headed for the dock, loitering long enough to see the market, visit the stores full of native feather work and lace finery, be dazzled with bushels of big Brazilian diamonds bright and flashy enough for a coast lighthouse, and buy, for my tobacco lovers at home, boxes of cigarets and cigars very choice and very cheap. I hated to encourage this "bad habit" among my good friends and for various reasons was not sorry that the law limited me to 100 cigars and 300 cigarets.

Our pirates were waiting and quickly sailed us beyond the big new breakwater to the "Vestris." At sundown we heaved anchor and a sigh of relief to get out of the Bay of Saints and whales and away from the city of churches, cigarets and damaged goods.

BRAZIL'S BLESSINGS



BRAZIL has much room for improvement for her area is larger than the United States. Army and navy are a joke but she can laugh last at any invader with her trocha jungles, her fever lyddite, her bug dirigibles, her mosquito aeroplanes, her insect infantry, her alligator dreadnaughts, her snake destroyers and electric eel torpedoes.

Half of Brazil's 22 millions are black and indolent, yet they can't starve if they want to. The things we work hard to make money enough to buy Nature has planted in their back yard. Coffee and sugar to drink, grain, beef, fruit and nuts to eat, cotton and rubber to wear, tobacco to smoke, and gold and diamonds to sport with.

Brazil likes the U. S. In her trouble with Argentina President Cleveland decided in her favor. Her constitution and judiciary are much like ours as are her ideas of the separation of church and state, civil marriage, individual freedom, public education and universal suffrage.

It is the Yankee more than anyone else who is enabling Brazil to develop her resources by building the Madeira-Mamore

railroad and saving a month's time to shippers by going way around the Madeira river rapids. The line extends from Porto Velho on the Madeira to Villa Bella in Bolivia. In Rio I met a Minneapolitan, a former member of my congregation, who had worked for months on this railway by the river and in the jungle. Possibly he was trying to forget me and my sermons. He told me of the vermin-infested boats, the hell-heat of the tropics and the moisture and malaria that laid its fever hand on you and crumpled you up like a piece of paper. Like the Panama railway the road-bed was one continuous grave, a dead man for every tie. Often a man who wanted to die, couldn't. At night he had to sleep under a net to keep the bugs and vampire bats from bleeding him to death and eating him up. He began the day, not with prayer but with a dose of quinine. What he first thought was the call of the breakfast bell was that of the doctor who made him come and take his 60 grains of quinine or have his wages docked and be sent back to the dock. Another unlooked for pleasure was to buy a ticket and coffin when you started down the Amazon, so that if you died your body could be returned. If you survived and came back with your coffin as a trunk, you got a rebate.

Poor C——, like many another stranded Yankee down here, wanted to get away and couldn't. He was economical and received a good salary but spent all of it for his board. Hundreds like him, who have listened to S. A. financial fairy tales, had their passage prepaid and other money advanced them for incidental expense, and then found they could only make a bare living wage. They were never able to pay back the money loaned them, hadn't faith to walk on the water, it was too far to swim home, and had to remain year after year like slaves in Egyptian bondage.

WIND JAMMERS



HE seven days and nights to Trinidad. we had warm weather, and warmer discussions between two tonsured, shovel-hatted priests, who got on at Bahia, and a young Frenchman who had graduated from a Paris university and taken a three years' post-graduate course as a gaucho, or cowboy in Patagonia. The subject was generally love, marriage and divorce. It was two against one, an old

Hollander and middle aged Italian versus a young Frenchman. The former argued love was spiritual, and Frenchy insisted it was a sensation. Since the fathers had spent their life in the celibate cloister, and the young man his last four years among the bleak solitudes with sheep and cattle as his companions, they were excellently prepared to hotly maintain their widely different conclusions on the holiness of Hymen and the carnality of Cupid.

Three times a day they sat down before a white table-cloth of truce and drank each other's health in wine, beer and yerba maté.

MATE AND GAUCHO



HIS last drink is to Paraguay what wine is to France. Frenchy liked it and was taking it in bulk to New York to introduce as a substitute for tea. He often urged us to drink it with him. There are thousands of acres of it in Paraguay. It grows on a bush, the natives pick the branches and hold them over a fire until the leaves are dry, when they crush them to a powder in their hands. This powder is put in a cup made of cocoanut, gourd or silver, boiling water is poured over it, a handful of sugar is thrown in and instead of drinking it like a cup of tea you insert a tube of gold, silver or bamboo and suck it as you would soda through a straw. It was simply delicious! The odor was of the Monday family wash and had the flavor of the sage and catnip tea mother used to make in the spring-time to tone me up. He presented me with several packages and I have used them, in my curio collection.

Next to the maté he loved his saddle, spurs, lariat and poncho for he had lived the life of a gaucho and could ride and lasso like a native. The true gaucho, or S. A. cowboy, was a part of his horse, but like the centaur has become extinct. He was big as the steer he lassoed, brave as the Indians he fought and bad as cards, drink and murder could make him. Booted and spurred he was the knight of the pampas and with his boleta, a stone fastened to a strip of leather, he hurled defiance at the head or feet of the man or animal he opposed. When I complained of my quarters Frenchy consoled me by telling me what he had shared and seen. He had slept in a poncho on the ground with the sky for a blanket.

"GETTING BACK" ON THE LAMPORT HOLT LINE



HAVE sailed around the world, across the Atlantic sixteen times, over the Inland Seas of Europe, the "seven seas" of Kipling and some more, on as many ships. To all this has been added the trip around S. A., but to the Lamport Holt Line, which plies from B. A. to New York, the line of Shakespeare most fittingly applies, "I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in to saucy doubts and fears."

When we bought our tickets the agent told us that second class on the L. and H. was better than the first class of West Coast boats. We sailed from B. A. to R. J. on the R. M. S. P. "Amazon" and as soon as we landed went to the L. and H. office, showed our second cabin ticket and were assigned room 90 on the "Vestris." This was eight days before she was due. When she docked, our baggage was put in room 90 and we went aboard two hours before she sailed. When the purser looked at our tickets he said, "This is a mistake. You have been assigned a first cabin on a second cabin ticket, our agent, who made the mistake, will be here in a few minutes and I will see what can be done." The agent came and went, the boat pulled out and we and our baggage were dumped—in a room which the band was forced to vacate, at the bottom of the dining stair and opening on the bath and lavatory. The room was small, dark and penetrated by a ventilation pipe from the hold which perfumed the air with reeking odor of hides. The ship-doctor was later forced to admit it and tried in vain to correct it. In addition to this we were on the port, the hot land side, with no electric fan. Thus was illustrated the Scripture, "The first shall be last" because we who were the first to apply, eight days before, had been mistakenly put in the "first" cabin and were the last to come in the "second" which was full.

"L" and I could endure this stifling, smelly stateroom but it was an outrage on Mrs. "M" and I asked what they would do to correct their error. The purser said he was "sorry" to say no correction could be made unless I paid him an additional \$300, the difference in fare between first and second class. I told him it was a rotten mistake and a rotten room—third class, not second, but as a minister I would bear the trial, as a lecturer

advertise the line, as a writer roast it, and as a traveler tell tourists to visit South America by way of England.

The L. and H. Line stands for lousy and hungry. There was no privacy in our room, and we were nightly visited by bugs. Like the Indian fakir who lies down on his bed of spikes or the Brahmin martyr who offers his body to devouring vermin, I went to bed. Vermin accompanied us across the floors and up the stairs and our uniform and meagre bill of fare at the table was shared by uninvited cockroaches.

Our "Grand Promenade" and saloon deck occupied a hundred feet on each side of the stern. Here we could walk on each other's feet, sit musing 'mid a babel of Russian, Portuguese, Spanish and Italian tongues; enjoy the glory of the Atlantic, sun by day and moon by night; drink in the greasy odor of the kitchen, the sweaty smell of the laundry and the disinfecting incense of the hospital.

Sea-port cities are cesspools of sin where the Devil's imagination is overtaxed to invent new vices for his worshippers. At B. A. our boat lay for two weeks and when she pulled out was a floating hospital of sailors rotten with disease. We lost time, not only because the coal was poor but for the reason there were not enough stokers to shovel it. These were our "palm garden" surroundings and in their midst was the small saloon which served as the music room, the library, lounge and social parlor. This was a dandy "multum in parvo" and its height of enjoyment was reached when the heavy rains drove us all in and everybody was forced to carry on all these social functions at once. The band further put us on the ragged edge of despair with its ragtime while the unappreciative card-players kept time with their fists as they threw down the cards with a fortissimo, "Uno, duo, tres, quatro."

Noah had his ark, and if his animals had the "accommodation" we had they must all have kicked like mules. They say a rat deserts a sinking ship. I didn't see any on the "Vestris" and concluded the Rodent family, rather than "bear those ills" they had on board had jumped overboard to "others they knew not of."

NUTS



Of course there were the usual deck sports when we crossed the Equator whose foolery must make Neptune sick. Although we "seconds" were privileged to look at the "firsts," we were not permitted to share their pastimes. But the real deck "sports" we saw every evening, were the "swell" American and Brazil negro diamond merchants, and the flashy-dressed, low-necked, high-skirted, French-heeled women who smoked cigarets and languidly and loosely stretched their anatomy on the easy chairs of the palm-garden.

Sunday we had Brazilian nuts for dessert, and why not? Brazil is the land of nuts. Here are some of the many varieties: The exploring "nut" who returns from the "Brazilian wilderness" where he sailed on undoubted rivers and on land or savage shore had more wonderful adventures than Alice in Fairyland; the naturalist "nut" who leaves home and native land to risk his life for the ignis fatuus fame of linking his name with the discovery of a blukiferous bug or a bentankicus berry; the statistic "nut", who loses himself and reader in Amazonian thickets of useless information; the financial "nut," whose eye in a fine frenzy rolling, gives name to airy nothing.

A nut Sundae would have been nice to finish the dessert, but since I couldn't get it this side of New York, I was satisfied with the memory of a special kind of Nut Sunday they have there: The Sunday newspaper, a chestnut, wormy and rotten; the preacher, a hardshell hickory nut; the church-visitor, a walnut; the critical deacon, a peanut; the Charleyboy masher, on Fifth Avenue, a butter-nut; the brown-eyed flirt, a hazel nut; the tango couples at Coney beach, beechnuts; the autofiends and the helpless they run over, cracked cocoanuts. This was my Sunday sermon and the text from the Song of Solomon, "I went down into the garden of nuts." There was Sunday service on board, the first time since we had left New York. It was read by the purser in the first cabin—but seven days had dug a kind of impassable gulf between the Dives bow and Lazarus stern of the "Vestris."

Perhaps a hell worse than Dante or Milton ever imagined would be one where poor souls would be compelled to read this purser's dull service.

The lights of Pernambuco twinkled to us across the water like stars across the sea of space. Its other name is Recife but by any name is just as sweet for it is the sugar port of South America. A coral reef like the rim of a sugarbowl encloses it. There is a lot of sand in it and incoming ships reef their sails on approach. Pernambuco is the nearest S. A. port to Europe and since the cargo is not only sugar but rum the sailors make the most of it by mixing it in the form of a punch.

We passed Para at the mouth of the Amazon, the world's greatest rubber port. I rubbered with open-mouth but couldn't see it.

"THREE OF A KIND"



GUIANA lies on the coast between Brazil and Venezuela. It is under three flags, the British Union Jack, the French Tri-Color and the horizontal red, white and blue of Holland. The colors of the three flags are in our Old Glory and in spite of the Monroe Doctrine about European possessions in S. A., our relations are friendly.

I didn't care to stop at French Guiana for I didn't know when I could get away. It is a penal colony. The climate is hot, its many varieties of pepper are hotter, Cayenne is the capital, and its criminals are hottest in their heart's desire to get back to their beautiful France. In harmony with all these warm surroundings is Devil's Island near by where Dreyfus through military jealousy and Jewish race prejudice was imprisoned. Zola and others interceded when he was brought home, retried and finally acquitted. Nature tried to sweeten up this tropical prison-house by producing a rose-wood tree whose oil is extracted and exported to Paris as an attar of roses. However, no forest of rose trees or pampas of flowers can sweeten the stench of this Parisian scandal.

The Dutch are good gardeners but the colony they planted in Guiana hasn't thrived as their East India colonial possession. The pests on the banana, sugar-cane and cocoa, and the pestiferous atmosphere surrounding 4,000 whites among 70,000 blacks put a blight on prosperity. Visitors to Paramaribo, the capital, speak of the old town and its one avenue shaded by mahogany trees and ebony creoles. The only sweetness and light here is sugar and gold and that is exported.

Our boat didn't stop at Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana, though there are things worth seeing. I don't refer to the many Hindus and negroes, or the products of sugar, rubber, rice, rum and diamonds, but to the Kaietur Falls in the forest interior. From a width at the brink of 369 feet it makes a sheer drop of 741 feet. Niagara is some falls, but this is five times as high and takes a fall out of it.

TRINIDAD



HE island of Trinidad was once a part of Venezuela but broke away, and I don't blame it. Yes, Columbus discovered it as he did everything else, except America. He saw the three weird sister mountains, and as usual, the less religious he was, the more inclined he was to give religious names to everything he saw, and called the island La Trinidad after the Holy Trinity.

A century later Sir Walter Raleigh got the gold-fever and started for his claim in El Dorado. He stopped here at some wayside inn and wrote tales to his home-town paper about a fish that wore armour, another that played a kind of trumpet, a crab that climbed trees and stole fruit, oysters that grew on mangrove trees, streams of tar and lakes of pitch. He was a good press-agent and must have drawn a full house when he went home. I had been here four years before and the Pitch Lake was the only one of these marvels I had seen. Hoping to find the others I entered the Dragon's Mouth, filled with islands and the mad water of the muddy Orinoco, and went ashore.

We ran the gauntlet of negro hack-drivers and gay-dressed women who tried to sell us baskets of oranges, yams, bananas and pineapples; walked the main street; loafed under the shade trees; wandered through warehouses full of cocoa-beans; had our pictures taken by the park statue of Columbus, shopped for shark canes and curios, hummingbird and humbug jewelry; took a delightful drive to the Maraval Reservoir; met a bull, who, enraged by my red face, chased me across the Queen's Park Savannah; rested on the steps of the English Governor's residence and for a card left the American flag; admired his Botanic garden; trolleyed through tropical beauty towards the Blue Basin; rode through hot Cooley town and kodaked naked children;





“SAFETY FIRST”

VENEZUELA

went into the Museum and stood reverently before relics of the tragic Scott expedition and saw the clothing that had covered with warmth and glory the body and heart of Dr. Atkinson, who lives in Trinidad.

HOT COOLEY TOWN



COOLEY town looks like a section of India. The British government hires Hindu men and women to come from the East Indies and work for five years with the privilege of returning after that time if they wish. Many remain. The men never interested me very much with their turbans made of a bolt of cloth, and their small trunks which contain several napkins, but the women are attractive and look like an animated jewelry store with silver bracelets on wrists and ankles, a horseshoe lucky piece around their neck, a gold stud on one side of their nostril and a big hoop ring through their nose. Often the wealth of husbands and lovers is not placed in the bank but on the back of their women. I saw men at work in little shops. One picked up a piece of silver with his toes and placed it on a small anvil using one hand to guide and the other to hammer. He made six light rings of silver, looped each to the other and then braided them in such a way as to form a pretty finger ring. It was a puzzle. Altogether it was a ring, separated it looked like a section of a dog chain.

Trinidad is Nature's hot-house for rare plants, flowers and trees. It is the home of "warm babies", rum, sugar, Angostura bitters, cocoa and coffee. The natives have a warm time by day working with rubber, timber and cocoanuts, a warmer time by night with their pleasures, and the warmest time of all at La Brea digging asphaltum in Pitch Lake.

Four summers' heat had gone since I was here, but not the memory of the hottest roast of my life. Stepping off the "Oceana" on the pier we walked up a little hill for nearly a mile under a broiling sun and over a steaming earth, between pineapple patches and native huts where scores of bareheaded negro women and children stood looking and laughing at us as we toiled along in our white suits, green-lined cork hats and white umbrellas, panting, perspiring and profanely wondering where in blank we were going.

THE LAKE OF FIRE



WE soon saw, for there before us was a big black-face lake of over a hundred acres with palm and jungle tree whiskers around it and shallow streams like sweat flowing over it. When I walked across the surface to see the men at work, it sunk in and smelled out at every step like a summertime street in good old St. Louis. The negroes were digging in the spongy black mass with their picks and I gave the boss fifty cents to let me head the gang. After I had dug out one piece a native put it in a little hand-car, shoved it along the track till it was picked up by a cable, run down and emptied in the hold of a ship at the wharf. I felt I had done a day's work and quit.

This solid lake is not of volcanic but of mineral oil formation. Like the widow's cruse the more you take out the more you have, for the trench the men dig by day is filled up the next morning.

Without any classical allusion to Homer or Virgil, or quotation from Dante and Milton, the sweltering heat, sulphurous smell, and blistering pitch the poor devils were digging with their pitchforks, was hell. I felt that if the infernal regions were ever full, or closed for repairs, Pitch Lake could be used as a temporary annex.

EGRET FIENDS



I MET an interesting young American at Trinidad with a suit case filled with egrets worth five thousand dollars and a heart full of regrets because he could not take them to New York on account of the Audubon bill. He had hunted herons on the Amazon and Orinoco for their egrets and had a small heron farm in Venezuela that netted him fifteen hundred dollars a year. The birds can be raised like ostriches and the feathers plucked out one by one with no more pain to the bird than to pull a hair from your own head. The heron egrets appear when the mother bird is nesting. Cruel natives get in their canoes and paddle among the rushy swamps where the birds are nesting in their wild state. Instead of gently removing an egret they grab the bird by the neck with one hand, pull out a whole handful of feathers with the other and

tie the screaming bird by a leg to a tree. Her cries attract hundreds of herons which are shot down and stript of their feathers. Because of this abominable cruelty that threatens to exterminate so graceful and beautiful a bird the American branch of the Audubon society said, "Let European beauties wear egrets if they will and show the barbaric savagery of their feather-decked sisters on the Amazon, but they don't crown the heads of American women with much beauty." Uncle Sam said "Amen" and prohibited their importation.

"CARAMBA"



STERNE, in his "Tristram Shandy," tells of an abbess and a sister who feared to pronounce a certain word because it was a venial sin, but each said half and diluted it into no sin at all. In Venezuela I heard of three pious friars who were mad at a lazy mule that lay down and spoiled their luggage. They wanted to use the profane word "caramba," and to dissipate its devilry one of them said "ca," another "ram" and the last "ba." There were times in my journey to La Guayra, Caracas, Valencia, Victoria and Puerto Bello when I felt like using the same expressive ejaculation, not at the mules but at the men. I was providentially relieved by my three traveling companions, Hecht, Gottschalk and Birch, any one of whom was willing to assume the whole personal responsibility and say the whole word by himself, not once but many times. Hecht was a corking good fellow whose grandfather invented the patent cork on bottles; Gottschalk, the musical distiller with "tony" liquor; Birch, the buggy carriage and rickshaw maker who brought people home at night after they had uncorked too many bottles. Rough weather from Panama had made me sick and I was green as the water in the bay, but from the time I touched shore at La Guayra these three friends never deserted me.

A PUNK PORT



HIS little town is Venezuela's chief seaport lying at the foot of the Silla mountain, a spur of the Andes. There were ships in the harbor; just above the beach little white-faced, red-headed houses nestling among cocoanut palms, banana trees, sugarcane and coffee plants; back

of the town a small fort that looked as if it couldn't withstand a severe attack of the measles, but has survived quakes and bombs, and a bull-ring that had often rung with the applause of the pious pleasure-seekers who adjourned there after church.

My stay was short, but long enough to melt under the scalding heat; sniff the odor of defunct vegetables; wonder whether yellow fever or bubonic plague, frequent visitors here, would want me to stay over; have my patience taxed by custom house delay and pocketbook overtaxed because I had landed with a handbag; and raise my empty hands to beggars and lottery-ticket vendors to show I had already been held up and had nothing for them. Here there is a church built from the swindling sale of lottery tickets in violation of the command, "Thou shalt not steal," and another church from the fines imposed on the poor parishioners because they swore "Caramba" every time they saw their lottery church and the priests who brought them bad luck. Nevertheless these dark and discontented looking little people save enough to smoke cigarets and wear jewelry even if they can't afford to go to the capital or sport very much at Macuto, the nearby seaside resort.

Transportation facilities from La Guayra to Caracas have been somewhat improved since Sir Francis Drake ran amuck in La Guayra. He robbed and ravaged the city, stuck the rowels in his mule, climbed into La Silla, the "saddle," zigzagged 3,000 feet to Caracas, where he confiscated the wives, wine and wealth of the citizens and kept open house for his soldiers, helped himself to a million dollars of pin-money which he stuck on the backs of his men and mules and carried back to La Guayra, where he loaded it on shipboard and sailed away.

I clambered into a coach that held 23 and was pulled by a little locomotive on a 3-foot gauge 23 miles 9,000 feet up to Caracas, 3,000 feet in 3 hours. It was a beautiful ride from sea and city, by flowers, fruit, foliage and forests, through tropical valleys and ravines, and mountain roads with their loaded burros, silver-spurred horsemen and straw-hatted natives with the trusty machete warranted to shave, cut and kill.

CARACAS



IGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE was a year of shake-ups, Napoleon in Russia, Perry on Erie who later died in Trinidad, and an earthquake in Caracas that shook the souls out of twelve thousand people and the life out of business and politics. Since then in spite of revolutions, fires and more quakes the people have had time to settle down and settle up.

I was put in the Gran Hotel and in a room with barred windows looking out on a patio of palms and flowers. Here I saw a round, raised cement tank beside which were two big stones. For aught I knew it was a mortar to shoot stone at any intruder. I was told it was a laundry corner where the clothes were washed and dried. Why my windows had these bars I couldn't understand. There was nothing in the room worth stealing. Any man who occupied it would not be considered worth robbing. There was no pretty girl for any robber Romeo to steal and the iron bars were so far apart they were useless as screens to prevent any festive flea or murderous mosquito from entering. Escaping after supper I met my three friends and we stole away to see the town. We looked in on clubs, loitered in cafes, listened to park music and availed ourselves of the stranger's privilege of staring at and speaking to some of the beautiful women who came by in pairs and peaches, this last act being regarded as rude or insulting.

THE LADY AND THE BULL



THINGS were pretty quiet and they had to be for the police carried Mauser rifles instead of billy clubs, and to improve their poor marksmanship required but slight provocation to use you as a target. For the tourist's benefit and "bolivars" (five to the dollar) a bullfight was hastily arranged. We piled into the bull-ring. Four bulls, each one looking more sick and scared than the other, were brought in, tormented and killed. There was little excitement until a female matador appeared dressed in a red regalia that made Mr. Durham so mad he started to pitch her over the fence. She stumbled and fell, trying to get away, and just as the bull started to gore her skirts some gallant matadors ran out with red scarfs.

While the animal was studying their color and style the woman picked up her skirts and vanished and the bull was vanquished.

This was a thrill I hadn't felt in Spain and my heart almost stopped beating. When I recovered and turned around I found a lady of our party, who had been sitting next to me, in a dead faint from fright. I lifted her up, her head fell on my shoulder and when she came to my three male friends offered to help, but I had succeeded so well single armed that I refused. Relinquishing my hold I surrendered her to a matronly member of the party, went back to my prison hotel and fell asleep to dream, not like Bunyan of Paradise and its "shining ones," but that my room was a bull-ring and the ghost of the murdered bull charged me because he madly imagined the girl I had resuscitated on the seat was the one who had been rescued in the arena.

The rising sun paints a pretty picture of Caracas and its beautiful surroundings of mountain, vale and gardens. A three-hour victoria drive showed us many objects of interest. The Paraiso suburb; the National University with Gothic architecture spread over a square and housing the big library and departments of science, theology, law and medicine; the Federal capitol domed on top and decorated inside with a panoramic picture of the battle of Carabobo, when the Venezuelans filled the Spaniards full of tobasco sauce; the "Yellow House," Casa Amarilla, of the yellower president Castro; his private Miraflores home where he conducted orgies rank as Rome was ever guilty of; the National Theatre, where the poor get good seats for small pay; and the Pantheon where rests the immortal General Bolivar.

OUTCAST CASTRO



WHEN I was here Castro's popularity was on the toboggan. He is said to be half-white and half-Indian, but from what I heard of him he was two-thirds devil. Short, swarthy, dark-haired and eyed, he could not only herd and drive cattle but men and women as well. His national and international revolutionary nature is well known but the story of his private life with its mean motives, cowardly conduct, jealous disposition, itching palm, hatred of any influential class, and licentious career on whose Priapus altar was sacrificed the pure wife or virgin daughter of any one he took a

fancy to, was the talk of the town and country. Don Juan was an ascetic monk in comparison.

Castro's actions spoke louder than his words. If he ever prayed I think he must have offered something like this:

"My Father which art in Hell, powerful be thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in Venezuela as it is in Hell.

Give me my daily bread, booze and beef whether everybody else starves or not.

And forgive me my debts but not as I forgive my debtors.

And tempt me into revolutions with my neighbors, but deliver me from the evil of defeat; for thine and mine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever, Amen."

CHURCH AND STATE



THE Cathedral is the usual South American whited sepulchre, without the beauty of the nearby marble monuments in the Campo Santos. People worship in the naves of the Cathedral chapel Sunday and are knaves in the streets Monday. They are long on creed and short on conduct, fluent in faith and slow in science. Many are illegitimate because wedding fees were so high. If a man did marry he wasn't supposed to be making the most of life unless he had a mistress on the side. Bad boys and girls bear the name of Jesus, Mary, John or some New Testament saint.

In many of the churches were miraculous images whose worship effected no miraculous change in the morals of the worshippers. "Like priest, like people," was so illustrated in the ignorance and immorality of the people that when Guzman Blanco, a Roman Catholic, came into power he expelled the Jesuits, monks and nuns; confiscated church and monastic property for the benefit of the government; abolished parish schools and declared the civil right of marriage was the only legal form; opened the cemeteries to Jews and heretics alike; deprived the priests of their fees and power and erected the Capitol on the site of one of the oldest and largest convents in South America. His official declaration of independence and repudiation of Rome's authority was not only the first in Venezuela but in South America. Where he led others have since followed. His message to Congress is a classic: "I have taken upon myself the

responsibility of declaring the church of Venezuela independent of the Roman Episcopate, and ask that you further order that parish priests shall be elected by the people, the bishop by the rectors of the parish and the archbishops by Congress, returning to the uses of the primitive church founded by Jesus Christ and his Apostles. Such a law will not only resolve the clerical question, but will be besides a grand example for the Christian Church of republican America hindered in her march towards liberty, order and progress by the policy, always retrograde, of the Roman Church; and the civilized world will see in this act the most characteristic and palpable sign of advance in the regeneration of Venezuela." Instead of placing the document on the table or kicking it under a chair Congress received it with patriotic and pious pleasure, declaring it had already begun to elaborate the law which his excellency had asked it to frame.

General Guzman Blanco ruled Venezuela nineteen years, and in spite of his faults was a most successful ruler, a practical student and a brave soldier. He was vain enough to have the words "The illustrious American" painted on his picture and carved in his statues. That he "dissipated anarchy, established the liberty, peace and prosperity of the republic at home as well as its dignity abroad" is not denied by any honest historian. Selfishness, sweetness and severity were strangely mixed in his character. He was devoted to his wife, kind to his children and reverent to his father, who for half a century had been a political leader. Jealous enemies poisoned the minds of the people so that his statue was overturned and his dictation no longer received, but his name and fame stand for a higher mark of progress than any of his successors have achieved.

BOLIVAR



ARACAS has many pretty little parks with statues of her heroes and one "Plaza Washington" for our own George. From the banks of the Potomac his spirit said she could bank on him if they wanted to plant a tree of liberty or chop down a political cherry or plum tree. The biggest and best park is the Plaza Bolivar, the main square of the city, with an equestrian statue of their loved liberator in the centre.

Simon Bolivar was born at Caracas and educated in Madrid.

He visited the United States in 1809 and, fired with the spirit of patriotism, returned to light liberty's torch in his own country. After vigorous and varied experiences, which the patriotic Venezuelan knows by heart, he gained his victory over Spain at Carabobo. It was to him what Yorktown was to Washington and Appomattox to Grant. He was a liberty enlightening the Southern World and shot its rays of independence across Peru and Bolivia. Like all great men he was misunderstood and maligned and compared to everybody from the devil to Napoleon. At evening time it became light and he who had devoted his mind, muscle and money to liberate his countrymen was called their Washington.

Venezuela should feel friendly towards us, not only because she is situated so near us but because we proved near and dear friends when some of our volunteers died to free her from Spanish rule; sent her \$100,000 when 30,000 people were buried in the Caracas earthquake; cared for her banished general, Paez, and when he died returned the body with honor; and last and chiefest because we forced Great Britain to restore to her the territory of the Orinoco.

FREEMASONRY



REEMASONRY is credited with some of the broadest and best uplifting influences in South America. There are lodges in the various capitals but the Masonic Temple in Caracas is the largest of them all and the building attracts not only Masonic but other eyes with its four Solomon columns at the entrance. Dictator Blanco became a Mason in New York, and when he returned erected this handsome building which has always been a centre of social, commercial and political influence. So powerful has it been that some of the laity and clergy, who are members of a church that has anathematized it as a secret organization, have nevertheless by hook or crook found admission.

Bad men have never been able to give a good reason for their opposition to what makes a man worthy and well qualified in every position in life. Bolivar, South America's patriotic saint, consecrated himself to the cause of Venezuelan independence by the grave of our Washington, "who filled two continents with his benefits and the whole world with his fame."

George was a Mason, a member of a secret society which then and ever since has stood for the light of freedom and intelligence. According to the brainless, bloody bigotry of some churches and societies, this man whom all the world delights to honor should have been excluded from the Episcopal church at Alexandria, Virginia, because he was a charter member of the Masonic Lodge, an active member until the time of his death, and in his Masonic capacity wore his white apron, blue sash and Master's collar and jewels when he laid the cornerstone of the Capitol at Washington.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY



CARACAS drummed up a concert for us in the Bolivar Plaza where we sat and listened while the boys smoked, the girls flirted and the literary read novels and the cheap daily papers. Once the press was censored but now any kind of copy is used as a filler whether it is a poem, an advertisement for new fashions, a heavenly obituary of some earthly man or woman, or a fulsome compliment of the administration. During an election or revolution the newsies call out extras. What we call revolutions are merely elections. The band selections were popular and classic as might be expected in a town which had given birth to Madam Carreno, who played with great acceptance in North America.

The Caraquenians take life easy and have a number of innocent sports. It seemed to me everybody was buying or selling lottery tickets. I saw people close their eyes for good luck, offer a kind of prayer and then touch a ticket at random which they hoped had the lucky number. On several vacant lots boys were playing tennis and baseball. There are many pretty girls who would make delightful walking companions in the parks were it not for the faithful Cerberus Papa and Mama.

My day and night in Caracas had been filled with pleasant memories. Two of them were two pretty girls, who posed for a picture in the park, without any introduction, and President Gomez' handsome sister to whom I was introduced, who gave me her autograph and let me kodak her.

The next day was Sunday. My train left at 7:30, but it wasn't necessary to set any alarm clock, for I knew that the church bells would ding-dong, "Damn you, wake up and go to church,"

long hours before the engine bell rang to start. I was right. Sunday came, and with hasty ablutions, devotions and desayuno (morning breakfast) I headed for the depot through straight and narrow streets full of the faithful on their way to church, and mules carrying barrels of bread strapped on their sides. The one-storied, anti-earthquake houses were small, antiquated and painted in the various colors of the rainbow. This time the train was to take us down to Victoria, Valencia and Puerto Cabello. I didn't have to give my signature before starting for I had proved myself to be too innocent for any revolutionary attempt and instead of paying at the rate of 11 cents a mile I only paid eight, because as usual the railroad needs the money.

DOWN AND OUT



ARACAS is in a cup-shaped valley whose rim is 9,000 feet and like a black fly our train climbed up and over it. Venezuela means "little Venice," but there were to be twelve hours of mountain, hill, corn and coffee plantations, flower and fruit gardens and little villages before we saw the sea. Down we came from Las Teques, famous for climate, scenery and coffee, to La Victoria, the battlefield where Castro defeated the Matos revolution. Here in a half an hour we attacked and completely routed a big lunch at the station while the natives mobilized about us and were willing to assist us. Among them I met a Minnesota missionary and wife with their class of well-behaved, well-dressed native girls. We ran through country now more level, by forests festooned with flowers and orchids, past places Humboldt had carefully investigated, but we barely had time to look into, and above the shore of Lake Tacarigua, with its pretty islands and uncanny trick of changing outlet, inlet and even its levels of its own sweet will. Valencia was next, the old capital which hates Caracas as the devil is said to dislike holy water. The city is a beauty and its buildings befit its fine situation. It is a live town and Yankee improvements have made it a hummer. Historically, Bolivar won Venezuela's independence here in 1821; commercially, there is an active market in farm products, cattle, hides, cacao, coffee, sugar and rum. The citizens may be excused for the pride they take in their Cathedral, Alameda, market, university and other educational institutions. Our train was transferred to a cog-

wheel railroad and bumped down a tropical ravine for thirty miles to Puerto Cabello.

PORT OF THE HAIR AND TORTOISE



PUERTO CABELLO is an old timer town of 1555. You may sit in the park or kneel in the church but they won't let you enter the frowning fort that Germany and England made a target of in 1902. The name of the town means "the port of the hair" from the sea saw the harbor is so safe a ship can be moored by a single hair. The length and color of the hair is not stated. I suppose it refers to the kind found in the strong butter of the local hotels or ships in the harbor.

Here Sir Francis Drake was dreaded more by the natives than the storms, fevers, scourges and quakes that visited this coast. For the sake of timid tourists I can say that he died of yellow fever, and for fear he might rise again they weighted his heels with bags of shot and threw him with a splash into the bay. It is called the Gulf of Tears. The many the deadly fever had scourged were thrown into the water because there was no room to land them in the cemetery.


The town is on a peninsula. In the lagoon behind it vessels come and anchor from everywhere filled with everything that people here and in the interior need and return with coffee, hides, lumber and copra for ballast. I saw the proud navy of the republic, a single vessel, in dry dock for repairs.

My lovable friend the late Judge L. W. Collins told me he witnessed a cock-fight here in the afternoon. The pit was crowded. The fight only lasted thirty minutes, which included several waits between the rounds. During this time the owners and friends of the game birds petted, caressed, bathed and kissed them. When one was killed, the natives who had bet and lost their all were very sad while the victor owner and his backers went wild with enthusiasm.

The ocean and the "Oceana" after our ups and downs from Caracas were welcome. As we stepped aboard we were met by three strange passengers whom the sailors had captured on shore. They were listed as Mr. Podocnemis Expansa, wife and son, of the titanic turtle family who forever and a day have dwelt on S. A. 's shores. They were about four feet long and two feet

high, weighed four or five hundred pounds each and for the next week were with us at the table every noon. It seemed they were tired of sea-bathing and had gone out on the beach to sun themselves, tucking their heads in their shell, like the ostrich in the sand, imagining no one was near. Our cannibal sailors softly stole up, made them turn turtle and while they were on their backs, bound them with ropes. In this port of a hair we had a tortoise race. I took a rope and when Mr. Turtle snapped at it, drew it through his mouth like a bridle and with a halter-twist leaped on his back. After he had covered eight feet with his four feet I started to dismount, throwing my left foot over his head. As I did so a mischievous passenger pinched my leg. Naturally I thought it was a pair of jaws instead of fingers and yelled "murder." Everybody laughed, even the tortoise, but he tasted death and I tasted victory, for he soon was beheaded, thrown into a great pot of hot water, thus furnishing real and not mock turtle soup fit for King Neptune.

HELL COLOMBIA!

OLOMBIA is washed by two oceans and has never been physically or morally clean. It is traversed from South to North by the Andes and travelers trying to get away from the fever, filth, flies and fleas. There are three zones, hot, temperate and cold but the people seem to be in hot water most of the time. Essays on the population of a country are dry and flat yet there is an interesting field here among the four millions, half of whom are pure Spanish, the rest Indian half-breeds, negroes, mulattoes and Sambos, a mixture of blacks and reds.

It was first called the Republic of New Granada, in 1861 Colombia, and for the last few years has been called everything by those who unfortunately are her nearest neighbors.

I suggest Colombia change her coat of arms to the classic "Dog in the Manger." She couldn't build a Panama Canal and wouldn't permit her Panama child or allow us to build it. So in 1903 the department of Panama extended its ten fingers from its nose in defiance and seceded, whereupon Uncle Sam said "Bless you my child, you are old and wise enough to know your own mind and I'll be a father to you." And Panama proclaimed her independence as a Republic and let us build the ditch

Colombia is too rich in resources to need any gold graft, political plum or 25 million dollar salve to soothe her wounded feelings. Grape juice, under certain conditions, must have some strange hallucinating power to cause an American statesman to rise up and declare that we are in honor bound to voluntarily give or allow ourselves to be held up for millions. She has already been spoiled by over-indulgent Mother Nature. Colombia has valuable woods, vegetable ivory, fruits, tobacco, rubber, coffee, cocoa, sugar, petroleum, coal, salt, cattle, gold, silver, copper, platinum, marble, precious stones, emeralds and Panama hats, to say nothing of orchids and alligators.

Two of her worst pests, strangely omitted from text and reference books, are the bunco politicians in Bogota and bigoted priests everywhere. Colombia needs to tear down churches and build up schools. Her "primary" and "secondary" institutions are third class, and the best one at Bogota has been described as "dirty, forlorn, run down at the heels and unorganized." Of all the country's children hardly 150,000 go to school. This lack of parental care suggests that it is a wise child here that knows its own father, for in Bogota those unfortunate children we spell with a small "b" outnumber the legitimate, and for 15 years in Barranquilla more than 71 per cent of all the births have been illegitimate.

In the old cathedral at Cartagena the traveler looks up at windows with iron gratings said to have been the grills of those happy Inquisition days when 400,000 honest sceptics were burned over slow fires to make them quick believers.

I am in favor of urging Congress to appropriate 25 million dollars for New Testaments to be sent to these Colombian churches where priests and people meet to see cock-fights; where if you will fall in line Good Friday and Easter you may wander out of the straight and narrow way the rest of the year; and where one of the good fathers before death left bequests to fifty children he acknowledged as his own, some of whom are now grown men and women bearing his name.

The immorality of a bachelor clergy is no surprise in a tropical climate because according to Cardinal Liguori "The most virtuous priests are constrained to fall at least once a month."

Religion is judged by the care of its women. Here are many unmarried mothers; lame and blind, for whom there are no hos-

pitals; women doing men's work, as in Peru and Bolivia, tending stock, butchering cattle, carrying heavy burdens of 150 pounds on their back with a week old baby at the breast.

"The old man of the Sea" has fastened himself securely on the back of Colombia and she will never stand upright or walk in the path of peace or progress till she has thrown him off.

Colombia is the paste gem of the ocean.

MY SOUTH AMERICAN ALPHABET

Andes
Bastards
Coast
Drink
Earthquakes
Filth
Guano
Hotels
Illiteracy
Jesuits
Kissing
Llamas
Monies
Natives
Ores
Pirates
Quick-temper
Ruins
Soroche (mountain-sickness)
Transportation
Uprisings
Vanity
White-slavers
'Xcessive prices
Yankeeophobia
Zeal misdirected

MALEDICTION AND BENEDICTION



ON'T profanely damn your enemy. Politely invite him to go to South America. Once there he will remain a long time because the trains run once a week and the ships every fortnight.

The best thing Uncle Sam ever did was to cut loose from South America with the Panama Canal.

Mr. Roosevelt looks for "vast improvement" in S. A. within a century. She needs it. At the present rate of mental and moral progress it will require five hundred years.

China and Japan are Christian countries in comparison. The heathen at our doors, who need the missionary more than they, are the South Americans who have neither the religion, ethics nor politics of the New Testament.

South America is the highest bidder to what appeals to pride and passion. She has all the vices of Europe without its virtues. The muses of art, literature and music have been sacrificed on the altar of fashion, passion, pleasure and commerce. About her only science is white slavery.

She is rotten with the leprosy of lust. The walls of her buildings and churches are plastered with pictured advertisements of syphilitic disease. The most profitable profession is that of the doctor and druggist.

South America's faults lie not in her stars but in herself. She cannot excuse her delinquencies and backwardness on the ground of climate, or Indian and negro blood. Her real trouble is ethical and moral, not physical.

One of her wisest and most patriotic men said, "Our needs are character and intelligence. The discoverers and colonists bequeathed us boldness and cleverness, but their blood runs purely in the veins of but a few of our people, and even with the few it is not always remembered that courage must be upright and that cleverness must thorough and true. We need what every nation needs, integrity and real education."

South America's population equals that of Japan, but Japan has three times as many teachers and scholars in its schools as all of the South American republics together.

Religion, politics and commerce have played their parts in South American history, the last two progressive and the first

reactionary for it has shackled liberty and antagonized its every step.

Like a giant spider Religion sat in the center of South America and spun over it her endless web. The quiet beneath it thought it heaven; the bold thought it hell, but when they tried to break away the spider caught them and sucked their blood. Today the web is broken, the spider sits spinning the same old web, but it is weak and brittle.

The soul has its eternal rights and will not be darkened by statutes nor lulled by the music of bells. It will break from its prison, rush in a delirium of liberty over the whole earth, climb the highest peaks and sing and shout for joy.

The writer wants no wedding but a divorce between church and state. He assails no religion but defends Christian North America against a repetition of the divided, diseased, dwarfed, darkened and damned dependencies of South America and the Old World.

The traveler to South America flies to ills he knows not of. He can't breathe the rarified air of the Andes or the miasmatic mist of the Amazon; drink the poisoned water; eat the native food; wear good clothes unless wealthy; afford a doctor if sick or a decent undertaker if dead; and even then lies awake in his coffin with the thought that if his friends fail to pay his cemetery rent his bones will be thrown out on the ash-heap where the dog will be his happy mourner.

Don't go to South America unless you talk Spanish, are rich, have good health, are married and a member of the "established church," because in a population of more than fifty millions there are less than two hundred thousand Protestants.

From the number of stranded Americans and young men of other nations I have talked with in South America who could not get away, and those who have returned, broken in body, hope, heart and pocketbook, I say, don't live in South America if you value the health, freedom and happiness of your body, mind and soul.

When a man dies he goes to heaven or to South America.

A BEARDED ISLAND



KNOW not where his islands lift their fronded palms in air," I only know that after my Sunday shave I saw the Bearded Island of Barbados. It was so called by the Portuguese because the many fig trees seemed to wear whiskers. England owns it and its negroes, who are thicker to the square mile than the Chinks in Canton. Like ducks the natives swam out or paddled to meet us, and dived for the coins we threw them, putting them in their mouths for bills. Of the many row boats which came to take the passengers ashore we selected the "Ida" for it looked good and was manned by a tall darky who stood up and with the voice, vocabulary and gestures of another Stephen A. Douglas delivered a panegyric on the speed and safety of his craft. We got in and in a few minutes fell out at the custom house with an officer because he insisted on telling us something with an English accent we couldn't understand.

It was Sunday and as usual in an English town everything was dead solemn. We climbed into a funeral carriage to view the remains of the city wrecked by hurricanes and tourists. The town is named Bridgetown. Whether from the Indian bridge the early settlers found there, or from the game of "bridge" over which the English soldiers and civilians pass many hours, I leave the future historian to decide.

As a Mason I said "Hello" to the statue of Lord Nelson on the square and as an American minister went to the Anglican cathedral whose theology is founded on a solid rock and its building on coral. This church is new and seems to have a firmer foundation than the one before it which was destroyed by the great hurricane of 1780. There were many musty old monuments dating from 1660 in the churchyard but we wanted something fresh and alive and drove out to Queen's Park, once the residence of the Commander in chief of the Imperial forces, but now a park for the people where tropical plants and palms have been trained to look English.

KING SUGAR



SUGAR is king of the island and we drove over his cane dominion. His subjects, tall and sturdy, lined the road and waved their green hands at us. The barbarian horde of beet root sugar in northern countries has captured the sugar-cane market here and left Rum to rule the

export market. Plantation sugar refineries are marked by wind-mills that suggest Holland. Of course in this land of hurricane it is only natural there should be wind-mills to grind the sugar cane. I cut a stalk, not for a walking stick, but for a stick of candy and sucked it. This is the black man's paradise. It is too hot for clothes, rum is cheap and his daily bread grows on trees, the leaves of which furnish an umbrella shade from the tropic sun.

A HAPPY FAMILY



On our return we passed between squares of negro huts, small as martin boxes, roofed with dark shingles and made of gray wood. They stood above the ground on rough stone stilts. The largest of these boxes, not big enough for a first class dog-kennel, were filled with the old folks at home, their children and grandchildren. In one house the family's early ancestors were crowded out and hung by their tails from poles in the front yard. They chattered and extended their hands as we went by but I only monkeyed long enough to take their pictures. Really these Simians looked quite as intelligent and handsome as the natives who grinned at us through the doorways and windows.

Now we rode over glaring white coral roads flanked by banyan and mahogany trees and by Belleville's palm-guarded villas, hedged in by a wall of red, blue and yellow colored flowers. Near the town was a mule-car full of people dressed in their Sunday best. We were mutually interesting and like dromios stopped and stared at each other.

Our driver hurried to Hastings, a sea-side resort, but we had no time to take a bath; raced around the Garrison Savannah with its race-course and polo grounds; stopped at the house which Washington had occupied in 1751 with small pox for company, and cooled off in the Ice House.

SMUGGLERS



It is a combination of hotel, bar, restaurant, grocery and general merchandise store. Its side specialties are rum, swizel and flying fish, and although it was shut on Sunday the proprietor and his wife had an eye for business and let us in the back door with a gold skeleton

key I furnished them. While I stood at the door with one eye on the coachman and the other on a policeman with a big white hat, Mrs. "M" and "L" bought canes of native woods, and slippers with heavy leather soles, fancy cotton woven top, open at the sides, heel and toe for ventilation. "L" looked like a smuggler when he came out for the saleslady insisted he should put the canes in his trouser legs and pack the slippers and other souvenirs under his coat. Sunday selling is unlawful if you get found out, yet if one were arrested here and tried by the two magistrates he might receive more justice than before the twelve fools or fanatics in an average American jury.

The Barbados belong to Great Britain and rowing out to our boat we passed the "New Zealand," the English dreadnaught that had followed us all the way from Valparaiso. I wondered whether Johnny Bull had given her orders to see that we didn't run away with her bearded baby Barbados, which is often called "Little England."

On leaving, the sun set up one of the finest pictures on the canvas of land, sea and sky I ever saw. It beggared description. Even Mark Twain's account of a Turner sunset as a tortoise-shell cat having a fit in a platter of tomatoes, would fail to do it justice.

SHIP ON FIRE



THOUGH we took on no more passengers there were more rumors than ever—of officers who acted intoxicated but were simply drunk with love and passengers who were white slaves and slavers to be detained at New York.

There was more fire aboard than was necessary to make steam or cook hash. It drove sleep from my eyelids and me from my room. Approaching a sub-officer who had been genial and generous during the trip I persuaded him to take me down through the engine room into the last circle of the ship's inferno where the poor stoker devils were shoveling for dear life. Figuratively speaking I smelled a rat. Where there was so much smoke there must be some fire. Crawling over some ashes I entered a bin which had endangered the ship for the last 24 hours with spontaneous combustion in spite of the tons of water poured over it, and had burned up tons of green coal taken on at Trinidad. But the Fates were propitious, my time

for burning had not yet come and enough coal was left to bring us to Long Island.

CARIB ISLES



THE boat gave the pitch and ocean thrilled me with its choral symphony. For a day we sailed over the blue Caribbean, by green islands with misty tops and little towns nestling by the water. I remembered them from a former West Indies' cruise. Porto Rico with American flag and schools; St. Thomas with bay rum and Bluebeard's castle; Dominica and Diablotin peak and its Roseau capital of rum and lime-juice memory where I saw four black babies baptized in the cathedral; Haiti with its capital, Santo Domingo, where I visited the prison-cell of Columbus, and the Cathedral where his undisputed bones lie interred; Martinique, where Mt. Pelee in 1902 grew black with cloud, vomited smoke, ashes and fire and in a few seconds sent 30,000 happy-hearted people to death. The only one saved was a prisoner in jail. Martinique island pleases everybody. Its beauty, the artist; its flora, the botanist; its sugar and molasses, the merchant; its half-bred, frivolous and immoral girls, the sports; Madame de Maintenon and Empress Josephine, who were born here, the historian; and the Pompeiian ruins, the tourist.

HELD UP




IT was a dark wet morning when we warped into dock at New York City, but it looked brighter and better to me than any sunny South American city I had seen. I was glad to bid the "Vestris" and her crew good-bye. As I was leaving the wharf somebody tapped me on the shoulder and said "you are wanted on ship board." I went back, and instead of finding the purser wanting to apologize and make good for the bad treatment we had received, I learned one of my table companions was not permitted to get off but was to be sent back to Buenos Aires where he shipped. I interceded for him, telling the U. S. immigration officers I had been with him long enough to believe him honest and thoroughly good. They said they had orders but would do what they could. Poor fellow, I hope he did get through because I know that rather than go back on that boat

he would jump overboard and keep company with the man we had lost a few days before, either because he had been swept overboard by a careless deck hand, been crowded off, or deliberately jumped over, preferring the ocean accommodations to those the "Vestris" had provided.

Leaving the gang, I learned that the two tall, shapely, painted female Poles, whom many of the passengers had admiringly looked up to, were prohibited from landing because they were tainted with white slave suspicion and were to be floated back to the tall timbers whence they came.

"NO DUMPING HERE"

UVENAL grieved that the Syrian Orontes had flowed into the Tiber and brought with it its language and morals. Our waters have been fouled with many an Old World immigration stream from South America, Russia, Italy and Spain.

We have been preaching the dangerous gospel that the United States is the refuge and natural protector of earth's oppressed. To this land of promise with its room, resources, religion and republican institutions the modern Goths and Vandals have swarmed with their physical, mental and moral degeneracy. Many of them have become naturalized but not Americanized, showing an illiterate, pauper and criminal class three times as great as our citizens. They have proved themselves clay in the hands of political and priestly potters. As presidential assassins, dynamiters, paupers, criminals and anarchists with strikes, riots and boycotts they have drained us educationally, economically and morally until we are beginning to recall the remark of Ambassador Bryce, "You cannot go on in America twenty-five years more in your great cities as you have been doing."

Our flag is the banner of hope for all the nations of the earth. We owe much to the immigrant, here not by accident of birth but by choice. He has cultivated the soil, built railroads, shouldered arms and honored every department of American society and government.

Our danger is too great optimism. We forgot a nation can perish as well as an individual. We must digest this foreign element or die of indigestion. The test of United States citi-

zenship is not machines or money but the type of men it produces.

Problems press hard requiring sacrifice, earnestness and devotion. Let us seek to solve them with charity for all and malice towards none and so make void the prophecy of Macaulay that our American republic will be wrecked in the Twentieth Century because its constitution has too much sail and too little ballast.

On the wharf there was a good little woman who almost felt bad enough to want to go back to sea because a cruel inspector came up behind her and cut the egrets off her hat with a pair of shears, saying, "Excuse me, Uncle Sam wants these."

HOME AND HEAVEN



HE Limited pulled us out of New York and into a blizzard at Cleveland where we had unlimited time to wait. There was no winter of discontent for my warm-hearted and handed theatrical friend John Saxe was on the train. We reached Chicago twelve hours late but my "Golightly 'Round the Globe" manuscript was on time and the proof of the first chapter placed in my hand that night as the train started for Minneapolis.

Next day a crowd met me at the depot with an automobile. It was a gift from my many friends who doubtless hoped that while I had escaped the perils of seas, mountains, jungles and cities of South America, the auto would "get" me.

So the band played, the movie man took us, and we went to the Nicollet Hotel where I spoke to a street crowd from the balcony, and then sat down at a table in the presence of my friends who toasted me. I replied that Minneapolis seemed like Heaven and any man who went to South America for pleasure would go to hell for a pastime.

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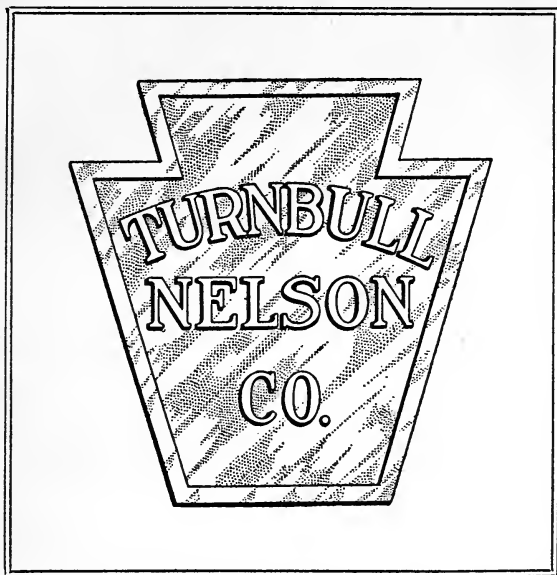
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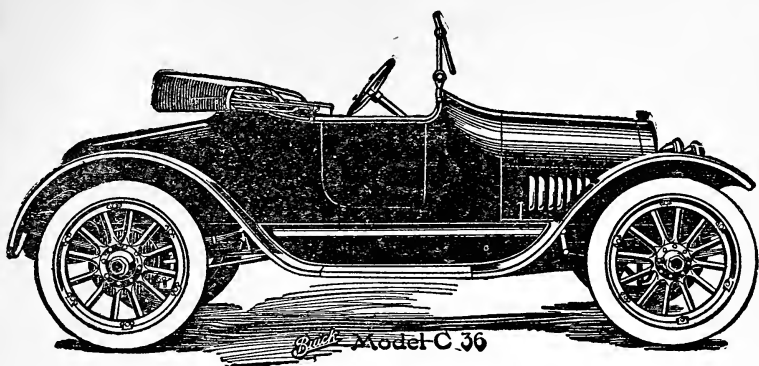
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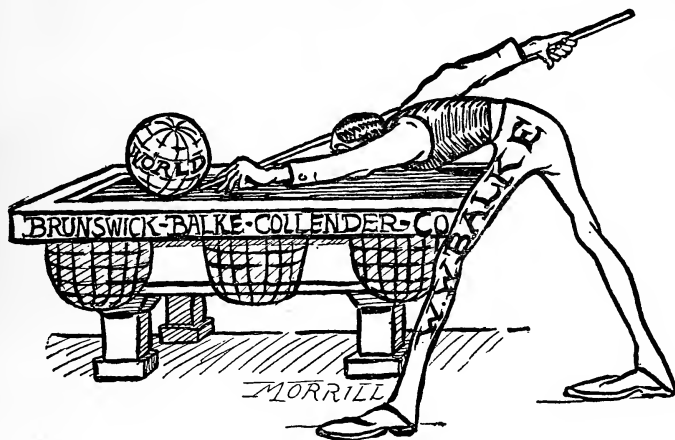
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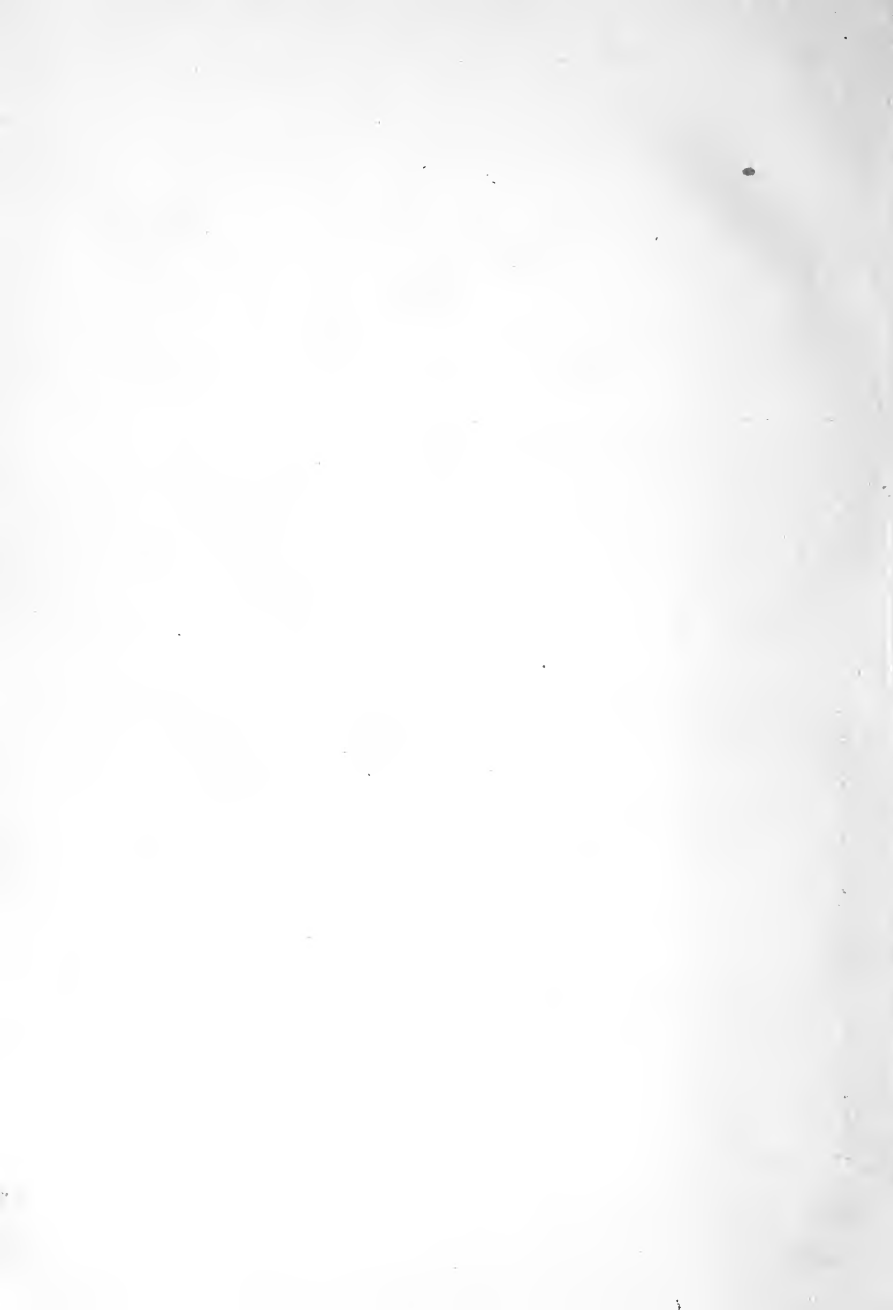
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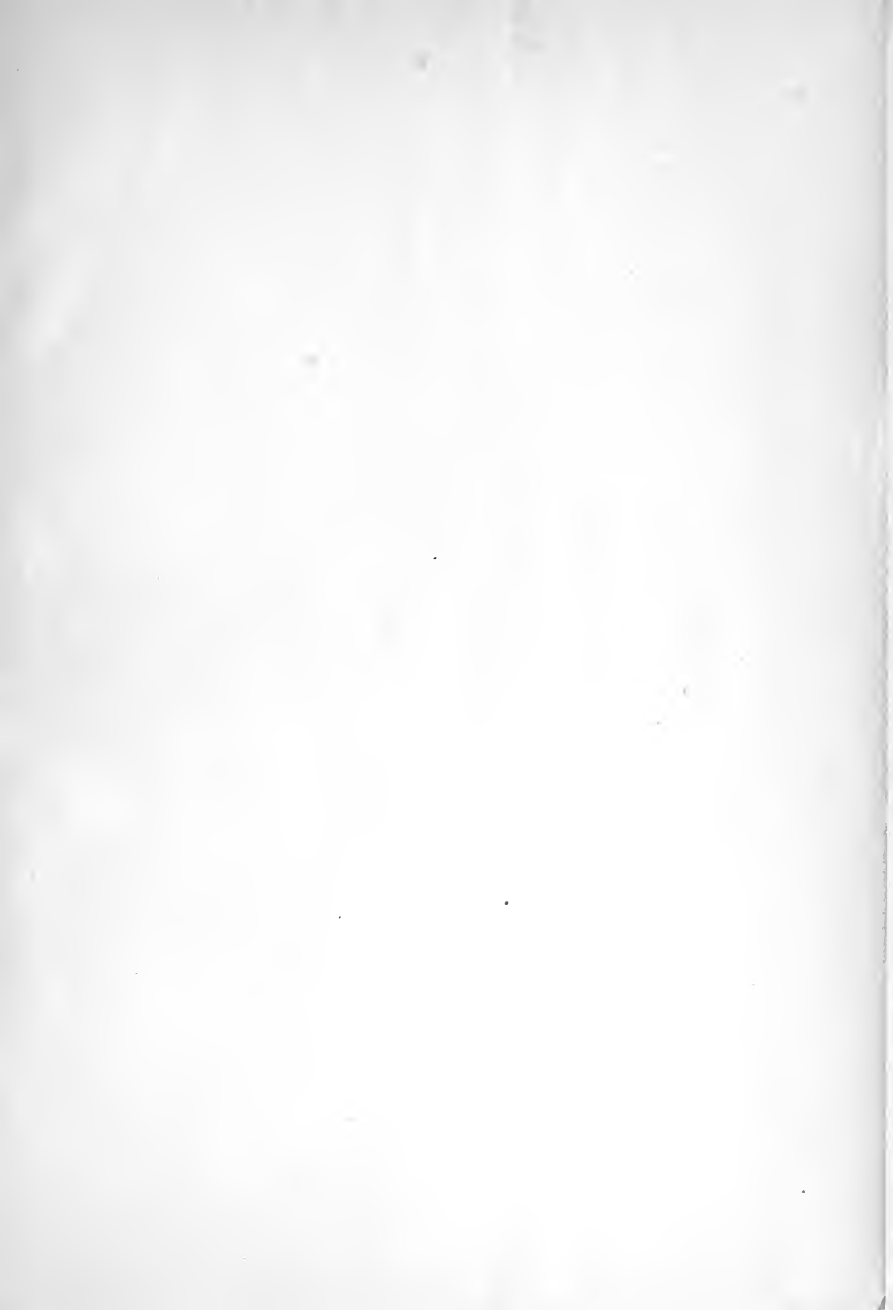
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